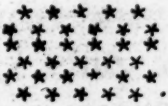
CAROLINA:

OR,

Loyal Poems.

By *Tho. Shipman*, Esq;.



LONDON,

Printed for *Samuel Heyrick*, at *Grayes-Inn-Gate* in *Holborn*, and *William Crook*, at the *Green Dragon* without *Temple-Bar*. 1683.

CAROLINA:

THE

Royal Poems.

THis Preface wants the accustom'd preuence for these Trifles appearing in Prime. Yo Friend, advis'd to [illegible] It was merely in obedience to that [illegible] which both bestow'd and over-[illegible] my Youthful Fancy. So that mine Excuse may th easlier be admitted, since Duty and Constraint joyn'd Forces against me. I must confess, I lov'd Fancy, not only then, but do so still and do loving a Soul, that I have not even my Rivals. Let 'em woo and enjoy I must love on.

Printed for Samuel Briggs, at
in Hallorn, and Ludgate Hill, 1683.
Dragon without Ludgate Hill.

THE

PREFACE.

THis *Preface* wants the accuſtom'd pretence for theſe *Trifles* appearing in Print. No *Friends* adviſ'd to it. It was merely in obedience to that *Genius*, which both beſtow'd and over-ſway'd my Youthful *Fancy*. So that mine Excuſe may th' eaſilier be admitted, ſince Duty and Conſtraint joyn'd Forces againſt me. I muſt confeſs, I lov'd *Poetry*, not only then, but do ſo ſtill; and am ſo loving a Soul, that I hate not even my *Rivals*. Let 'em woo and enjoy, I muſt love on.

I know not, indeed, whether I ſhould be ſo good natur'd, to continue conſtant after a *dry heating* or two, though even that cannot prevail with ſome of us. Not ſo much to have made *Verſes*, as not to give over in time, leaves us without excuſe, ſayes an excellent *Poet*. I diſſent from *M.W. his obſervation. Methinks it looks like the gelding of Fancy; and he might as well have ſet a time after which it ſhould be criminal to lye with our *Wives*. Another, *as eminent, *M. B. calls them *Fumblers* who write after *forty*. But I hope he will fumble on ſtill, having put us in expectation of an *Epick Poem*, which (like *Solomon*) muſt be the *Darling* of his Age, and out-wit his other *Brethren*. I ſee no cauſe but *Dotage* to make it be left off.

Socra-

Socrates and *Solon* practis'd it to the laſt; and one as wiſe as either of 'em left it for a Rule, *Quomodo proficis, ſi jam tibi ſufficis? S. Bern.* The progreſſions of Fancy are to be waited on. Experience and repetitions of multiply'd *Acts* being as neceſſary here as in other *Sciences*. *Seneca* tells us, *Nihil eſt magnum re quod breve tempore.*

Yet ſome other Conſiderations prevail'd; For, firſt, they were not made upon mine own account; I having no more concern than Maſter-Builders, whoſe pleaſure laſts only in the *Working*. Nor ſhall the Reader or I hereby receive greater benefit than the freeing me from *Tranſcribing*, and him from *Reading* a bad *Hand*. Nor am I farther ſollicitous for them, ſince moſt of thoſe for whom theſe were written are

already ſatisfied. For, methinks, I ought not diſparage their Judgments, there being rationally (or at leaſt civilly) to be expected, from mine *Acquaintance*, as good *Judges* as elſewhere. And I cannot but know, that as many things have been printed of this nature much better, ſo ſome a little worſe.

The name of *Poet* I neither ſlight nor covet. And may be one of the main motives to appear ſo, is, that I cannot avoid it; being already in Print recorded ſo by a *Learned hand; though I am to expect as little credit thereby, as happily that Author has gain'd by his Work: Nor indeed could much be expected, where room was for ſuch Trifles. Another motive was, my natural propenſity to *Love* and *Friendſhip*; which in their ſe-

*D.T.

several circumstances make up those curious lines that compose the beauty of *Honour*; whose charms are so far powerful, they have attracted regards from the *Heroes* of all Ages. Herein I have such a tenderness, I would gladly leave something of me surviving to record it. But this I would provide for in my Life-time, being little satisfied with *posthumous Dedications*; which serve but as *Monuments* raisd by *Executors*, where their Names are sure to shine in the fairest Characters. That slender Estate of *Repute* I am able to compass, being too small for any to come in as *Joynt-Purchaser*: and I may be as far out in this bargaining as Captain *Frobisher*, who, after a long and chargeable Voyage, brought home *worthless Stones*, for *precious Minerals*;

and what he hop'd might have been graced as *Jewels* for the Ears of *Ladies*, were us'd as *Pavements* for the Streets.

Nor may my lanching out into the wide World, and incountering the *Tide* of *Criticks*, bring any ſolider Account than *Caligula's* Attempt upon the Ocean, when his *Trophies* were only a few *Cockle-ſhells*. Neither can I make a ſurer gheſs, whether in pruning or lopping many ſuperfluous Branches, thoſe that are left may bring me better Fruit. This may be believed; If my *Soil* had been improv'd equal to ſome others, it might have produced better things. But inſtead of that Incouragement, not only the *Favour* of the *Sun*, but the very *Dew* of the *Night* were deny'd me.

Pectora

Pectora noſtra duas non admittentia curas;
Magnæ mentis opus, nec de Lodice paranda
Attonitæ, Currus & Equos, faciesque Deorum
Aſpicere.——

Such advantages might have better'd *Nature*. For though it agrees with the boaſted Nobleneſs of a *Poet*'s Soul to reſt ſatisfied with his own Fame juſtly acquired; yet,

Contentus fama jaceat Lucanus in hortis
Marmoreis.----

Pleaſant *Retirements* produce pleaſant Thoughts, and noble Injoyments heighten the Sentiments of any *Writer*. A fuller Stream than *Helicon*'s may be drain'd that has no *Showers* to ſupply the *Current*; nor will it be worth the while, if we believe a ſort of People, who injoy ſo ſmall a ſhare of Wit to think

think they have enough. Some of these tells us, that the *Muses*, like *Syrens*, infatuate their Admirers, and charm them into Ruine; that *Poetry* softens our Minds, making them unable for more masculine Operations. Yet some of them shew so much Inclination to the *Muses*, that they whistle out their Souls at the *Plow-tail*, having little more title to Reason than *Brutes*; who can judge only of a fat Pasture, chew the Cud, and batten. Their generous Educations may have rais'd 'em to read badly, and write worse. Hence are they capacitated to blot a *Bond*, and manage an *Arbitration*, untill they swell and arrogate to themselves an Ability for *Empire*. If it were not lost labour to preach to such an *Audience*, they might

might be inſtructed, how in all Ages *Philoſophers*, *Prieſts*, *Law-makers*, and *Kings*, have ſacrific'd to the *Muſes*: And in their time th' incomparable *Verulam* and juſt *Hales*, (to name no more) heighten'd their Thoughts by this way of writing. Here I could expatiate, but I purpoſely avoid it, it being in ſome ſort a Diſparagement to praiſe a celebrated *Perfection* too publickly. Nor ſhall I run into that arrogating Cuſtom of judging others, and impoſing Rules that neither we nor others endeavour to practiſe. *Fancy* ſhould be unconfin'd as the *Air*, and the *Muſes*, like *Amazons*, ſcorn the Rule even of a *Cyrus*. *Helicon* (like their *Thermodon*) being the *Boundary* of their *Empire*, not permitting any other Streams to imbody with

its

its chryſtal Waves; but, like *Jordan*, forces its ſhining Current quite through the *Dull Sea* of *Pedantiſm*, over-bearing all that reſtrains the Liberty of its natural Progreſs.

Yet after all this, we muſt confeſs, that *Poets* would gladly be entertain'd in more profitable Imployments; ſo to aſſert the bounty of *Nature* in beſtowing upon them as vigorous Capacities as other People; and convincing the World they were capable of Affairs of moment, would it be ſo courteous to make Tryal (may be) to both their Advantages.

TO

TO THE
READER.

Kind Reader,

THE Ingenious Author of the following Compoſitions was a Man every way accompliſh'd: To the advantages of his Birth, his Education had added whatſoever was neceſſary to fit him for Converſation, and render him (as he was) deſirable by the beſt Wits of the Age. In the Calamities of the laſt Rebellion he was no ſmall Sharer, the Iniquity of the Times having no

power

power to ſhock his Loyalty, he very cheerfully underwent the Tryals of unhappy Virtue. In that miſerable Storm it was his good Fortune to retire from a total Ruine; and that quiet Receſs gave the opportunity of theſe Papers, in which thou wilt find many troubleſome thoughts well digeſted, and perhaps, at ſome time or other, well enough adapted to thy own uneaſie Circumſtances. If there be any thing meaner than may be expected from ſo polite a Pen, thy Candor muſt attribute it either to the haſty Efforts of his younger, or the too ponderous and over-pow'ring Confuſions which the Rebellion imprinted on his riper Years. He is dead, and happy out of the reach of thy Envy, and in no need of thy Pity; therefore (Good Reader) for Humanity ſake be charitable to the Productions of

a dead

a dead Author, who was worthily honour'd and admir'd while he lived, and attain'd the desirable Satisfaction of living very easily in a troublesome Age, and carrying with him a good Conscience to his Grave.

Feb. 7. 168⅔

Tho. Flatman.

A Modest

A Modest Account of the too-certain Reasons that afforded time for the following Trifles. 1679.

SOME *Females* are so early pregnant grown,
They rock those *Cradles* lately were their own.
Their *Nurse*'s *milk* wants time, and scarce digests;
And what they suckt, *unturn'd* comes from their *Breasts.*
But soon, like *Spanish Wives*, they barren grow;
Their *Springs* are drain'd when ours begin to flow.
And happy 'tis --- else we should be undone,
And by our *Native Vandals* over-run.
Although my *Muse* begun to bear betimes,
Still at this *Age* her *Courses* keeps in *Rhymes.*
What *Pliny* writes of *Mares* of *Spanish* kind,
She's pregnant with no *Stallion*, but the *Wind.*
When e're that *airy Pegasus* but blew,
My *Muse* more fruitful than * *Phillira* grew
Fruitful as *Flies* in Summer; tho the gain
Prove small, to boast these *maggots* of the *Brain.*
Should all this *Spawn* of *Helicon* but live,
The *Frogs* in *Egypt* did less trouble give.
This *Brood*, like *Conies*, hardly are destroy'd;
The *Warren* prospers on *Parnassus* side.
In whose increase small benefit is found;
And little else thrives in the haunted ground.

* Of whom (tis feign'd) the *Centaur* was gotten.

'Tis labour loſt to till a barren *Soil*;
When no *Returns*, but *Weeds*, requite the toil.
Yet weeded well before the *Seedlings* ſhed,
They make the *Land* more *mellow*, where they bred;
And Vouchers are that other things than *Weeds*
Would proſper there, if ſown with better *Seeds*.
Nature will work: and would not own a loſs;
The ſteril'ſt *Soils* unſown will bring forth *Moſs*.
If not improv'd, ſhe's ruin'd; Truths confeſs
That *Canaan* now is turn'd a *Wilderneſs*.

The ROYALIST.

Upon Creſwick *Dean of* St. J. C. C---*ordering Verſes for the Victory at* Worceſter. 1651.

IS't not enough to make our *Purſes* pay,
Aſſeſſments on our whole *Eſtates* to lay?
But *Taxes* muſt on our *Opinions* 'riſe,
Nay, and our *Wits* be forc'd to pay *Exciſe*?
Harſh Laws! ſince *Sack* pays *Cuſtom* when't comes in,
Diſtill'd in *Verſe*, muſt it be taxt agin?
But now a *Victory* is got; what then?
Muſt we write *Ballads* at the death of men,
Like *London*-Wits? who deck each *Tyburn*-Herſe,
And execute men o're again in Verſe?
Are we *Death*'s *Chaplains*, that we muſt be preſt
To give thanks after ſuch a bloody Feaſt?
In *Baal*'s *new Prieſts* that Office only lies,
Where Blood is mingled with their *Sacrifice*.

The

The Royal MARTYR.

Upon the Martyrdom of that Glorious Prince Charles *the* First, *King of* Great Britain, &c. *Who died* Jan. 30. 1648. *Written* Jan. 30. 1652.

GReat *Solomon*, not circumſcrib'd to Rules,
Freed from the ſlaviſh Method of the Schools;
No more than Air (that Libertine) confin'd,
And no leſs comprehenſive was his mind;
The ſhining fruit of *Eden* was his meat,
Which without curſe, or ſurfeit he did eat.
In Proverbs he his wiſdom often ſhrouds:
As *Phœbus* ſometimes wears a Cloak of Clouds.
Their knowledg wiſeſt Nations thus convey'd,
And in ſuch Cabinets their Jewels laid.
And theſe are ſome of Ours--, *viz.* Night follows Day
And pureſt Gold is leſſen'd by Allay.

Both of the Morals are but one great truth,
Being fully prov'd i'th' fortune of my Youth:
For when great *Charls* fell, by untimely fate,
The glorious *Martyr* both of *Church* and *State*;
His Sacred Blood, by baſeſt *Rebels* ſpilt,
Beſprinkled all the *Nation* o'er with guilt.
Some with that ſcarlet Sin are ſpread all o're:
As Plagues are known by the inflaming Sore.
Nor ſtaies it there---like to the leprous Jew,
The infection creeps into their Houſes too.
'Twill moulter them to duſt! the ſpreading *Stains*
Flow (with the Seed) into their Children's *Veins*.

By ſome notorious Brand upon them ſhow'n,
The guilt will be to future Ages known.
More than from Sin, none from the guilt is free'd;
On ev'ry head the *Crimſon* ſhow'r does bleed.
This *Scottiſh Miſt* wets all of us to th' skin;
Some are ſo rain'd on they are dous'd within.
A bleſſed ſhelter yet my Youth does bring:
Rains ſeldom fall, or gently in the Spring.
Yet from ſome ſhare of guilt, I can relieve
My ſelf no more, than from the crime of *Eve*,
But like *Orig'nal Sin*, It leſs appears;
Long ſince baptiz'd, and waſht away with tears.
My inn'cent youth, like to the ſpringing Day,
Diſperſes all deſpairing ſhades away.
The firſt part of the *Proverb*'s ſo far right.
But now, alas, I am o'rwhelm'd with night!
Thus in a harmleſs ſtate of youth I ſtood;
I did no harm, but, ah! I did no good.
My influence, like to Winter Suns, did ſhow;
They ſcorch not, but yet nothing make to grow.
To th' *Solſtice* of my ſtrength I may arrive;
And th' operations of my Soul will thrive.
If I to * *Brutus*'s glory may not come;
I dare, with ‖ *Curtius*, tempt a noble doom;
And plunge into the Gulph to reſcue *Rome*.
Cæſar's return we faithfully muſt wait,
That time ſhall come, I prophecy the fate
The *Prince* of *Judah* ſhall return with praiſe,
Our *Temples* found, and ſacred *Altars* raiſe.
No more, till then, my mournful *Muſe* ſhall ſing,
Her *Harp* untun'd ſhall on the *Willows* hing;

* *Brutus* ſlew the Tyrant; and ‖ *Curtius* to expiate *Romes* guilt, leapt into a Gulph.

Un-

Unleſs it be to ſound ſome doleful Airs;
To which I'l tune my Sighs, and teach my tears
A mournful cadence; until th' art be found,
To form ſuch *Waterworks* into a *Sound*.
Ne'r juſter cauſe! to ſee the *Rabble* run,
Like *ſteams* from *Dunghils* rais'd, to hide the *Sun*.
To ſee rank *Poyſon* work in every part,
Until at laſt its *Venom* ſeize the heart.
To ſee our royal *Oak*, (alas!) cut down,
And cleft with ‖ *woodden wedges* of its own.
To ſee great *Charls* before his *Palace* lye:
Like fate had once the *Sun*, when crown'd on high
Arreſted in his very *Court*, the Sky.
But that was done by no ignoble hand;
It was at *Joſhua's* ſuit the Sun did ſtand.
But ours eclipſt by helliſh *Vapours*, ſtood,
And (as at th' end o' th' world) did *ſet in Blood*.
Behold a mighty *Monarch* there lyes dead
Without his *Crown*, and (ah!) without his *Head*!
Expiring *Muſe*! with him receive thy doom,
And dye, like *Indian ſlaves*, upon his *Tomb*.
It is enough thou'ſt thither him convey'd,
And in a *Tomb* of thine own framing laid.
All *Monuments* decay, and *Marbles* rot,
Compar'd to th' *Quarries* in *Parnaſſus* got.

‖ Witneſs E. *Eſſex*, Sir *Hen. Mildmay*, &c.

Thus the great *Pompey*, (who the World ſubdu'd)
By *Rome's* ill fate, and *Tyrant's* force purſu'd,
Did to a *barb'rous Nation ſeek* for aid;
By them, to murd'ring *Villains*, was betray'd:
Headleſs expos'd on the *Peluſian* ſhore
The *World's Head lay*, and all defil'd with gore!

By the dear Body faithful ‖*Codrus* ſtood, ‖His Slave.
And with his flowing tears waſht off the blood.
Then did interr the ſacred *Relicks* ſafe;
Whoſe Piety is his beſt *Epitaph.*

Heroic *Lucan* has preſerv'd his fame,
Which bears an equal date with *Pompey*'s name;
Well known to all that *World* he did ſubdue,
Flying as far, as *Pompey*'s *Eagles* flew.

The GOWN.

Upon Sir Ward, *borrowing my Gown.* 1652.

I Like *Philemon*, may *Jove*'s *Fav'rite* be,
In ſhelt'ring thus his darling-*Mercury.*
And yet I hated am, as once was *Lot*,
When *Angels* under his bleſt *Roof* he got.
Some think it thy diſparagement, to ſee
The Lord of Wit cloath'd in my Livery.
But here thy Worth unjuſtly they upbraid;
Since *Kings* ſometimes are ſeen in *Maskarade.*
Nay'tis well known, that heavenly *Forms* appear
In mortal ſhapes, or ſeem ſuch *Veils* to wear.
When next I put it on, for ought I know,
I may infected be, and witty grow.
Some influence muſt be left; thus pretious *Gums*
Taken from *Boxes* leave their rich perfumes.
And I have read--He that did once inherit
Elija's, Mantle, got *Elija's Spirit.*

MO-

MODEST WORTH.

Upon the Death of Mr. R. Winterburn, *B.D.* 1652.

FOR flouds of tears this mournful fate does call;
'Tis *Egypt* where (they ſay) no ſhowers fall.
Melt then your beams to tears, my thawing Eyes,
And *Heav'n* diſſolves in *Dews*, when *Phœbus* dyes.
Alike they were; for he long time did ſway
The *Muſe's Scepter*, they did him obey.
Nay he excell'd in this-- for he was free
From any thought of *Daphne*, but her *Tree*.
His *Gold* lay cloſe in 's *Mine*: His *Helicon*
Was full and deep; and ſo did ſilent run.
This made ſome ſlight him: *Stars* ſeem *Motes* i' th' *Skies*;
Height leſſens Objects to imperfect Eyes.
Yet none more lowly thought, or ſpoke than he:
So rich mens cloaths perſuade a Poverty.
Plain *Scutcheons Heralds* look upon as beſt;
And *Maids* loſe credit that go lightly dreſt;
Di'monds in barren *Mountains* are inſhrin'd;
And *Popes* their *Sackcloth* wear, with *Velvet lin'd*.

The Royal MOURNER.

Upon the Princeſs Elizabeth's *Death.* 1652.

NO *Prophet's* tongue ſhould this ſad loſs condole,
Unleſs firſt heated by the *Altar's* coal.
Nor *Poet* to an *Elegy* aſpire.
If not inlightn'd with *Apollo's* fire.

But yet my *Zeal* is warmer than his flame,
And I more nobly influenc'd by her *Name*;
How, with more joy, had I imploy'd my hours
In writing of her *Sun-ſhine*, than her *ſhowers*?
Ah! who would think ſuch *Sun-beams* ſhould be known
To dry all *Springs* of tears, unleſs her own?
Or rather, that her *Suns*, (with all their beams)
Should be extinguiſh't by thoſe native ſtreams?
When the *World's Eye* its proper ſafety found,
And yet its *Body* was i' th' *Deluge* drown'd;
With quickning ſmiles it did recruit the *Earth*,
Making it pregnant with a ſecond birth;
But hers (like *Nature* in her laſt extremes)
Melted a way, by weeping down their beams.
Such daſhing rains, and Tempeſts often rage
I' th' *Winter Solſtice* of afflicted age.
Experience then of woes occaſion brings
To ope the *Flood-gates* of our flowing *Springs*.
Wet ſeed-times oft' are crown'd with *fruitful years*;
And they ſhall reap in *joy* that ſow in *tears*.
Her higheſt *Region* was free from the powers
Either of *ſighing* ſtorms, or *weeping ſhowers*.
Like pow'rfull *Cynthia*, there her Soul did ſhow,
Ruling the *Tides* of raging *Seas* below.
For ſhe (like *Venus*) amidſt *Seas* was born;
And her ſhort life, alas, one *rainy morn*!
Thus early *Lillies* (*Virgins* of the *year*)
Ne'r ope their wakeful *Eyes*, without a *tear*.
Too moiſt a *Seaſon* makes 'em droop and dye,
And in their native *winding-ſheets* to lie.
A common grief may common tears extort;
But hers were *blood-drops* of a *weeping heart*.

Thoſe

Thoſe *Rubies* from her dying *Father's Head*,
Were not more fatal, than the tears ſhe bled.
Thus *Flora's* juſteſt Pride, the Roſe, appears,
Produc'd not only, but nurſt up with *Tears*.
All its ſhort time with the like *drops* 'tis fed,
And tears each Night bedews its *fragrant* Bed.
At laſt, being tortur'd by *unnat'ral heats*,
Dyes as 'twas born, and weeps away in *Sweats*.

The Good BISHOP.

Upon Biſhop Hall's Balm *of* Gilead, *preſented to my Uncle* Mr. Griff. Divall, 1652.

AGainſt the pains, and multitude of cares
That bring on age, and Silver all our hairs
By *Nature's Chymiſtry*; no means can add
More help, than *Hall's* rich *Balm* of *Gilead*.
Other old men, like common *Trees* do bear;
He's fruitful (like that rare one)*twice a year.
All others bloſſom in the Spring; but he
In Winter too, like th' ‖ *Glaſſenbury* tree.
Winter yields Fruit; and in himſelf he ſhows
The place where all the year an *Harveſt* grows.
His Judgment's brighter than the Sun's upriſe;
Yet ſcorns to hide it ſelf in *Evening-skies*.
Unchaſte, intemp'rate Youth not ſeldom meets
An aged *Penance* nightly in the Sheets.
Lameneſs crawls after *Luſt*; *Diſeaſe*, and *Pain*
Are all the *Bed-fellows* that now remain.
Rottenneſs waits on *Lux'ry*; its perfumes
Are putrefied *Lungs*, its *Baths* are *Rheums*.

* *Call'd the* Duce An.

‖ As the *Monks* fable one did there every *Chriſtmas*-day, as well as in *May*.

He's

He's troubled with no *Rheum* but that of's *Pen*;
Always o'rflowing, and yet full agen.
Whose Springs are rarer than the *Spaws*; wherein
You may wash off the *Leprosie* of *Sin*.
His *Ink*'s a Medicine, if us'd betimes,
To cure the *Tetters* of our spreading *Crimes*.
His *Pen* dropt daily at the *Nose* indeed;
But then each drop turn'd *Balm* of *Gilead*.
What are his Words? To speak Diviner sense,
Angels blest Food distill'd to Eloquence.
Had then that ‖ *Father* known so great a Light ‖ *S. Hierom.*
Would shine to make the World's last Evening bright;
Who wish'd h' had liv'd Christ in the Flesh to see,
And *Rome*'s great Empire in its Majesty;
And *Paul* i'th' Pulpit; thus his wish had run,
Paul in the Morn, *Hall* in the Afternoon.

To Mr. T. S. The Tooth-ach cur'd. 1652.

OH, how it stings! Peace *Gouty* Sir, you'r blest
In such a Pain, as forces you to rest.
Mistake not, Madam, *Child-birth* is a toy;
Nay, by your longing for't, it seems a Joy.
Hanging it self is not so sad a thing;
Else at the *Gallows* they would never sing. (tongue!
Blest they, whose Mouths hold nothing but their
'Tis this sure makes our Grannams live so long.
Thrice happy they, who are o'th' horned crew;
They've but one row of teeth, and full enow.
If *Cuckolds* had that priviledge by right,
I'd have a Wife my self before 'twas night.

Now

Now *Ælia*'s Fate I wiſh, which I did flout,
Who with two coughs blew all her tuſhes out.
I ſadly find their reaſon is not bad,
Who hold 'tis *Tooth-ach* makes our *Dogs* run mad.
Tormented ſtill! no eaſe? pray, let m' alone;
I've try'd all Remedies I've heard, but one.
That is -- as *old-Wifes* ſay, in ancient time
They cur'd the *Tooth-ach* with ſome *Charms* in *rhyme*,
Divine *Apollo*, then vouchſafe me eaſe.
Wondrous effects of Verſe! my Pains now ceaſe.
Thanks, great *Apollo*! thanks! I find it true,
Thou'rt *God of Poets*, and *Phyſitians* too.

The BEADES-MAN.

To M. J. T. *ſending begging Verſes.* 1652.

I Thank you for your *Rhymes*; there cannot be
A ſurer voucher of your Poverty.
Verſe ſhews a ſwelling mind, but a lank *Purſe*;
This makes me anſwer you again in *Verſe*.
But to the purpoſe, Sir; alas! my fate
Fits me to pity, not to help your State.
And pity, without help, is juſt as good
As *much-good-doe-you*, when a Man wants Food.
God-help-you will not doe; 'tis of no force;
Prayers can do much; theſe are but Words of courſe;
A *civil no*: a skillful *Beggar* ſwore
That *godly-talkers* ſeldom help the Poor.
Alas! I cannot help it, I uſe wit
Sometimes like you, to bribe a benefit.

So

So that to beg of me is but to call
For Alms, at th' door of ſome poor *Hoſpital*:
I'm but a *Beads-man*, of the better note;
Like them in every thing, but *Beard* and *Coat*.

The SEAL. 1652. *To Fr. L. Eſq*;

THEIR coſtly pride I hate, who did invent
Theſe *Silver Seals*; 'twere better they were ſpent
In Sprightly *Sack*, than commonly to hing
By th' neck, at ſome old-greaſie *Purſe's* ſtring;
Or chain'd to ruſty Keys: thus *Vulcan* joyn'd
With *Venus*, and black thighs with ſnowy twin'd.
As odd a *Match*, as when our *Syres* convey
Soft *Silver Curls*, *to Beards of Iron-gray*.
Poyſon, like *Hannibal*, in Rings we wear;
And, like to *Anchorites*, our *Coffins* bear.
To ſet our ſelves i' th' *ſtocks* is an odd jeſt,
As to turn *Bayliffs*, and our ſelves arreſt.
Seals are for nothing good but to convey
Our Land (that clog of riſing Souls) away.
No feats of *Chymiſtry* like this are told.
Nor ſooner droſſy Earth can turn to Gold,

The PROMISE.

To F. L. Eſq; *with* Craſhaw's *Poems*. 1653.

THESE as I promiſ'd, Sir, I ſend.
'Tis the chief duty of a *Friend*
(If that great honour you'l allow)
To owe his Life, and pay his Vow.

He

He that to's *Promiſe* does not ſtand,
Is *Knave* and *Fool* under's own hand.
Yet 'tis not wiſdom to appear
In Rhyme, when witty *Craſhaw*'s near.
A *Fool* that talks in a wiſe throng,
Libels himſelf with his own tongue.
A *Face* with native blackneſs tann'd,
Dares not before a Beauty ſtand.
My Muſe is very black and low,
And yet not proud, as Proverbs go.
Nor, like the *Gallants* of her *Sex*,
Does ſhe at greater Beauties vex.
She does not with pale Envy frown,
Becauſe ſhe wears the worſer *Gown*.
Yet when her Service ſhe expreſſes
To you, ſhe'd wear her richeſt Dreſſes.
Alas! that makes her Wants ſeem more;
So *Beggars* richeſt *rags* are *poor*.

Forc'd ABSENCE. 1654. *To* T. H.

WHat keeps thee, *Tom*, from viſiting thy Friend?
I gheſs the cauſe, & doubt thou canſt not mend.
Thou art quite out of *Robes*, haſt no *cloaths* new,
But what thou vapourd'ſt with in fifty two.
Thou com'ſt far ſhort of Horſes; they appear
More modiſh, and their *coats* caſt twice a year.
But one whole week abſtain from tempting *Ale*;
'Twill be apparent by thy little *Stale*;
'Tis ten to one thy *Dad* will not deny
Any thing, if thou ask him not to dye.

And that he'll ſcarcely do, (his Conſcience ſuch)
Until thy *Trap-ſtick* turn unto a *Crutch*.
O! that thou hadſt a conſcientious *Father*,
Whoſe *Eyes* and *Beard* would kindly out together;
Whoſe watchful Providence ſuch care would keep,
To die whilſt thou hadſt Moiſture left to weep.
But if he rub on ſtill a few more years,
Rhewm will have ſpent the Stock of all thy tears,
And *Coughs* ſo waſte thy breath, all will be gone,
Not any left thee to create a *Groan*.

The SHOWER. 1653.

To Mrs. S. V. being in the Rain. raptim.

THus looks a *Sea-Nymph*, when ſhe leaves
Her *Bed*, and riſes from the *Waves*:
Thus *Flowers* we in *Water* ſteep,
That ſo they may their freſhneſs keep.
Your Treſſes are like *Sol*'s bright Rayes,
When he appears in rainy dayes.
Diana when ſhe did appear
I'th' *Fountain*, was not half ſo fair;
Her ruddy *Cheeks* deſerve a Scoff,
Although a *bluſh* did ſet 'em off.

The Short ENJOYMENT. 1653.

To the ſame.

HEnce flattring Fate, with hypocritick wiles!
Thou that didſt cheat me with *Sardonic* ſmiles!

Didſt

Didſt mount me to receive the greater Fall?
And give me *Honey* thus to ſwallow *Gall*?
Thou ſhewd'ſt a chearful Countenance, as they
Who laviſh Smiles, but Smiles that will betray.
Though one Look from her can inrich my fate,
There is no man but would increaſe his State.
Alas! like *Sun-ſhine* ſeen in cloudy dayes,
I only ſaw a glimm'ring of her Rayes.
Fortune on ſome beſtowes a happy fate,
Only to make them more unfortunate.
Beaſts for the *Sacrifice* were crown'd with *Wreaths*;
And ſometimes men are brisk before their deaths.
Deceiving *twilight*! checquer'd with the powers
Of Light and Darkneſs! thus the *April-ſhowers*
Drown'd the faint *Sun-beams*: *Midwives* daily try,
We're born no ſooner than have cauſe to cry.
Thus did I ſee her, but ſoon loſt her ſight;
She, and the Sun withdraw their Beams at night.
She, like a fatal flaſh of *Lightning*, ſhin'd
With ſudden glance, only to ſtrike me blind.

The CONVEYANCE. 1654.

To Mrs. S. V.

Madam,

MY thoughts were vain, as well as high,
To hope the favour of your Eye.
You ſhed your Beams on Objects fine,
On ſuch as do deſerve your ſhine.
Your Rayes live at a higher rate
Than *Sol*'s; who does debaſe his State

In

In gilding Dirt; all muſt conſeſs,
In ſeeing us, you do no leſs.
Yet, ſince we Ruſticks juſtly may,
In Harveſt, wiſh a Sun-ſhine day;
'Tis not a crime to wiſh you here;
For without you no dayes are clear.
This *Paper* rhymes, -- becauſe 'tis meet
A *Lacquey* ſhould not want his *feet*:
Such is my *Muſe*; who comes to day,
Only this Letter to convey.
Acceptance almoſt is its due;
Since, *Madam*, it was born for you.
'Twill ne'r appear, unleſs it be
Adorn'd in your rich *Livery*.
For *Wit* and *Fancy* grow ſo ſcarce,
Your *Name* muſt bring 'em into *Verſe*.

The FROST. 1654. *To Mr. W. L.*

THE *ſtreams* are *fetter'd*, and with us as rare,
As *Fountains* in *Arabian Deſarts* are.
No tears in *Woman's* Eyes; their skill is croſt,
And that moſt ready *Fountain* now is loſt.
Our *Noſe-drops* freez to Pearls, and *Jewels* there,
Like ſalvage *Indians*, we are forc'd to wear.
Bracelets may now be cheap; our *Laſſes* try --
They can ſpit forth as good as they can buy.
Glaſs-Fornaces are needleſs; he's an Aſs
That will buy any, when he piſſes *Glaſs*,
Surgeons, with all their Lancets, do no good;
Our Veins are ſtufft with *Coral*, not with *Blood*.

To

To be i' th' Rain the *Service* now's as hot,
As 'twixt two *Armies* joyn'd; each *drop's* a *ſhot.*
Each *Hail* a *Bullet*, ſhot with ratling noiſe;
And *Snow* (*white-Powder*) ſilently deſtroys,
If now our *ſheep* lye down upon the Graſs,
You'd ſwear how each a || *Boronetho* was,
And there took rooting: for thus fixt they ſhow
Like ſnowy *Hillocks*, or like breathing *Snow.*
Fiſh freeze i' th' *Deeps*, and think't a happy lot
Now to be caught and put into a *Pot.*
And *Hares* ev'n frozen in their *Forms* do lye,
As they had put themſelves into a *Pye.*

|| Plant-Animal.

Nature's inſlav'd; her very Breath confin'd,
Her *Lungs* are ſtopt, and cannot gather Wind.
Sometimes ſhe's raging mad, and fiercely blows,
Foaming and *Froathing* all the *Earth* with *Snows.*
Thoſe downy *ſhow'rs* appear (which *Boreas* brings)
As though the *moulting* Clouds had *mew'd* their *wings*;
What elſe is *Snow* but *feather'd drizzel*, blown
Fro' th' Sky, where their ſwift *Pinnions* late had flown;
No other *flights* than theſe now haunt the Air,
Till *lym'd* with *froſt*, they're forc'd to tarry here.

The *Air*'s ſo thick it does like th' *Dead-Sea* flow
Where *Birds*, with *feather'd Oars*, can ſcarcely row.
And hollow *Clouds*, ramm'd full as they can bear,
Diſcharge *Hail-ſhot* in *Volleys* through the Air.
Thoſe *Dew-drops* that upon the Earth are found,
Right *Pearls* they are, and pave the glitt'ring ground.
Wherever any graſſy *Turf* is view'd,
It ſeems a *Tanſie* all with *Sugar* ſtrew'd.

The Sea is one *great Bliſter*, till the Sun
Pierce the *thick skin* and make the *Water* run.

'Twas ne'r the Sun's right *Looking-Glaſs* before;
Ice is the *Chryſtal*, lin'd with *ſilver Oar*.
Bold Brittain (if but to her ſelf a Friend)
All the World elſe ſeeks vainly her t' offend.
Safe-bulwarkt with *two Walls* that fates do grant;
With thoſe of *Wood* and theſe of *Adamant*.
Ladies now teſtifie what Poets told;
True *Pearls* they weep, *Silver* they void and *Gold*;
But, ah! for all theſe Comforts they are cold!
We *Men* grow *ſtiff*! no puniſhment is worſe,
When former bleſſings turn a horrid curſe.
Love cools; nay burning *Luſt* is frozen *dead*,
As cooling *Metals* loſe their ſhining *Red*.
The *Nuptial ſheets* ev'n freez into a *Tomb*;
And *Lovers*, their own *ſtatues* there become.
If ſome ſmall *Thaw* from *Nature's* warmth appears,
The *aid* is *comfortleſs* that ends in *Tears*.

The SHRYNE. 1665.

Upon ſeeing her in a Scarlet-Velvet-Mantle.

AUrora thus begins to riſe,
When ſhe with *Crimſon* trims the Skies;
But her weak beams are conquer'd ſoon;
Yours, *Madam*, triumph o're the Sun.
Too fiercely they our Eyes aſſail'd,
If *Moſes*-like you were not veild.
Infolded there, your ſweets make good,
You are a *Damask-Roſe* i' th' *bud*.
Roſes, when they lay by their leaves,
(Thoſe *Velvet-Mantles Nature* gives)

Loſe

Loſe their chief Vertue; all confeſs,
You are moſt ſweet without your Dreſs.
Yet ſince we uſe with reverence,
A *Carkaſs*, when the *Soul*'s flown thence;
And when obedience here was ſhown,
They honour'd *Courts*, though *Kings* were gone;
Let us, when we her preſence want,
Adore the *Shrine* that held the *Saint*.
Divines affirm our *Churches* are
Sacred for th' *Service* offer'd there.
Rich *Mantle*! when thou her doſt fold,
Thou art the *Mine*, and ſhe the *Gold*.
Nature's *Exchequer*, where does lye
The total of her Treaſury.
The *Zodiac* never did intwine
More Beauties, than are clos'd in thine,
From her it takes the dazling Grace:
The *Sun-beams* ſhine ſo through a Glaſs.
Thus the expanded Chryſtal Skies,
That both inlight, and bleſs our Eyes;
Yet ſerve but as a glorious Skreen,
For greater beauties are within.
Nor is it vain to praiſe the *Shell*,
And not the *Pearl* that there does dwell;
It is enough, if here my Muſe
Can do, but as our *Ladies* uſe,
When they on *Limons* ſet their minds,
And only Candy o're the *Rinds*.

The KISS. 1656. *To Mrs.* C.

HOLD not your Lips ſo cloſe; diſpence
Treaſures, Perfumes, and Life from thence.
Squeeze not thoſe full-ripe *Cherries*; this
Becomes a *Simper*, not a *Kiſs*.
There's danger to lock up your Breath,
It *Couſin-German* is to *Death*.
None *baggs* up wind, the *Merchant* ſwears,
Unleſs ſome wrinkled *Laplanders*.
What needs this Guard; it is ſmall ſence
Thus to hedge in a double *Fence*.
Clos'd Lips expreſs but ſilent Bliſſes,
And at the beſt are but dumb *Kiſſes*.
You are with *Cupid* little kind,
To make him *Dumb* as well as *Blind*.
Such *Smacks* but ſhew a ſilent ſtate;
Kiſſes ſhould be articulate.
An *open-mouthed* Kiſs ſpeaks ſence,
It is the Lovers eloquence,
Let yours ſpeak out then; there's no Bliſs
To th' *Pronuntiation* of a *Kiſs*.

The SCANDAL. 1656.

Upon Mrs. K. C. *raiſing one.*

HOW now, mad *Kitling*, peeviſh *Brat*!
Canſt thou no ſooner ſee, than ſcrat?
That all who ſee thee, juſtly doubt
Alecto in her *Swathing-clout*.

Feat

Feat early Miſchief! tell me why
Thou ſought'ſt to wound me with this lie?
What's my offence? is it not this,
Becauſe I do no oftner kiſs?
What Fool would do himſelf the wrong,
To venture half ſo near thy *Tongue*?
Far worſe than *Snakes*, or *Adders* are;
Thou dangers doſt at both ends bear.
Thou'rt worſe than *Scorpions*, who bring
A cure themſelves for thoſe they ſting.
But thou'rt all o're with *Venom* ſmear'd;
Thy very *Looks* are to be fear'd;
Not that thy *Glances* have a ſpice
Of *Venus*, but of *Cockatrice*.
Nor boaſt thy *Flaxen Curls*; they be
As well ſigns of a *Leproſie*.
That *Rock* of *Tow* upon thy *Head*,
Prove there are *Poyſon-pates*, not *Red*.

The Vertues of CANARY. 1656.

Tune Iſaac's Balls. To Mr. G. H.

SAck will make a *Coward* Fight,
And his Humour vary;
It will infuſe a Nobler Sp'rite,
Than great *Hector's* did carry:
Nay it ſo will play its part,
He had rather ſpill a *Quart*
Of *Blood*, than of *Canary*.

Sack makes the daring *Seaman* wiſe,
And reſolute as *Phocion*;

Not all the *Artillery* of the *Skies*,
Can make him alter his brave motion;
Tho' *Tempeſts* rage, and *Thunder* crack,
Let him be drowned firſt in *Sack*,
And a *Fico* for the *Ocean*.

If you would have a *Doctor* wiſe,
Beſtow on him a *Pottle*.
All Wiſdom in the *Bottom* lies,
No Helicon unto the *Bottle*.
And when he can pour down no more,
He will upon his Knees adore
Bacchus, above *Ariſtotle*.

Sack can make an *Alderman* wiſe,
And venture at a Ditty:
'Twill make a *Beggar*'s thoughts to riſe
Let his ſhirt be ne'r ſo Nitty.
It can make ſweet the crabbed face
Of *Sergeants*, and coutroul their *Mace*,
And melt the *Rogues* to pitty.

If one have but a ſpark of Wit,
Sack will quickly ſhow it;
And in troth I think it fit,
By my example you ſhould know it;
For, as once my *Lord Gray* ſaid,
I this fine new-ſing-ſong made,
But *Sack* made me the *Poet*.

The DELUGE. 1657.

Upon the Death of R. Sanderſon *Eſq*; *by the Eruption of a Vein.*

SAD *Deluge*, this! what could no Art reſtrain,
Nor ſtop th' o'rflowing *Chanal* of a Vein?
A *Flood* in *Harveſt* thus deſtroys the hopes
Of all the Year, and ſpoils the fruitful Crops.
Bleſt Nilus! thou deſerv'ſt immortal thanks;
Thou profit bring'ſt, when thou o'rflow'ſt thy *Banks*.
Of all ſad *Deluges* this was the worſt,
And little leſs deſtructive than the *firſt*.
Where's *Surgery* become, that boaſted Theme?
No *Sluce*, no *Flood-gate* that can turn this *Stream*?
Shall the dull *Dutch* damm up the Springs o' th' Sea,
And fetter *Neptune*, till his *Tides* obey?
Yet our fam'd *Artiſts* ſtudy all in vain
To ſtop the little Torrent of a Vein?
Let us confide no more in erring *Duſt*;
That great *Phyſician* may command our Truſt,
Who ſtopt, by touching of his *Garment*'s hem,
Th' unruly Current of a Bloody *Stream*.
Nay more; by vertue of his ſole command,
And ſacred Pow'r allow'd to *Moſes*'s *Wand*,
Stop't the *Red-Sea*, and check'd the foaming Tide,
Roaring and ſwelling with impetuous pride:
And made the crouding Waves, on either hand,
Like ſhining Walls of poliſh'd *Chryſtal* ſtand;
He! he alone! ſuch Miracles can ſhow,
And ſtop thoſe *Fountains* who firſt made 'em *flow*.

The RECOVERY. 1657.

To my dear S. Mrs. S. S.

SO you recruit, tell me no more
Of leſſer beauty than before;
Yet where's the loſs? ſince ſtill I'ſpy
Thoſe Arched Brows, that ſparkling Eye,
Wherein ſuch contradictions fix,
That *Sun* and *Clouds* together mix.
Though neither conquer, yet both fight;
No *Cloud* ſo black, no *Sun* ſo bright.
A *Sun* with no *Eclipſes* harm'd:
A *Cloud* with *Lightning* ever arm'd:
Then is not here each charming grace
That formerly ſhin'd in that *Face?*
Thoſe modeſt ſmiles, whoſe native ſlight
At once denies, yet does invite?
Like a *Gilt-harneſt-valiant Foe,*
Whoſe *Arms* cry, *Take me*, *Sword* ſays *no.*
What *Parts* then do theſe wants diſcloſe?
Becauſe each *Cheek* has loſt its *Roſe,*
Your *Lips* their Cherries? never fear;
Tho'th' *Seaſon*'s paſt, they'l ſpring next year.
Your *Sickneſs* did this *Autumn* bring;
But *Health* will ſoon create a *Spring.*

The POET. 1657.

Upon that incomparable Enthuſiaſt
Mr. Jo. Cleveland.

WHoe're reads *Cleveland* (*Leader* of the *Pack*)
Carouzes Eſſences, and ſp'rit of *Sack.*

For

For what he drank, it was for publick uſe;
And, in his Brains, he did preſerve the *Juyce*.
Where heated in his Head (that *Chymic Still*)
Wits-Eſſence flow'd fro' th' Spout of his rich *Quill*.
The *Sun* thus moiſture ſucks, and after pours
From *cloudy Limbecks* all the fruitful ſhowers.
His *wit* was univerſal: like the Sun,
It gilded every thing it look'd upon.
Some (as poor I) rich Subjects do debaſe;
He (like great *Monarchs*) did the pooreſt grace:
By his rare faculty our Times were mov'd
To think that barren *Foreſts* might b' improv'd.
Each matter hits aright to his deſire;
His conqu'ring flame converted all to fire.
The higheſt things did to his fancy ſtoop;
The *Scythian* ſo proud *Bajazet* did coop.
His *wit* was free, not to *ſet-rules* confin'd;
But clear, and ripening like the *Summer-Wind*.
Pleaſure and profit he from thence did bring;
As it makes *Corn* to grow, and *Flowers* to ſpring.
He made the *Company* where 'ere he came;
And warm'd the coolneſs, or elſe quencht the flame.
Nor did he owe one help to any man,
Like thoſe firſt *Heroes* who all *Arts* began.
His thriving thoughts no Foreign Aids did need,
But on their fruitful *Soyl* alone did feed.
He ne'r the way of our new *Rhymers* choſe,
In *racking*, or (at beſt) *Tranſlating* proſe.
To force his *Fancy* he did never uſe,
Like ſome who raviſh an unwilling *Muſe*,
Was big with thought, yet happy in his choice,
Like the ſmooth'd tuning of a *nat'ral Voice*.

The

The *Subject* known, he did the *humours* hit;
First chose the *stuff*, then did the *Ribbons* fit.
His *Fancies* jostled, were together prest;
Puzzled he was to chuse, not make the best.
His *Refuse* would inrich us all; the poor
Thrive thus by raking at the rich Man's door.
He was more than us all! Imagine what
He could say of himself, and *Cleveland*'s that.

DISCREET LOVE. 1657. To *M. S.*

PEace, *Syrens*, Peace! experienc'd harms
Serve but to antidate your Charms.
The *World*'s more wise now, than to seek
Roses and *Lillies* in a *Cheek*;
Coral in *Lips*; himself he mocks
That looks for *Sun-beams* in her *Locks*.
Or he who fancies those blew stains
Saphyres or *Violets*, but *Veins*.
None trusts an amorous Muse, that sings
His *Mistress Breasts* two *Nectar springs*,
Lockt up with *Rubies*, that there grow,
Soft *Marble Quarries*, and warm *Snow*;
That she sweats *Amber*, breaths sweet *Gums*,
Voids *Marmalad*, and vents *Perfumes*.
Beauty's the Sawce, that brings delight
To *Love*, which is the *Appetite*:
But *Wealth*'s the *Food*; 'tis a sad pause,
When hungry, to have only *Sawce*:
Thus foolish Boys neglect their meat,
So they may *red-cheek'd Apples* eat.

Beauty

Beauty is only in the *Skin*;
The worth, and ſubſtance is within;
'Tis ſpoil'd when us'd; now *Gold*'s more bright
With time, and uſe; *Aurora*'s light
Improves thus till the *Sun* does riſe;
(That *twenty-ſhillings-piece* o' th' *skies*)
Talk then no more of loving faces,
Of outward parts, and inward graces;
Since *Cupid*'s ſelf can ſtrike no heart
In love, without his *golden dart*.

The Reſolute COURTIER. 1658.

PRethee ſay I or no;
If thou't not have me tell me ſo,
I cannot ſtay;
Nor will I wait upon
A ſmile, or frown.
If thou wilt have me ſay;
Then I am thine, or elſe I am mine own.

Be white or black; I hate
Dependence on a checker'd fate,
Let go, or hold;
Come either kiſs or not;
Now to be hot,
And then again as cold,
Is a fantaſtick Fever you have got.

A te-

A tedious Wooe is baſe,
And worſe by far than a long Grace:
For whilſt we ſtay,
Our lingring ſpoils the Roaſt,
Or Stomach's loſt;
Nor can, nor will I ſtay;
For if I ſup not quickly, I will faſt.

Whilſt we are freſh, and ſtout,
And vigorous, let us to't:
Alas, what good
From wrinkled Man appears,
Gelded with years;
When his thin wheyiſh Blood,
Is far leſs comfortable than his Tears.

Right COURTSHIP. 1658.

SHould I kiſs every one that's fair,
Or marry all I court;
I like the *Captain* ſhould appear,
That conquered every *Fort*,
And nothing left for thoſe that love the *Sport*.

What matter I though *Rumour* ſnarle,
That I took not the *Town*:
Since I did bring her to a *Parle*,
It is as much renown,
As If I knock'd, and beat her *Bulwarks* down.

Self-

Self-intereſt is the ſafeſt claim,
Let *Wealth*, and *Worth* be had;
To level there's the ſureſt aim,
And he the wiſeſt *Lad*
Who makes no *Match*, but by a *Match* is made.

The PLAGIARY. 1658.

Upon S. C. *a* Presbyterian *Miniſter, and Captain, ſtealing* 48 *Lines from* Craſhaw's *Poems to patch up an* Elegy *for Mr.* F. P.

MOnſtrous! and Strange! & ſcarcely heard of yet!
A *Presbyterian*, and pretend to wit!
Steel'd arrogance! to nibble at the crime
Of Verſe, and meddle with that *Dagon-Rhyme*!
Tremble, great *Dogril Sir*, at what I ſay;
For *Verſe* is *Couſin German* to a *Play*.
But *Poets* may with *Church-men* well agree:
David did *Verſes* make, and *Prophecie*.
This is his canting Plea; but ſoft, Sir, ſtand;
You are arraign'd for Theft, hold up your hand.
Impudent Theft, as ever was expreſt,
Not to ſteal Jewels only, but the Cheſt.
Not to nib bits of *Gold* from *Craſhaw*'s Lines,
But ſwoop whole Strikes together from his *Mynes*!
Unconſcionable thief! than * *Hind* far worſe; * A famous Robber.
To rob one both of *Money* and of *Purſe*.
Thou, of thy *Brethren-Taxers*, get'ſt the ſtart,
In taking more than th' *five and twentieth part*:
Like to thoſe *Fiends* we *Sequeſtrators* call,
Thy ſtretching Conſcience goes away with all.

Arch

Arch piece of *Robbery! Gigantick* knack!
To take both *Goods* and *Houſe* too on thy back;
Quote *Scripture* for't, as for *Rebellion*, ſay;
Sampſon in *Gaza* took the *Gates* away.
Thy *Muſe*, *Philira* like, is turn'd a *Mare*;
And by his *Pegaſus* is cover'd here.
Unnat'ral *Coupling* this as e're did paſs;
As if his *Pegaſus* ſhould *leap* an *Aſs!*
Like a *Drum-major*, he with Zeal appears,
Beating his *Pulpit* to get *Volunteers*.
Thy *Black-coat*, furious *Jehu*, moſt men think
Takes colour from thy *Powder*, not thine *Ink*;
And thy *Dragooning Genius* has a ſhare
More in *Salt-peter* than Saint *Peter's Chair*.
How much the *Cauſe* owes to this *Braves* command,
Who taught *Rebellion* both with *Tongue* and *Hand*;
As *Balaam* of his *Aſs*, he learnt this Trick
Of ſome ſuch *Colt*, both for to *whee* and *kick*.
A *Preacher! Captain*, *Thief*, and *Poet* view!
A *Jack* of all *Trades*, and of all *Sides* too.
But *Mar-text*, how doſt thou declare thine hate,
In joyning *Poets* with the *Biſhops* Fate?
To rail at *Poets*, but to ſteal their *ſtrains*,
To hate the *Biſhops*, but to love their *means*.
Did parted Souls (as ſome have held) but know
Thoſe things are done by their left friends below;
Think'ſt thou deceaſed *Pierpont* likes ſuch *Verſe*
As thou haſt filch'd here to adorn his *Herſe*?
Judge but how ſuch an Act thy ſelf would ſcan,
A *Thief* ſubſcribe thee for an *Honeſt Man*.

The OLD MAN. 1658.

An Epitaph upon my Gr. Mr. T. S.

HERE lies an aged *Corps*, which late
Incag'd a *Soul*; whom neither fate,
Nor Times, could change from its firſt State.

Oppreſt more with Age than cares:
Reſpected more for *Silver hairs*
Than *Gold*; for Wiſdom more than Years.

Happy in every *Child* he had;
Happy in ſelf, and only ſad,
Being born in good days, but deceas'd in bad.

The MOURNER. 1659.

Upon the Death of my dear Father, Mr. W. S.

LET not the ranting Crew explode my Tears;
Nor ſtop my ſighings with their Mocks and Jeers:
Such as lament in *Sack* for Father's dying,
'Till Eyes look red, then ſwear it came with crying:
Who to the *Church* ſuch modiſh *Mourners* come,
As if they meant to revel o're the Tomb.
I leave that road, ſo that I now forbear
To ſtrew his Grave, but with a gaudy tear.
For Drops of Ink are ſo that do diſtill
From a luxuriant, or too trim a Quill.
Nor let ſome think the grief is ſmall, where time,
And ſuch Compoſure is to build a *Rhyme*

Since

Since *David's Muſe* did never higher riſe,
Than when it took its fountain from his *Eyes*;
And if in theſe *Lines* any Life can be,
Or can tranſmit it to *Poſterity*;
'Tis but a juſt endeavour *Life* to give
To that lov'd Perſon, who did make me live.
Not that I think this power in my *Verſe*,
(The common *Hatchment* now of every Herſe)
But in his Vertues, which they would declare;
Theſe give the life of which thoſe hope a ſhare.
For thus a *Pen* that limms a good man's ſtory,
Improves its own, well as the ſubjects glory.
So every *Duty* is a Benefit,
And gains a bleſt reward for doing it,
I wiſh I could his Vertues imitate,
And praiſe together; ſuch a lucky fate
Befell that *Orator*, who as he ſtood
Praiſing his vertuous Friend, himſelf turn'd good.

His Zeal to *God* and *Church* glow'd with that heat
Firſt *Chriſtians* us'd, without the modern cheat.
* Loyal to's *Prince* without the hope of gains,
And conſtant too in midſt of loſs and chains.
His Prayers were fervent, and his Faith was ſtrong,
Still hop'd, although *Rebellion* proſper'd long.
At length the ſtorm blew o're, the skyes did clear,
And light begun to gild our *Hemiſphere*.
His breaſt with publick joy ſo over-flow'd,
His Soul was forc'd to leave its old aboad:
Yet like the *dying Swan* he tun'd his knell,
And with old *Simeon* ſung his own *farewell*.

* Impriſoned long by the Rebels at *Nottingham. vid.*

Thus

Thus the long look'd-for *Prospect Moses* gain'd;
He saw, but ne're injoy'd the *Promis'd Land.*

Wit's EPICEDIUM. 1659.

Epitaph upon Mr. J. Cleveland.

HERE lies great *Cleveland*! whom 'tis fit,
To name the *Phœnix* of true Wit.
His *Fate* suits sadly with the name;
Since he expired in a *Flame.*
A *Fever*! hence this fate did come,
The *Muses* suffer'd *Martyrdom*!
He like the *Phœnix* dy'd! Alas!
Not like the *Phœnix* bury'd was!
Since with the *Gums* of his own *Stile*,
He did not build himself a *Pyle.*

The DIVINE. 1659.

Upon Dr. Huit's *Death by* Cromwel.

RAsh times, and men, to hurry hence
What Ages cannot recompence!
For by his timeless death we lost
The rarities of holy cost.
He try'd all *Learning*, and from thence
Did cull the perfect quintescence
Hence was his *Tongue* with Essence tipt,
His *Lips* in heavenly *Nectar* dipt.
He pleas'd the Mind, and eas'd the Heart;
His *Sermons* twisted Grace and Art.
His *Zeal* was learn'd he could intice
A man, with pleasure, from a Vice.

Thoſe who did hear his *Sermons* right,
And practis'd, grew good with delight;
He heard his *Sentence* with that chear,
That upſtart *Lords their Titles* hear.
Let *Traitors* quake with crimes oppreſt;
Let guilt raiſe *Earthquakes* in their Breaſts;
Let a rebellious *Ague* ſeize
Their bloods, and Horrour turn diſeaſe;
Let ſuch ones tremble: Glorious Soul!
Thou doſt thine envious fate controul:
What Coward arm'd with thy ſure Ward,
Need fear a *Tower* or a *Guard*?
Halberds and *Troops* (ta'n in right ſence)
Serv'd but to guard thine Innocence.
Thy *Cauſe*, and *Spirit* makes us vow
Thy *Judges* ſuffer'd, and not thou.
Their bloody *Sentence* (to their ſpight)
More then their *Pardon*, did thee right;
The *Axe* cut them; and once they'l know
They had by far the worſer blow.
Thy riſing Soul was then more tall,
When others ſtoop, juſt at thy fall;
Sol biggeſt is, when he does come
To reſt thus in his *Weſtern* home;
In *Seas* he ſets, and thou in *tears*;
Thine *Ocean* far more deep appears.
And when thou doſt in Glory riſe,
Thy beams will daze their blood-ſhot-*Eyes*.

The

The ADAMITE. 1659.

Upon the loſs of a Ladies Linnens; all her Shifts and Cloaths being ſtollen.

A *Dam* of temper'd *Clay* was rais'd;
His *Body* with rich *Linnen* cas'd;
An earthen *Veſſel* finely glas'd.

But *Eve* was of a purer frame;
She from compleated *Adam* came:
From the young *Sun* ſo ſhin'd the *Flame.*

To him ſhe ſeem'd a glorious ſight;
Her very *Nakedneſs* was bright:
Thus is the *Moon skin'd* o're with light.

Her *Innocence* no *Coverings* had;
'Twas *Guilt* did cauſe the *Fig-leaf* ſhade:
As *Beams* are hid by *Clouds* they made.

Beſides, the *Spring-time* now invites
Nature, to bleſs our wondring ſights,
With her rare *Cloſet* of Delights.

Lillies (thoſe *Virgins* of the year)
Their Snowy *Boſoms* now appear;
Each opening her lac'd *Stomacher.*

Tulips ſtart from their *Winter-beds*,
Unfolding their thick *Coverlids*;
Lie bare, and ſhew their *Maiden-heads.*

Roſes although with bluſhes born,
Their *green-ſilk Plackets* now are torn,
And ſhew their beauties to the *Morn*.

Your *Hand* faire *Lady*, then hold by,
Or kindly let my ſearching Eye
Through th' *Lattice* of your *Fingers* pry.

The *Ruſſian Empreſs* need not fear,
If Cold or ſhame would *Coverings* wear,
She's cloath'd with native * *Miniver*

* A rich ſort of Furr.

The ARCH-TRAITOR. 1659.

Upon the Death of Oliver Cromwell.

THE *Muſes*, like the *Cavaleers*, confin'd,
(For *Wit* and *Loyalty* are beſt, when joyn'd)
Have now their liberty: the time affords
Poets to uſe their *Pens*, and thoſe their *Swords*:
The *Tyrant* knew by both he might be harm'd;
So *Playes* he voted down, and them diſarm'd.
For he did doubt whether more hurt might riſe,
Or from the *Standiſh*, or the *Mortar-piece*.
Arm'd againſt *Swords*, but not 'gainſt *Cleveland's Quill*,
More ſharp than *Porcupines*, it pierc'd his *Steel*.
Twas try'd of old when feather'd *Arrows* flew,
They far more *Foes* than all our *Cannons*, ſlew.
'Twas this made him ſo cautiouſly ſevere;
Poets and *Souldiers* tam'd, he did not fear.
But all his cruel Policies were vain;
Maſtiffs are much the fiercer for the *Chain*.

Helico

Helicon rougher runs when 'tis disturb'd,
And *Pegasus* kicks more for being curb'd.
Who did his *Provant*, and his *Curb* neglect;
Nor would those clear *Streams* his grim looks reflect.
'Tis true, a *Slave* or two, to shew his face,
Made *Stix*, not *Helicon* his *Looking-Glass*.
Their *Turkish* Souls and fancies were so vain
To serve as *Footstools* to that *Tamberlane*.
Their mercenary *Bays* as largely spread
Upon the *Tyrant*'s as the *Prince*'s head.
Base! that in verse *Rebellion* should appear;
As though *Apollo* were turn'd *Presbyter*.
As th' *Muses* (stirred up by zealous wrath)
Should lend their *Treasures* to the *Publick Faith*.
Wretches! who if they live to better days,
May merit Hempen Wreaths, instead of Bayes.
Wit, like true Courage, never should abate,
But bravely stand unmov'd in spite of Fate;
Confront the *Tyrant* in his guarded *Den*,
And, like bold *Brutus*, stab him with a *Pen*.

Let some of our fam'd Poets and their Consciences be here examined.

One noted Poet, his Panegyrick upon *Oliver*.

* *Nero* set *Rome* on fire, a crime Severe!
Noll fir'd three Kingdoms, and then warm'd him there;
Play'd o're the Flames, and long exulting stood;
Then strove to quench them with the Natives blood.

*He fir'd it, and then laid it on the *Christians*.

Nor was't enough to make our *Purses* pay;
But *Taxes* on our *Consciences* to lay.
We might connive not only at his Guilt,
But take on us the blood the *Tyrant* spilt.
The *Commons* did it; he like *Pilate*, stands;
And we the Water hold to wash his hands.

Prodigious arrogance! he did defie
The chiefest pow'rs both of the Earth and Sky!
Against both God and Church he stood alone;
Thrust one fro'th' Church, the other from the Throne.
His sacrilegious hands at once pluck'd down
The sacred *Myter*, and the regal *Crown*.
The *Graces*, and the *Muses* he accus'd,
Because by's lust they would not be abus'd.
And yet this devillish *Hypocrite* would pray,
Hyena like, would cry, and then betray.
With counterfeiting groans he hid his wiles,
Like to the treacherous sobs of *Crocodiles*.
His Tears, like those of *baneful Yew* did trill,
Whose baneful drops their neighb'ring Trees do kill.
His *whining* always did portend some harm:
So hardest *Marbles* weep against a Storm.
His *Trulyes* cheated, and his *Smiles* betray'd;
In *Velvet-skabbard* lay his *murd'ring* blade.
His poysnous heart in *Beds of Flowers* lay;
Like *Quagmires* into which their *Greens* betray.
A *Sodom-Apple*, rotten at the *Coar*;
A *Pestilential Bubo* plaister'd o're.
But now the *Botch* is broke; his Reign is done,
And he himself into *Corruption* run.

The APPARITION. 1659.
Upon Cromwel's *burying* (*by* Ireton) *in* West-minster Abby.

PArdon, great Souls, if I presume
So near, as your *Withdrawing room*;

Your

Your royal *Wardrobe*, wherein rests
Your *Garniture* in *Marble Chests*.
Safely lockt up, to make more gay
Your second *Coronation* day.
Then will those *mouldy Garments* shine
Like that pure *stuff*, which them must line.
Air'd by the influence of a *Ray*,
Stronger then what gives life to *Day*.
Which will new cloath that *Beldame Night*
With robes, spun of eternal light:
Will make the Sun in *Cynders* lye;
That *Phœnix* in its Nest to dye.
For it would be a needless sight,
When every object is more bright.
That shining time we once must know,
If't be allow'd to call it so,
When no degree nor space is found,
But an immortal *Nunc* goes round.
This thought such deep impressions makes,
My muse with awful rev'rence shakes.
Methinks I hear the *Trumpet's* sound;
An *Earth-quake* strikes the palsy'd ground.
The *Marbles* now discharge their trust,
And faithfully return their *Dust*.
Behold the quickning *Attoms* play,
Invited by an heavenly ray.
In close embraces dancing round,
'Till each its old position found,
Uniting then with joy, they rest;
Form'd to a *Temple* fitly drest
To hold the *bright descending Guest*.

Who will not loſe by changing place,
Convey'd into its ſhining *Caſe*;
As *Sun-beames* into *Chryſtal* paſs.
Thus animated from above,
Look how the *riſing Monarchs* move!
With *lofty meen* they Earth deſpiſe;
|| *Gods now indeed*, and worthy Skies!
Attended by a fitting Train,
Which humbly at their feet had lain.
No Subject boaſts a nobler ſtate,
Than on his *Prince's duſt* to wait.
Kings honour bring where they reſort,
Making ev'n *Golgotha* a *Court*.

|| Kings are eſteem'd Gods, but dye like men.

From Heav'n amongſt the Angels came
A glitt'ring *Wayter* called *Fame*;
Breaking her *Trumpet* with a blaſt;
For what needs *Fame* when time is paſt?
Here other *Heralds* then appear'd,
Thoſe *Poets* that were there interr'd:
'Tis fit they ſhould ſome glory ſhare,
Who did ſo much advance it here.

Juſt as all theſe prepar'd to fly
To the ſhining *Rendezvous* i' th' Sky;
Two *Monſters* from their *filth* did craul;
Off'ring to riſe, ſtill down they fall.
Their *blood-ſhot* eyes, with gloating ſhame,
Too weak to bear the heavenly flame
Of ſuch a *Preſence* dazling bright,
With glory crown'd and roab'd with light.
One of 'em with a glaring look,
Swelling with ſpite, and fury ſpoke.

"Theſe

"These are but *Kings*, and *Cromwell*, I!
"They at my *Genius* us'd to fly.
"*Death* (that great *Tyrant*) being dead;
"Why should we petty *Monarchs* dread?
"What makes us so dejected lie?
"Those vainly fear that cannot die.

"Yet die we will rather then shun
"To act what we before have done;
"Quoth damn'd remonstring * *Ireton*.
"Let's charge their *Troop*, and both prepar'd,
Red fury from their *Beacons* glar'd;
Their heads the groveling serpents rear'd.

* That Villain drew the Armies Remonstrance, which was the moving cause of the KING's Death.

--------Fame then reply'd-----

"Avaunt, thou odious spawn of Night;
" Thou *Beam* i' th' very Eye of Light!
"Wer't not enough you did defile
("Nay worse, profan'd) this *hallow'd Soyle*;
"Reducing it to so vile price,
"Like *Egypt*'s it may turn to *Lice*?
"Were't not enough you did invade
" Their Throne, but you usurp their *Shade*?
" Pursuing them ev'n to the *Tombe*,
"And now dare in their *Presence* come?
" You ought to be (for this bold crime)
"Damn'd down to Hell before your time.

Like red-hot Iron then *Cromwel* glowes,
Yet nothing shin'd unless his *Nose*.

Of red and blew mixt was the flame;
As it from *Fire* and *Brimstone* came.
The *Angel* shunning further stay,
His Heavenly Banner did display;
Such power i'th' sacred *Cross* did dwell,
Struck with its Lightning, down they fell,
For ought I know, as deep as Hell.
Humbly the shining presence bow'd,
And *Hallelujahs* sung aloud.
All ravish'd with the heavenly noise.
Amaz'd I op'd my wondring Eyes.
When nothing did to them, alas! appear,
But all these *Glories* vanish'd into *Air*.

The ABSENCE. 1660.

To Captain Ben. Marshal *leaving* Newark.

GOod-*Fellowship* begins to mourn,
And in thine absence, finds its *Urne*.
When now we meet, 'tis to condole
Our *Bodies* rob'd of thee, the *Soul*.
And since thou art from *Newark* fled,
Both *Sack* and *Ale* for grief are dead.
Thus standing *Brooks* begin to stink,
When *Sol* is absent, or does wink.
Excise men much thy flitting curse,
Since lesser Income swells their purse.
For what thou drank'st, by some is said,
To make ten of 'em thrive o'th' Trade.
In vain *Town-Musick* seeks to cheer
Our griefs, whilst sprightly *Ben's* not here.

For

For without thee the Boy that ſings
Is hoarſe, his Fiddle wanteth ſtrings.
All that to *Church* on *Sundays* come
Wiſh thou wert there, or all elſe dumb;
Since without thee they howl, not ſing:
Like jangling Clowns that cannot ring.
They aim at *Pſalms*, as do the *Chymes*,
And ſpoil 'em worſe than *Hopkin's Rhymes*.
When thou wert here all did admire,
To hear both *Organs* and the *Choire*.
Thy *Voice* form'd theirs: when thou didſt ſing,
Thou wert both finger and the ſtring.
Thou mad'ſt the Tune; and all men ſay
Thy breath did make their *Pipes* to play.

The PEEK of *Tenariff*. 1660

To my dear Br. Mr. W. Shipman, *Merchant.*

TAlk not of *Mount Parnaſſus*! ſince I write
Of ſuch a ſubject as tranſcends its height.
Where th' Muſes cannot mount; their *winged Steed*
(Tho Fame and Lightning cannot reach his ſpeed)
Muſt flagge below, when he would try this *Cliff*,
And ſoar up to the *Pyke* of *Thenariff*.
Some *Hills* are *perruk'd* o're with Trees and Snows,
Others wear wreaths of *Clouds* about their brows;
But thou, imperial *Mount*, art more renown'd;
Since thou art only with the Heavens crown'd.
Olympus and the hills of *Arrarat*,
Compar'd to thee, ſeem as a lowly Flat.

Pelion

Pelion and *Ossa* (though they proudly bear
Their heads) poor *Dwarfs*, yet but as *Footstools* are.
Other great *Mountains* (though not half so high)
Weary the Foot, whilst thou dost tire the Eye:
Thou art * *Sol's Fornace*, where he lights his *Torch*
When he first peeps from out the *Eastern* porch.
Had those old Gyants known thee when th' assail'd
The Gods, their *Palace* they had eas'ly scal'd,
Had *Nimrod* ever of thy tallness known,
His *Babel* never had been thought upon.
Had *Noah* of this *Mountain* e're heard tell,
The *Ark* had useless been, and he as well.

* On its Summit is a hollow fire called *Celdico*.

Was now my Muse as quick of foot as you,
(Who here climb'd high as ever Eagle flew)
She then would trace your steps; and in the Story,
Prove that *high Peek* some leagues below your glory.
Hannibal's march o're th' *Alps* needs no such stir;
Since it was feazible with *Vinegar*.
Sack here was requisite; which Poets sing
Can mount one higher, than an *Eagles* Wing;
|| *Astolfo's Horse* (which *Arioste* quotes)
Was fed with *Grapes* (no doubt) instead of *Oats*,
That gave him Wings! my *Pegasus* might dare
To mount as high with the same *Provender*.
And since such store does from your *Islands* come;
If you would see him soar, pray send him some.

|| A flying Horse.

An

An Hystorick Poem. 1660.

Upon the blessed Restauration of his Sacred Majesty Charles *the Second*, &c.

The PREFACE.

THough these *Thoughts* gain not *Charls* his sight,
To give him his, gives me my right.
And yet now to approach so near,
May rather dazzle me, than clear.
Since *Mercury* is scarcely known
(Though *Prince* of *Wit*) when near the *Sun*.
Loyalties due, although not heard;
And, Vertue-like, brings its reward.

From *Mount Parnassus*, my desire
To *Sion* sometimes does aspire.
I thought it but a fitting state,
That *Muses* on the *Graces* wait.
From hence let not the *Reader* fear
I am a *rhyming Presbyter*.
As tho my *Muse* (when but a Child)
Did go to School to *Robin Wild*.
Or that my *Pegasus* would stoop
To ride in * *Captain Wither's Troop*.

But stay, amongst the Rhyming croud
I 'spy some Wits whom Fame makes proud.
* Whose *Lawrel-wreaths* on *Cromwell* seen
(Though he be wither'd) are yet green.
That Leprous *Syrian* they admit
To wash i'th' *Jordan* of their Wit.

*A Rhymeing *Presbyterian*.

‖ A Trumpeter to Rebellion, in his *Nec habeo, nec careo, nec curo*; a Book of his in Rhyme. *Vid.* his famous Panegyric.

Not

Not for to cure him, but to pleaſe;
They made him proud of his *Deſeaſe*.
Though ſome of theſe i'th' *Front* appear;
I'll *Muſter* too, if but i'th' *Rear*.
And though their *Cannons* loudly roar,
Some ſound comes from my *Piſtol-bore*.

The Reſtauration and Welcome. 1660.

An Hiſtorical Poem upon the Return of King Charles *the Second.*

GReat *Britain's Soyl*, like *Ægypt's*, fertile turn'd
By overflowing of its *Natives blood*:
Thus did the *Compoſt* of the *Houſes* burn'd
Fatten the ground where *Priam's City* ſtood.

Her Boſom ſcarce was more bedew'd with rain,
Than with thoſe precious drops her Children bled;
And manur'd with the heaps of Bodies ſlain;
She grew ſo rank, that only *Weeds* ſhe bred;

Such *Weeds* as ſuck'd the *heart-blood* of the Land,
Smother'd each fruitful Plant and pleaſant Flower.
So did the thin bad *Ears* of *Pharoh* ſtand,
And all the full and hopeful ones devour.

Nor could the *Shrubs* think much at ſuch a blow,
Or know how to divert the fatal ſtroak; (low,
When thoſe curs'd Rebels that brought them ſo
Cut down, alas! Great *Britains Royal Oak*.

A Crime that blasts our former Lawrels won,
Sullies those Trophies that our Syres did yield:
Saint *Georges bloody Cross* we cannot own,
Since now 'tis lost within a *bloody Field.*

What hope of future Glory, or of Fame?
For with the Sun the wasting light must go;
And we have lost, to our eternal shame,
Not only *Honour*, but the *Fountain* too.

Success mean time did the bold *Rebels* crown;
Success! too oft the thieves, and Murd'rers boast:
Prosperity brings seldom true renown;
Since oft' they merit least, who thrive the most.

If *Wrongs* may be esteem'd by their *Success*;
Let us praise *Cæsar*, who inslaved *Rome*,
And think that richer *Crowns* their heads must bless,
Who caus'd, than those that suffer'd *Martyrdom.*

Worth, when oppress't, finds all its Solace here;
This quickens *Hope* (that *Shield* against distrust)
Without whose arguments, weak thoughts may fear
There is no resurrection from the dust.

Faith (that great *Optick*) whose quick piercing force
Fixes the wand'ring glances of our eyes,
And guides (like *Gallilæo*'s *Glass*) their course,
To make *Discoveries* above the Skies;

By whose clear evidences we possess
Heaven in reversion, and dispairing scorn;
By whose *Philosophy* we surely guess
The Sun, tho set at night, will rise i'th' Morn:

'Twas

'Twas this kept us alive; for hopes that are
Founded on reaſon, credit may obtain:
Since to our *Charls* Heav'n did ſuch bleſſings ſhare,
We could not think that he was born in vain.

We might as well conclude the glorious Sun
Had, to no other end, his light beſtow'd;
Then idly round about the World to run,
And that his quickning Beams but vainly glow'd.

Altho he from his Kingdoms were exil'd;
Forein experience did increaſe his ſtore:
Thus in afflicting *Job* was *Hell* beguil'd;
Since he at laſt was richer than before.

Nor did it ſhow as Heaven took not his part,
Becauſe his fortune before theirs did fall;
Since he who ſhar'd in the *Almighty*'s heart,
Was perſecuted by a wicked *Saul*.

Moſt men did fear our happy dayes were done,
Since *Charls* (our joy) was clouded from our ſight;
The *World*'s end thus is gueſs'd becauſe the † Sun
Grows lower than it wonted, and leſs bright.

† Since *Ptolomy* took its height 1400 years ago, its height is declin'd 30 minutes.

But thanks to Heav'n we happily miſtook,
And now rejoyce in our deluded Eyes:
The bleſſing came when we leaſt for't did look:
The Sun thus loweſt ſeems juſt at its riſe.

Mar

§. 2.

Man's life's a Sea; when fortunate, it's ſmooth,
But when afflicted, then the Waves are rough:
Twixt *Storms* and *Billows* toſs'd he ſcornd 'em both,
Like a *ſtout Friggat* that is *Weather-proof.*

Afflictions, on right objects well apply'd,
Bring *Crowns*; as *ſhowers* make our *Roſes* grow:
And like to *Gold* within a *Fornace* try'd,
His ſplendor's greater and his vertue too.

Phœbus ecclips'd attracts the greater gaze,
As tho oblig'd more to his loſs of light:
Scorch'd with the fury of the *Dog-ſtar*'s blaze,
The ground's requited by the dewy Night.

Heroick Charls his croſſes then eſteem'd
As his *Refiners*, *Lees* purge richeſt *Wines*:
Amidſt his troubles he moſt glorious ſeem'd:
Incompaſt thus with Clouds bright *Phœbus* ſhines.

Inured to Affliction (Vertue's School)
For future Empire he was made more fit,
Our Prince here follow'd his great *Maſter*'s rule;
Upon whoſe brows *Thorns* before *Gold* did fit.

Nor can it as a baniſhment be ſaid;
He only travel'd to increaſe his ſtore:
Flowr's ſo tranſplanted from their Native bed,
Their beauty, ſweetneſs, goodneſs is the more.

Further that Rivers run they more improve:
'Tis ſaid that things far fetcht our *Ladies* pleaſe,
Nothing but worthleſs *weeds* do float above,
We dive for *Pearls* into the deepeſt *Seas*.

§. 3.

England ſtill ſenſeleſs of that happy ſtate,
Which by a *Prince* ſo hopeful ſhe might gain,
O're-aw'd by fear, or overſwayd by Fate,
Like ſtubborn Atheiſts, will her crimes maintain.

Scar'd by our Crimes, and blinded by our ſins,
We like thoſe ſalvage *Indians* appear;
Adore the *Fiend*, inſnared by his Gynns,
And pay him homage out of ſlaviſh fear.

Thus have I ſometimes certain flowers ſeen, (Shade:
Whoſe leaves were ſhut to th' Sun, but ope to th'
As more obliged to that killing Skreen,
Than to thoſe beams, from whence they Being had.

Rebellious Scotland firſt did ope her Eyes;
Scotland! the ſource of Treaſon, and our Woes:
From *Charls* the *Second* ſhe expects a prize
As great as ſhe in *Charls the Firſt* did loſe.

In Selling him the price of blood ſhe had,
And now ſhe ſells to *Second Charls* his *Crown*.
Too wily *Scot* || this bargain is as bad,
Since now for that he muſt himſelf lay down.

|| By tying him to hard and baſe Conditions, as to take the Covenant.

Too

Too high a price for all the *Crowns* on Earth,
Though all conſtellate in one *Diadem*;
His Vertues well conſider'd, and his Birth,
They cannot him deſerve, though he may them.

But let not here *Poſterity* miſtake;
Boaſt of her *Heroes Scotland* juſtly dares;
Condemn not all the *Twelve* for *Judas* ſake,
Heav'n has its falling, well as fixed ſtars.

Amongſt which glorious Sparks in his high Sphere,
Shines great *Montroſs*, the glory of his Age;
Who brave, did like the *Roman Curtius* dare,
Periſht his Country's Judgments to aſſwage.

His pious valour laſting glory got,
When he alone, to aid his *King* durſt come:
Thus *Decius* did himſelf to death devote,
And battled thouſands to preſerve his *Rome*.

Heroic Soul! until all time be gon,
His fame ſhall largely ſpread; until he come
With his firſt *Maſter* to the juſteſt Throne;
And there receive their *Crowns* of *Martyrdome*.

Though not with ſuch Poetic fury fir'd,
His vaſt heroic actions to reherſe;
Yet with a rhyming gueſs I am inſpir'd;
And *Prophecies* themſelves were ſpoke in verſe.

‖He who contriv'd thy death, (although *Argyle*
That bloody Fox) before one year he ſee,
Shall, like to *Haman*, both in fate and guile,
Periſh upon that *Croſs* he rear'd for thee.

‖ Fulfill'd truly and juſtly.

§. 4.

See now what Vertue in a *King* can doe!
His great example has made *Scotland* good.
To cure her *Leproſie* ſhe now will go
To bathe in *Jordans* of her Natives blood.

His goodneſs and his Royal parts have won
More than whole *Armies* ever did before;
All *Scotland* now does to his *ſtandard* run,
To help his other *Kingdoms* to reſtore.

To *England* (his choice *Vineyard*) he is gone:
Where though his faithful Servants murder'd were;
He thought they would not to ſuch madneſs run,
Or durſt attempt to violate the *Heir*.

But ſhe, beſotted with her ſlaviſh ſtate,
This bleſſed opportunity did ſhun;
Stood idly, careleſs of a better fate,
And though, in darkneſs, would not meet the Sun.

Thus did ſhe ſlight her glory, and her pride,
And to that *Idol-Cromwel* ſtill incline:
So *Chriſt* was by the *Gadarenes* deny'd,
Who valu'd him far leſſer than their *Swine*.

Though their vaſt odds, and uſual ſucceſs,
Sufficient were to cool a *Cæſar's* blood
* So undauntedly he charg'd that all confeſs
Nothing but *Englands* Sins his *Arms* withſtood.

*At the Battel of *Worceſter*.

Oh

Oh! that I had now an heroick Vein,
His brave heroic Actions to relate:
Although his Army lay about him ſlain,
His Vertue yet did triumph o're his Fate.

Horatius thus withſtood *Porſenna*'s Hoſt;
Such was his valour, ſuch his love to *Rome*;
And leaping into *Tyber*, well might boaſt
To make Retreats ſo was to overcome.

Through *Troops* of foes he undiſcover'd rides,
Till unto bleſſed *Boſcabel* he got:
To little *Zoar*, with his heavenly Guides,
From blinded *Sodom* ſo eſcaped *Lot*.

To him, as to God's *Iſrael*, was allow'd
A ſure defence againſt th' *Ægyptian* ſpight;
He march'd behind the *Bulwark* of a cloud,
A *Blind* to thoſe it was, to theſe a Light.

Not their proclaim'd Rewards nor curious Spyes,
Nor *Cromwell*'s luck in *Plots*, this prize could win:
As he had been a ſecond *Paradice*,
His careful *Guardian* was a *Cherubin*.

Bleſt *Charles* then to an *Oak* his ſafety owes;
The *Royal-Oak*! which now in *Songs* ſhall live,
Until it reach to Heaven with its boughs;
Boughs! that for *Loyalty* ſhall *Garlands* give.

Let celebrated Wits, with Lawrels crown'd, (brows;
And wreaths of Bayes, ; boaſt their triumphant
I will eſteem my ſelf far more renown'd
In being honour'd with theſe *Oaken Boughs*.

The *Genii* of the *Druids* hover'd here,
Who under *Oaks* did *Britains* glories ſing ;
Which ſince in *Charles* compleated did appear,
They gladly came now to protect their King.

Thus God for him did Miracles create,
And *Moſes*-like with ſignal bleſſings grac'd :
To paſs the *Britiſh Seas*, was then a fate (paſs'd.
Not leſs, than when he through the *Red-Sea*

§ 5.

Thus he (at once both ours, and Heaven's care)
For landing-place his *Normandy* did chuſe ;
Whoſe glad Inhabitants, with earneſt prayers,
Begg'd for that bleſſing which we did refuſe.

In *Paris* now receiv'd with jealous eye ;
Nor can we juſtly tax that *Prince*'s fear :
Since in his *Chronicles* He may eſpy
What bus'neſs our *fifth Henry* once had there.

Thoſe *Titles* that his Birth, and Merits claim'd,
More than the *League* with *Oliver* did work ;
And that *French King* might be as little ſham'd
To ſlight a *Chriſtian Prince*, as court the || *Turk*.

|| Not ſeldome uſed by that Crown.

But

But *Charles*, disdaining a *Discharge* to hear,
Left that inconstant Prince with fitting scorn;
A base indignity! which *France* may fear,
And *Frenchmen* rue that are as yet unborn.

Yet, in return for this poor short retreat,
Brave York fights for 'em, that he may requite;
Whose Valour did the Crown more surely set
Upon that Head usurps his Brothers right.

By whose brave Actions, *France* with terrour sees
What he can do, when he an *Army* brings;
For if his fortune with his worth agrees,
Upon his *Sword* depends the fate of Kings.

In *Holland* now great *Charls* keeps his *small Court*,
Where he their native bruitishness converts;
To whom great Foreign Statists make resort,
T'adore, and wonder at his mighty Parts.

Oblige him, *Holland*, with thine utmost fate,
His wants do now, as thine did once invite;
Our blood and treasure did advance thy State;
Serve him, and thou wilt fully us requite.

And now the great || *Iberian Monarch* wooes
His presence: *Joseph* thus his *Keepers* blest.
A Treasure! which, when known well, he will chuse
Before the precious wonders of his *East*.

|| King of *Spain*.

Here was he fixt; and patiently did wait,
Until the Stars each accident did fit;
Till Heavens prefixed time had ripen'd fate;
That we the fruit of all our Prayers might get.

§. 6.

The *Tempeſt*, which for ſixteen years had rag'd,
Could not continue long it blew ſo faſt,
As men in mortal Agonies ingag'd,
Their breathings are moſt violent at laſt.

With loud commands the dreadful *Prince o'th Air*
Summons his *bluſt'ring miniſters* to blow;
The trembling *Trees* ſo palſi'd are with fear,
Their *Leaves* not only fall but *Bodies* too.

And 'tis but fitting State ſuch ways to try;
Their Roots diſcloſe the Center where they fell:
When bloody *Tyrants*, and *Uſurpers* die,
All paſſages are ope that lead to *Hell*.

Some *Nat'raliſts*, who deeply'r ſearch than *forms*,
And into th' hidden *Wombe* of *Cauſes* pry,
Preſume thoſe violent *Autumnal ſtorms*,
Proclame aloud the *Tyrant* now muſt die.

They ſay that *Fiends* did ply the *Bellowes* ſo,
And over-heat the *Fornace* ſo beneath;
The intenſe *Air* broke through, and made ours blow,
And raging flames did make the *Ocean* ſeeth.

But 'tis below the candor of a Muſe
To ſtrike the dead; 'tis left to abler pow'rs;
Nor is ſuch weakneſs proper for the uſe;
Alecto's laſhes pierce more deep than ours.

Crom-

Cromwel (that *bloody Rebell*) being dead,
Our hopes, like *Sol* in *Winter*, late did riſe ;
Which in few minutes after hides its head,
Or wears a mask of Clouds before its Eyes.

For lo ! our *Cup* of *wrath* again is fill'd !
One of his *Sons* the *Tyrant* does ſucceed ;
Although the old peſtiferous *Serpent*'s kill'd,
We ſtill are plagu'd with the invenom'd breed.

What hopes although a gangren'd member be
Cut off, whilſt it does to another ſpread ?
Hercules found the *Hydra* would not dye,
Untill he had cut off the ſeventh head :

Monck our *Alcides* was, the brave *Saint George* ;
Who to ſet *England* free, the *Dragon* ſlew ;
Deſtin'd by Heaven to that mighty Charge,
And found their *Mazes*, having got the *Clue*.

Before he proffer'd us his helping hand,
Thoſe *Blood-hounds* which the *Nimrod-Cromwel* bred
Thought to have made their Prey of all the Land,
And on our very Carkaſſes have fed.

Then they that *damn'd old Junto* did recall,
That murder'd King, and Kingdom too inſlav'd ;
Thoſe *Calves* of *Bethel*, at whoſe feet now fall,
None but thoſe few, who firſt the *Idols* made.

Such ſudden Changes in ſo ſhort time ſhown,
Buoy'd up our faith, and made our hopes increaſe,
Since *Agnes* when they ſhift, will ſoon be gone ;
And change of pain ſeems like a kind of eaſe.

Some

Some ſmall efforts were try'd to ſet us free:
As weak *Phyſicians* on *Recruiters* dare
Beſtow their skill; but when the bold Diſeaſe
Faces about, they leave off with deſpair.

No *George* but *Monck* is deſtin'd for the deed,
Whoſe great experience does to him reveal
When to cut off, to purge, and when to bleed;
And now he ſees the Wound is fit to heal.

England his *Patient* is: and like a try'd
And carefull *Doctor*, he his skill did ſhow;
He felt her *Pulſe*, and every grievance 'ſpy'd;
And found no *Remedy*, but *Charls*, would do.

Warwick's great *Nevil Albemarl* out-ſounds;
Monck is a *make King* too! whoſe glorious fame
Shall flouriſh whilſt the Sun with light abounds,
Or golden ſtars ſhine in their azure frame.

§. 7.

But ſtay, my Muſe, though in his clouded ſtate
Thy Wings unſing'd in his faint beams could play:
Dar'ſt thou, with *Semele*, incite thy fate,
And now in his Meridian glory play?

With thy weak Pinions thou canſt not ſoar high,
This weighty Subject ſuch a burden brings;
But muſt, like to the cumber'd *Eſtrich*, fly;
Whoſe *Bulk* is furniſh'd with unequal Wings.

This

This is to ſpend above our ſlender rate;
The charge will our abilities outvye:
The *Eccho* tho Heavens *Thunder* can *repeat*;
And ſmalleſt *Brooks* reflect the ſpatious Sky.

Since all are joy'd, all ſhould their joys declare:
Low notes do *Muſick*, well as *high* compound;
An *Oaten Reed* may yield as true a ſhare
Of Love and Welcom as a *Trumpets* ſound.

The *Nightingals* (thoſe *airy Poets*) who
Make *Helicon* of every *purling ſpring*,
Their choiceſt Songs not only will beſtow,
But *feather'd Rhymers* welcome in the Spring,

Tho great Wits rob us, and the Springs have drain'd,
(*Bethesda* to the poor man was deny'd)
Something of uſe ev'n may from *Mud* be gain'd,
As by the *Holland induſtry* is try'd.

The Heart's not beſt declar'd by fineſt words;
Silence ev'n ſometimes great Rejoycements ſhow;
And humble *Turf*, when kindled well, affords
As much true heat, as *Chips* of *Cedar* do.

Go forward then, and hope to gain excuſe;
Rags will be hid in ſuch a multitude:
Heav'n, that beſtows on all its fruitful dews,
Will not refuſe the meaneſt gratitude.

Behold!

§. 8.

Behold! when all our hopes were almoſt fled,
Heav'n did inlighten us him to invite:
From *Faintings* men ſtart up as from the dead;
'Tis darkeſt juſt before the break of light.

Nor does it ſhew as we did quite deſpair,
Becauſe our ſickly faiths ſuch wav'rings have:
Flames are moſt tremulous, that higheſt are;
And we leaſt hope for what we moſt do crave.

After ſuch ſtorms our *Rainbow* now appears,
That voucher of our ſafety is in ſight;
And glorious *Charls* to joys converts our fears:
Phœbus gilds o're the Clouds thus with his light.

He is arrived now to *Scheveling Strand*,
Which gives juſt cauſe to boaſt her of that bliſs;
And is the happieſt part of all that Land;
Since honour'd his laſt *Foot-ſteps* there to kiſs.

Holland that formerly her *Kings* did hate,
Is ſo with his heroick vertues ta'n?
Our hot inquires after him they rate
Worſe than the *Inquiſition* once from *Spain*,

Had he an equal him their King they'd get;
But ſince that quite impoſſible is known;
|| *Orange* (his Princely *Nephew*) they will ſet
In's *Father*'s honours, to confirm their own. || Another Prophecy fulfill'd.

Where,

Where, with more reaſon, can their hopes be plac'd,
Then on a branch of that renowned *Tree*;
Under whoſe ſpreading boughs, they ſafely grac'd,
From nothing, ſprung to this ſublimity?

§. 9.

Great Prince, pleaſe to regard your *Britain*'s call;
Let *Holland* make you no more ling'ring ſtand;
A little longer ſtay will murder all,
And you be King of a *diſ-peopled* Land.

Behold your *Neptune*, with his *Trident* there,
Uncriſps the *Billows*, ſmoothing them like *Glaſs*;
And ſhews now his Allegiance in his care
That undiſturb'd you on your way may paſs.

The ſimp'ring waves their *Viceroy*'s call obey,
And do for you (the *Ocean*'s *Monarch*) wait;
With ready Shoulders ſee they humbly ſtay;
And if they ſwell, 'tis pride for ſuch a fraight.

The || *Naſeby* (once a *Dipper*) now begins
To hate that *Title* with repentant ſhame,
And hopes to waſh off her *Orig'nal* Sins,
Being baptiz'd now into *Charls* his *Name*.

|| A Man of War made and ſo called by *Oliver*.

As the *Demoniacs* newly *Converts* turn'd,
Some ſignal bleſſing did on them attend:
So ſhe no ſooner with his *Name* adorn'd,
But the good *Spirit* did expell the *Fiend*.

Great

Great *Britain*, like *Tobias* Bride, poſſeſt,
Needs here an *Angel* the ſame cure to do;
Of which no fear, when ſhe with him is bleſt,
Since *Charls* her *Husband* is, and *Angel* too.

The *Frigat* now the foamy billows plows,
Whoſe burden is beyond the reach of fear;
And ſteered ſafely by our Pray'rs and Vows,
Does both our *Cæſar*, and his fortunes bear.

But here, my *Muſe*, let's leave him for a while,
Him, whom the *Sea-Gods* chearfully attend,
And all the *Deities* that guard this Iſle; (friend.
Bleſt *Charls*! whom now both God and Man be-

§. 10.

Chuſe now a place, where thou mai'ſt ſit and ſee;
Where his bleſt motion may be fitly'ſt ſhown:
Let *Dover Pier* then thy *Parnaſſus* be,
And *Britains Straits* thy better *Helicon*.

From Sea-ward now turn thine unwilling eye,
A little caſting it upon the *Strand*;
There haſty crouds thou quickly wilt eſpy,
Whoſe thronging numbers far exceed the Sand.

Look! how like *Images* they ſtand unmov'd;
Their greedy eyes to Sea-ward fixed ſet:
Thus ſeem'd the *Statue*, by *Pigmaleon* lov'd,
When the cold *Marble* firſt begun to heat.

To

To th' neighb'ring Coaſts whole *Brittany* does flock,
Clings to the *Cliffs*, her only joy to ſee:
Andromeda was chain'd thus to a *Rock*,
And *Perſeus* haſten'd thus to ſet her free.

No ſayl appears yet to her greedy eyes,
But ſhe tormented is with ſharp delayes:
Her large Shores eccho round about with cryes
That all her *Herrings* are turn'd *Remoraes*;

Thoſe living *Anchors*, ſcarce twelve inches long,
That mighty ſhips arreſt when under ſayl:
Thus a ſmall *Pibble* being rightly flung,
Did over great *Golia's* ſtrength prevail.

Britain, that does the pangs of *longing* feel,
This ſluggiſh motion of the *Fleet* compares
To that ſlow Beaſt *Pigritia* in *Braſile*,
That ſcarcely crawls a League in ſeven years.

Nearer their end that nat'ral motions be,
Philoſophers maintain they ſwifter go;
This motion, like the bleſſing, then we ſee
Cannot be natural, becauſe ſo ſlow.

Would now that || *Swediſh* King were *Pilot* here, || *Ericus.*
Whoſe *Cap* could point the *Winds* which way to blow:
Nor does this Wiſh extravagant appear,
Since* *Edgar* (*Charle's* great Syre) had *Kings* to row.

* Five petty Kings rowed his Barge over the *Dee*.

The

The pious breathings from the crouded shore
(A brisk West-wind) keep what they pray for, back:
Thus o'r kind throngings that would breath restore
To fainting Persons, that intention slack.

The *Proverb*'s croſt: the *Eastern Winds* are best:
Since now they waft great *Charles* here to his own:
And vye their blessings with those from the *West*,
By which the *Locusts* were from *Egypt* blown.

Our *Mariners* need not to *Lapland* send,
To buy false *Winds*, or charm the boistrous Sea:
Since that great *Pilot* does our *Charls* befriend,
Whom both the *Ocean*, and the *Winds* obey.

No raging tempest can disturb the Sea,
Whilst he (our greater *Neptune*) is upon't.
Charls easily'r may the *British Ocean* sway,
Than *Xerxes* try to fetter *Hellespont*.

Methinks the Ship, designed for this fraight,
Should need no Sayles, nor Rudder her to guide:
But *Dolphins* should out of Allegiance wait,
Upon whose skally backs the ship might ride.

Thus the tam'd *Argo* that did sail to *Greece*,
Her willing Oars were seen alone to row:
The *royal Charles* brings home a richer *Fleece*,
And * *Mountague* can more than *Jason* do.
* Our Admiral.

Not *Indian ships* were ever richer fraught,
Nor did deserve more welcome to the Port:
Although the treasures of the *East* they brought,
And had the plunder of the *Moguls Court*.

Who

Who can the worth of *Charles*, *York*, *Glouc'ster* say?
Or prize their Values to a just degree?
Those *Triumvirs*! fit all the World to sway,
As equal *Consorts* to the *fatal three*.

As they the *Names*, so they the *Vertues* bear
Of *Syre*, and *Grandsires*, Princes all renown'd
For brigheſt Stars, each in his proper Sphere;
And each with *Mercy*, *Wisdom*, *Valour*, crown'd.

To all of them thou ow'ſt thy ſeveral Vows.
But here, my Muſe, thy ſcarcity is ſhown;
Thy Laurel is ſo thinly ſtor'd with Boughs,
Th'art forc'd to twiſt three Garlands into one.

But if incouragement refreſh the root,
And fortune take from me her wonted frowns;
My groveling Laurels to the Skies may ſhoot,
And I, inſtead of *Garlands*, offer *Crowns*.

§. II.

Come to thoſe *ſtraits* from whence he once did go,
The motion does a bleſſed *Circle* frame:
A nobler *Ring*! his property to ſhow,
Than that wherewith ‖ *Venetians* court the *Dame*.

‖ They yearly eſpouſe the Sea by caſting in a Ring.

But liſten now to that rejoycing noiſe;
Thoſe piercing ſhouts that ev'n to Heav'n advance;
Whoſe rattling ſounds makes *Brittany* rejoyce,
And ecchos terrour to ingrateful *France*.

If shouts of Peace can make their *Lillies* pale,
At shouts of Battle they will ghastly shew;
And if our *Squibs* and *Crackers* make 'em quail,
What will the *Thunder* of our *Cannons* do?

Hark! hark! a shout far louder than the first!
Behold! the swelling *Top-sail* now appears!
All now (like Clouds of Summer thunder burst)
Melt into showers of their joyful tears.

When on this hand I see the *Navy* there,
And *England's Coasts* exalted too on that:
The *Royal Charles* may with the *Ark* compare,
And *Albion's Cliffs* with those of *Ararat*.

Toss'd by a *Deluge*, caus'd by our late crimes,
He safely now approaches *Albion's* shore,
(Like *Noah*) to make happy future times,
And the destruction of our World restore.

Before his landing though, his *Dove's* sent out;
That * *Messenger* of mercy, and of peace.
Him right Heir to his *Father* who can doubt,
Since so much like him in such acts as these?

*His Act of Oblivion.

Grant, mighty Monarch, *Britain's* humble pray'r!
Let not thy Clemency prove too unkind;
But let some Justice, with thy Mercy, share;
Lest after ages no distinction find.

If thine impartial eye vouchsafe to look,
'Twill find that some did worse, tho none did well:
Heaven's self that on great Sinners pitty took,
Yet the rebellious *Angels* sent to *Hell*.

Altho

Altho there have whole Seas of blood been ſpilt,
And thouſands ſacrificed on *Charles* his *Tomb*;
'Tis not enough to expiate the guilt,
Nor waſh away one letter from our doom.

Some of the Tribe of *Corah* ſtill we ſee,
Such as 'gainſt *Gods anointed* did conſpire;
All of 'em, like the common Enemy,
Are to be ſcourged hence with ſword and fire.

We juſtly then may hope for better times,
When thoſe are gone, by whom we were beguil'd;
When *Achan* was condemn'd for his baſe crimes,
Succeſs again upon the *Hebrews* ſmil'd.

Your Mercy (th'only *Balm* our wounds to cure,)
Should be like that within ‖ *Grand-Cairo* found;
Which *Stories* ſay will not the *Turks* indure,
And only proſper in the *Chriſtian*-ground.

‖ Related by *G. Sandys*, in his Travels.

§. 12.

And now He's landed; Welcome glorious King!
'Tis fit we branches of freſh Lawrels ſpread;
And all our Poets their choice Bays ſhould bring;
To ſtrew the Paths wherein thy footſteps tread.

Proſtrate, my branch, and Muſe, I here lay down;
Where if ſhe chance thy Royal foot to meet,
She may prove *Laureat*, and receive a *Crown*,
Nobler than thoſe, that *Popes* give with their feet.

On what more glorious Subject can we write?
Or what Theme can more choice of Fancy give,
Than his great Name? which brings a ſure delight,
For 'tis by it, we and our Verſe muſt live.

'Tis ſtrange that *Verſe* ſhould be to *Charles* obligd;
When Kings were formerly oblig'd to it;
Becauſe his Merits do all Verſe exceed,
And theirs could not attain to what Verſe writ.

His Worth is ſo apparent, Claim ſo juſt,
His Reſtoration is rejoyc'd by all:
Thus there was not one *Hebrew* did diſguſt
The pleaſant *Manna* that from Heav'n did fall.

To *London* now he marches, and is there
Expected, with ſuch longing hopes and joys,
As men condemn'd their welcome pardons hear,
Or he feels comfort that deſpairing lies.

Couragious *York*, wiſe *Glouc'ſter* on each ſide;
Valour and Wiſdom on our Monarch wait:
He in the fortune of great *Rome* may pride,
When *Fabius* and *Marcellus* ſerv'd her State.

Thus on the Body both our Arms attend,
Which for the common good they're bound to do:
And whilſt our *Moſes*, and his Arms defend
His *England*, there's no fear of any Foe.

Black-heath preſents it ſelf now to our Eyes,
Where thronging Troops ſeem like a moving Wood;
Whoſe ſilken Colours whiſtle out their joys,
As each its loyal *Motto* would make good.

The

The Horſes neigh as he to them were known:
Bucephalus thus *Alexander* knew.
By their loud neighing at our riſing Sun,
They (like the *Perſian Steeds*) their Monarch ſhew.

§. 13.

Bleſt *England*! ſince thou now canſt make it known,
What, to thine honour, has of thee been ſaid;
How foreign Conqueſt thou ne'r nobly won,
But when ſome King of thine thy Armies led.

Thus of thy *Cor-de-Lyon* thou may'ſt boaſt,
Who in one Week did ſawcy *Cyprus* win;
Whoſe Sword and courage (more than the *French* hoſt)
Dazled the eyes of furious *Saladin*.

Thus thy firſt *Edward* (whoſe fame ſtill muſt live)
When he to captive *Paleſtine* did go,
His very looks did *Ptolomais* relieve;
Let any judge then what his Sword did do.

Thus thy third *Edward* fought at *Creſſy*-field;
Where he beat one King, and two others ſlew;
Thus that young *Mars* (his glorious *Edward*) quell'd
The furious *French* and haughty *Spaniard* too.

Fifth *Henry* (*Europe*'s wonder and thy pride)
Fought thus at *Agen-Court*, and conquer'd *France*.
Thus thine eighth *Henry* did his *Enſigns* guide,
And in *Tournay*, and *Turwin* them advauce.

But let none think this a diverſion here:
To him (the Sea) run all thoſe higher floods,
All their deſerts ally'd to him appear,
And his th' Elixir of their royal bloods.

§. 14.

But ſtay, my Muſe, to ſhorten now the way,
Whilſt he to his *Metropolis* does ride;
Here let us celebrate the Month of *May*,
May! the Spring's glory, and the whole years pride.

I praiſe it not, becauſe the ſwelling Vine
Shews then its Rubies, or the Roſe-tree buds,
Or Lovers, ſtirr'd by Nature's chief deſign,
Walk amorous mazes in the pleaſant Woods;

Becauſe the Bloſſoms ſmile, or Black-bird ſings,
Becauſe the Earth is carpeted with green,
Or that the fairy Nymphs now dance their Rings,
As Crowns deſign'd for *Flora*, by their Queen:

A far more glorious Cauſe creates my Song,
Since in this Month great *Charles* ſaw his firſt *Morn*;
To which a ſecond bleſſing does belong;
Since now for us this ſecond time he's born.

The ſame procedure has eternal bliſs,
Which the *great Word* to all has ſpoken plain,
For, the *firſt birth* brings no true happineſs,
Nor comes it, unleſs man be born again.

Nor

Nor was't enough, that the reviving *Spring*,
Or pleasant Flow'rs, his *Ushers* did appear;
More state was fitting for so great a King,
Which made Heav'n send that * *shining Harbinger.*

* A Star appeard at his Birth

Charles has one Star now more than in his *Wayn*:
To point our *Saviour* out one did appear;
Both *Heaven* and *Earth* by his blest Birth did gain;
We got a *King*, the *Heav'ns* did get a *Star.*

Blest Prince! whom Heav'n providing for, did place
A *Star*: thus *Land-marks* serve the *Port* to show
To Sea-men, tos'd upon tempestuous Seas:
So this directs him where at last to go.

§. 15.

London is ghess'd now by those Clouds of Smoak,
Whose thick curl'd Volumes seem to reach the Skies:
Thus Priests of old did for great blessings look,
When *Altars* smoak'd the most with *Sacrifice.*

It is not Fire, nor Vapours, that compound
Those Clouds, well nigh in Heav'n already blest:
No they are pray'rs and pious breathings found,
That rise from *Altars* of each loyal breast.

They're vanisht now: and now the Skies are clear;
And other Objects meet our wandring Eyes:
Loud shouts, and *Bells* first having thinn'd the air,
Temples and *Palaces* begin to rise.

Paul's first (that mighty Fabrick) does appear,
And to the Skies its lofty top display:
Which (*Babel*-like) our Ancestors did rear,
To reach to Heav'n, though in a better way.

What, was its height before by Lightning fir'd?
Those active *Meteors* (jealous) did chastize
Th' usurping *Steeple*; that it thus aspir'd,
To mount its daring head in higher Skies.

First Charles design'd to rescue it, and thence
Its fixed glory never could revolt;
Since his great Piety would surer fence,
Than any Lawrels, 'gainst a *Thunder-bolt*:

But our great Crimes, like to the Jewish Sins,
Did both the *Temple*, and our selves destroy:
Though *Charles* (like *Prince Zerubbabel*) begins
(Now he's return'd) to recreate our joy.

To him she bows her venerable head;
Which (after his) she hopes will be new crown'd;
Thus, when the *Patriarchs* had hap'ly sped,
To *God* they quickly did an *Altar* found.

The *Tower* (by heroick *Cæsar* built,
Upon whose *Battlements* those *Streamers* play)
Pleads how the Tides have washt away its guilt,
Which lately came from the repentant Sea.

The stately *Bridge*, oppress't beneath its weight,
Yet gladly bears great *Charles*, and all his *Train*;
Under whose *Arches*, Tides returning wait;
Proud to be seen beneath him once again.

Back-

Backwards the Waves with ſmiling Eddies roul,
'Till they again their *Viceroy Neptune* meet;
Who charges all his Subjects 'twixt each *Pole*,
To ſmooth their Paſſes for our *Royal Fleet.*

Go on, my Muſe, thou muſt not leave him here;
Into the *Town* thou muſt on him attend:
If thou wilt not the *Citie*'s joy declare,
Henceforth the *Drawers* will not be thy friend.

All hearts together at this inſtant meet;
And all his welcome in one ſhout combine;
The Crouds are weav'd together in one Street,
And all their Eyes are thridded on one line.

The little *Pupil* of the Eye contains
At once the ſpatious object of the Skies;
Yet ſuch a Miracle in *Charles* now reigns,
He's big enough himſelf to fill all Eyes.

The *Walls*, inſtead of *Bricks*, of *Heads* are made,
So cloſely joyn'd, and orderly they ſtand:
And for more Ornament, it may be ſaid,
Each wears a *Turky Carpet* for a *Band.*

With Pray'rs, and loyal Vows the *Town*'s made ſweet,
Houſes are *Wall'd* with *Men*, *Roofs* tyl'd with *Boys*;
The *Chanels* waſht with *Wine*; *Streets* pav'd with *feet*;
And all the *Windows* glazed are with Eyes;

Come

§. 16.

Come now ſhow ſervice, Muſe, as well as love;
When both Neceſſity and I do call;
Let thy ſoil'd Lawrels then a *Beeſom* prove,
And ſweep the way before him to *White-hall.*

White-hall! late ſoyl'd with dirt, with Thiſtles grown;
As commonly is ſeen, where *Swine* reſort:
But here a Miracle will ſoon be ſhown,
Hee'l make it both a *Garden* and a *Court.*

For whereſo'ere he ſets his Royal Foot,
Soon will the *Red*, and *White-Roſe* there be ſhown;
Since our great *Charles* is their undoubted *Root*;
For him both *York* and *Lancaſter* do own.

Though now, my *Muſe*, th' haſt brought him to the Port;
Thou may'ſt not enter; for the *Courtiers* ſay
Thy *Poverty* will not beſeem a *Court*;
Although thy Love and true *Allegiance* may.

Thou canſt not then, what there was done, relate;
That is impoſſible for thee to ſhow:
But tho theſe Wiſhes cannot gain the Fate
To come to him, may they to *Heaven* go.

The

The SOULDIER. 1660.

To the Illuſtrious and High-born Prince, James *Duke of* York, &c.

THE litttle *Spot* I on *Parnaſſus* till,
Were it, *great Prince*, but fruitful to my will,
The *Lawrels* that my ſlender *Stock* allows,
Each day ſhould yield freſh *Garlands* to thy *Brows*.
And tho laſt Month great *Charles* did juſtly gain
The ſpreading boughes, one branch does ſtill remain,
Which ſhortly will a greater thing be thought,
If fitting Wreaths be to thy Merits brought;
Since all the *Lawrels* that the Earth brings forth,
Will be too ſcanty for thy growing worth.

Thine *Anceſtors*, and *Parents*, all were ſent
By Heav'n to be their Ages ornament;
With all their ſeveral Virtues thou art fill'd;
Roſes, and *Lillies Eſſences* diſtill'd.
Thy *Father*'s Soul vyes with thy *Mothers* face;
From her thy *Beauty*, and from him thy *Grace*.
Nor is this all; thou muſt more *Juſtice* have;
Prudent with *James*, and with great *Henry*, *brave*.
Thy Royal *Fathers Crowns* being from him torn,
Wiſe *Providence* ordain'd thou ſhould'ſt be born.
For ſo, what from him by our Sins were ta'ne,
By thy great *Valour* might be won again.
And tho with bold ſucceſs they ſtorm'd the Walls;
Thou (like *Camillus*) had'ſt expell'd thoſe *Gaules*,
But that kind Heav'n in league with us did ſtand,
Whoſe aid did ſave the labour of thy hand.

Thus

Thus *Hezekiah* might devoutly boaſt,
When Angels routed the *Aſſyrian Hoſt.*
Whilſt ſuch ones fought for us; a doubt might be
Whether they took not one of them for thee.
Such is the lightning of thy piercing Raies;
And ſuch fair Signs of Conqueſt in thy face;
So true a heat thy noble Paſſion ſtirr'd,
So ſwift the motion of thy flaming Sword.

Nor was't enough, thy Birth did thee advance,
Valour thy Nature, and Inheritance;
But thou haſt practis'd War ev'n from thy birth:
Like *Cadmus*'s *Soldiers*, peeping firſt from Earth.
The *Martial Skarf* thy *ſwathing-band* was deem'd,
Bullets thy *Nuts*, and *Drums* thy *Rattles* ſeem'd.
Bellona was thy *Nurſe*, with blood thee fed,
Bright *Steel* thy *Blankets*, and the *Field* thy *Bed.*
Alcides's ſp'rit in thy young breaſt did dwell,
Who, in the *Cradle* did the *Serpents* quell.
Young *Princes*, bred up in luxurious *Courts*,
(Like *May-Kings*) are alone deſign'd for ſports.
Silk Knots their *Colours* from vain *Women* torn,
Nor ſeek they other *Forts* than theirs to ſtorm.
Vict'ry thine only *Miſtris* was, and there
(If ever) thou wilt turn *Idolater*:
Bold *Scythians* ſo a *Spear* did fix in Ground
And there alone their reverence was found.

Nor did thoſe ſullen times infect thy mind;
Tho fierce as *Lyons*, yet as *Ladies* kind.
This made th' admiring World both love, and fear:
Thy *Grapes* produc'd both *Wine* and *Vinegar.*

Gentle

Gentle in Peace, in War moſt bravely bold;
Thy *Springs* in *Winter* hot, in *Summer* cold:
Compos'd in tumults, and in troubles gay;
Thou, like the *Porpois*, canſt in tempeſts play.

Cromwel ne'r thought his buſ'neſs to be done
Whilſt thou wer't ſafe, tho all Foes elſe were gone:
His reſtleſs jealouſie diſturb'd his mind;
More dangers yet in thee he fear'd to find.
But when the Fates thee in his || pow'r had brought,
He only then himſelf in ſafety thought.
Jeruſalem of reſcue thus deſpair'd,
And the grim *Saracens* no longer fear'd,
When they with joy the *Auſtrian Leopard* ſaw
|| To hold our *Cor-de-Lyon* in his paw.
But of thy Chaines he was not long time proud:
He could not keep this *Thunder* in a *Cloud*.

|| Taken when *Oxford* was deliver'd and impriſoned in----

|| Eſcaped thence by help of----

And now thy ſpreading Fame began t' advance;
Which he did hear, with terrour, out of *France*;
That ſound ſcarce ſettled, when, behold, again
One louder, when thou fought'ſt for worthy'r *Spayn*.
Honour thine int'reſt was, and ſway'd thy heart
To take the juſter, tho the weaker part.
Thus did brave *Guy* the bloody ſtriſe decide,
And help'd the *Lyon* as the weakeſt ſide.
Thy brave *Atchievements* made the *Tyrant* quake,
And at the laſt, his Grave for refuge take.

BEAUTY'S ENEMY. 1660.

Upon the Death of M. Princeſs *of* Orange, *by the* Small Pox.

HEnce, hence, vain Fancies! 'tis a Sin to be
A witty praiſer of a Miſery.
Like thoſe hard Wits, who name the *Scars*
Upon her *Face*, *Enamel*, and bright *Stars*. (make
They crown their brows with *Cypreſs* boughs, and
Garlands of *Flow'rs*, which they from *Coffins* take.
Then ſhould the *Jews*, thoſe hands have kiſt with joy,
That did their *Temple*, and themſelves deſtroy.
Her Eyes, amidſt her torments, ſparkled beams:
Thus martyr'd Saints ſmil'd in their hotteſt flames.
Nor can the *Parallel* be well deny'd;
Since 'its too true, ſhe *Beauty*'s *Martyr* dy'd.

Fatal Diſeaſe! thy Spite too oft is ſent,
Like *Sequeſtrators*, on the Eminent.
Thy Crimes, like thoſe of their damn'd Maſters, ſhow;
Like them thou ruin'ſt *England* with a blow.
Great Charles his loſs, and hers were near ally'd;
In them the *Monarchs* of both *Sexes* dy'd.

Moſt cruel Death! could not one wound ſuffice?
Muſt ſhe as many have as Heav'n has Eyes?
Each Spot upon her Face a *Comet* ſhow'd,
Which did, alas, this fatal ruine bode!
So do thoſe *purple ſtreaks*, that often ſtand
Upon *Aurora*'s *Cheeks*, tell *ſtorms* at hand.
This fatal *Mask*, that thus beclouds her Eyes,
Is no deformity, but a diſguiſe.

'Tis

Tis but an *Angel's Veil* she now has on;
For veil'd they are, when they approach the *Throne*.

THE GENTLEMAN. 1662.

To's honour'd Friend Sir Ger. Clifton,
of Clifton, *K. and B.*

TH' *imbalming* Art that checks the pow'r of *Time*,
And curbs *Corruption* in its very *Clime*;
That guards our *Carcasses* against the *Foes*
Which in the trenches of the *Grave* repose;
With whose repairs our *Cottages* are drest,
Till the return of their Cœlestial *Guest*;
Yet yields to *Verse*: a drop of *Ink* can guard,
From rav'nous Time, more than a pound of *Nard*.
When *Bodies*, by such means, are most kept safe,
Thy lie i' th' *Tombe*, but live i' th' *Epitaph*.
Yet *Verse* (from whence such benefits accrue)
Has a design, and hopes for more from you:
Thus *Kings* of old, whence streams of *Honour* come,
Receiv'd their *Crowns* fro' th' Common-wealth of *Rome*.
Nor does the *Simile* unfit appear;
Since a whole *Senate*'s congregated here.
For your great *Family* did always use
A *Cæsar*, or a *Cato* to produce.
In this one *House* a noble *croud* appears:
The eighth *Sphear* shines thus with a thousand Stars.
Like *Pliny*'s fruitful *Tree*, from whose large root
An intire *Orchard* did together shoot.
‖One dreamt a *Vine* sprung from his *Daughter*'s Bed,
Whose lofty branches *Asia* overspread; ‖ *Cumbyses.*

Thus

Thus *England*'s grac'd, and ſhelter'd by the *Tree*
Of your illuſtrious-fruitful-*Progeny*.

The *Chanel* of your Blood's unmixt, and free
From *common Iſſues*; like to that fam'd *Sea*
Which proudly ſucks into its *Womb* profound,
That *Meſs* of *Rivers* which did *Eden* round.
You are a rich *compound*, and *Heralds* view
A troop of *Nobles*, and yet all in you.
Your *Perſon*'s a whole *Preſence*; in each Eye
Ten *Heroes* in their mixt *Elixirs* lie.
You are *Moſaick* work, ta'n in right ſenſe,
Where each piece ſpeaks a ſeveral excellence.

THE INVITATION. 1662.

To the worthy Lady Mrs. Margaret Trafford.

IT is a Sin to know where *Vertues* are,
Goodneſs, and Beauty, and not make a Pray'r
T' injoy 'em; ſince then, *Madam*, all can tell
In you theſe bleſſings with rich plenty dwell;
I ſhould be impious, not to requeſt
To ſee you, and then after to be bleſt.
Your *abſence* is a Judgment, moſt men ſay
But little leſs than that at th' *latter Day*;
When we ſhall want by day the *Sun*'s great light,
Nor muſt injoy the beauteous *Queen of Night*.
Black fate! and yet your abſence makes each time
Mourn without light, as guilty of the crime.
'Tis true, theſe *Planets* may be ſeen, and are
When you are abſent; but they then appear

Like

Like dying *Tapers*, or (with truer ſenſe)
Like things that want their prime *Intelligence*;
That's you! you gild their *Orbs*, and then refine
Their beams by yours, and teach 'em how to ſhine.
'Tis a religious point now to contend
T' injoy you; ſince you'r more than any friend.
You are a bleſſing, *Madam*, and a Crown;
For *Vertue*'s ſo, and ſerves you as her own.
How great's your priviledge? ſince what the beſt
Of *Saints* did ſtrive for, you find in your breaſt.
Your goodneſs will inſtruct you more at large;
We are your *Creatures*, *Madam*, and your *charge*;
You muſt be careful of us, and create,
By your rich preſence, a more happy ſtate.
Haſte then, thou true *Divinity*, and give
Theſe bleſſings, that we may be good, and live.

Right CHOICE at laſt. 1662.

To the ſame.

THE *Soul*, too oft in *Coldneſs* loſt,
Stands need of *Zeal* to thaw that *Froſt*.
Whoſe *Sunſhine* can great Vertues bring,
Bloſſom the *Mind*, and make it *ſpring*.
Fir'd with that ſacred heat, my breaſt
Copies in flames the *Phœnix Neſt*.
The ancient *Bird*, conſum'd with Fire,
Revives into a new deſire:
Ith' *Cynders* thrives the hopeful Birth;
As *Aſhes* help t' improve the *Earth*.

Thoſe will the fitteſt *Compoſt* prove
T' inrich my *Heart*, (that *Soil of love.*)
Cutting the *Suckers* from the root
Will make my *Myrtle* branches ſhoot.
When *Zeal's* to more than one inclin'd,
It is th' *Idolatry* o'th' *Mind.*
Love *canton'd* out, leſſens its ſtore:
As many *Sons* make *Kings* ev'n poor.
But *Fate* does ſo my *Heart* advance,
To be your *ſole Inheritance.*
That *Monarch* of my breaſt (as due)
No *Heyr apparent* owns but you.
The noble *Romans* thus ſupply'd
By *Adoption*, what the *Fleſh* deny'd.
Obſerving more returns of worth
From *Choice*, than from uncertain *birth.*
Thoſe eaſie charms that *Nature* move,
Are but the *Childiſhneſs* of *Love.*
The nobleſt *Triumphs*, and more fame
From *Conſuls*, than their *Tyrants* came.
Till *Cæſar's* fate did overcome,
And made one *Trophy* ev'n of *Rome.*
My *Heart*, that *Common-wealth* of *Love*,
Like that of *Rome* in this did prove;
To preſent *Rulers* It was true;
But yearly chang'd again for new.
With Crouds of *Deities* well ſtor'd,
And, as they pleas'd it, them ador'd.
Like *Cæſar's*, your attractive ſway
Makes it my intereſt to obey.
And like dull *Mayors* inſlav'd by *Gain*,
I boaſt the glory of my *Chain.*

The

The LIBERAL LOVER. 1662.

To the ſame.

WHat can my *Miſtris* want? whilſt I
Lay ſome ſmall claim to *Poetry*?
With *Cleopatra* ſhe ſhall vie.

My boaſting ſhall not her deceive;
For *Poets*, *Pope-like*, *Kingdoms* give;
Nay more, can make the dead to live.

Compar'd with *Poets*, *Kings* are poor;
Kings have done much, but *Poets* more;
For they made *Gods* for *Kings* t' adore.

If glitt'ring *Pearls* ſeem richer prize,
I'l millions give; for my Supplies
Drop daily from *Aurora*'s Eyes.

Rubies and *Saphires* ſhall not fail;
With red, and blue *Clouds* I'l prevail,
To drop 'em down in *ſhining hail.*

If I once ſay't, I'l ſurely do't;
Planets, inſtead of *Stars*, ſhall ſhoot,
And drop down *Diamonds* at her foot.

Of *Silver*, her I'l never ſtint;
The *Moon*'s my *Mine*, and the *Man* in't
Shall be the *Maſter* of the *Mint.*

If *Guinnies* ſeem the better change,
Phœbus (my *Patron*) ſhall advance ;
For *Gold*'s made only by his *glance*.

For all theſe *Riches* I am poor !
Then why ſhould I thus feign a ſtore,
When really her ſelf has more ?

Pearls, *Rubies*, *Saphires*, ſhe outvies,
And all the *Diamonds* of the *Skies*,
With *Teeth*, with *Lips*, with *Veins*, with *Eyes*.

My idle Fancy makes me ſin ;
The *Moon*'s not *current*, 'tis but *Tinn*,
Compar'd to th' *Silver* of her *Skin*.

By theſe great truths I am controul'd ;
My *Guinies* will not value hold ;
She's all one piece of *Angel-Gold*.

DARBY-SHIRE. 1663.

To Mr. P. K. *upon his Proluſion to his intended Hiſtory of that County.*

I'L knock at *Gate* ; Who is it lives here ? Ho !
It is a *Palace* by the *Portico*.
The *Porch* of *Solomon* was thus eſteem'd ;
Compar'd with others it a *Temple* ſeem'd.
'Tis thine *Aurora*, which (as *Poets* ſay)
Is *Harbinger* to a more glorious *Day*.
Thy *Lady-Fancy* in her *Bed* ſtill lies,
This is the *Uſher* that attends her *riſe*,

Her

Her *Face* is beautiful, and makes us wooe
T' enjoy the Bleſſings of the *Body* too.
Thy quick *Invention* may be juſtly gheſt
More than half ready, ſince her *Head* is dreſt.
Thy *Preface*, like a hopeful *Heir*, does ſtand
Rich in Reverſion of the *Father*'s Land.
The infant-bud that does ſuch ſweetneſs own,
What may it promiſe when the *Roſe* is blown?
In this ſmall *Handful* thou haſt clutcht ſuch ſtore,
Methinks thy *Country* ſhould afford no more.
Yet *Darbyſhire* is ſo enrich'd by thee,
It now may vie with fruitful *Theſſaly*.
Potoſi Mines, and Rocks of *Bengalay*,
Thine happy Country are more rich than they.
Its *Leaden Treaſures* (that our *Cannons* hold)
We can exchange for *Argoſies* of Gold.
Pearls, *Diamonds*, *Rubies*, and ſuch coſtly fraight,
Our *ſmaller Shot* can purchaſe weight for weight.

Thoſe rare *Coal-Mines* (thy *Book* to us here ſhows)
Far greater Miracles than all diſcloſe:
The *Carbuncle* and *Topaz* are out-ſhone;
Here's *Light* and *Heat* too, treaſur'd in a *ſtone*.
Pliny did ne're of ſuch a Wonder write;
Here you may ſee the *Heat*, and feel the *Light*.

Pactolus, *Tagus*, and thoſe *Eaſtern ſtreams*,
(Whoſe *Pibbles*, *Poets* have advanc'd to *Gemms*)
Exceed not thy clear *Trent*; when thou haſt told
Its Stream's like Silver, and its Sand like Gold.
Why doſt not witty *Cotton* then invite,
To do thee and his native River right.

Such *Trophies* rais'd in great *Augustus*'s days,
Their *Founders* were not only crown'd with *Bays*;
But we may see each Leaf was edg'd with *Gold*,
Mecœnas Favours in their *Verse* inroll'd.
Nor were their hopes by *Patrons* only rais'd;
Their merits also were by *Poets* prais'd.
Thus when thou dost thy lofty *Building* reer,
Stately, as *Hardwick* or as *Chatsworth* are;
Thou'lt see the prouder *Wits* make their resort,
And humbly beg admittance to thy *Court*;
Whilst I am justly proud that I may wait,
And stand a *Porter* to attend thy *Gate*.

Stately Palaces of the E. of *Devonshire*'s, built by *Elizab.* Countess of *Shrewsbury*. in *an. Qu. Eliz.*

The CRITICK. 1663.

To Captain W. W. *carping at a* Synelepha *in a* Souldier's *Motto.*

WHat Man is free from *Censure*, when
It fastens on a *Souldiers* Pen?
The best-arm'd *parts* its force may feel
When *Estritch*-like it bites on *steel*.
A *Critick*'s Bolt's of such weak stuff,
It breaks, or turns again at *Buff*.
He that a Souldier thinks to bind
In *Rules*, must tye his hands behind.
They hate a *Concord*, *Discords* are
The only Rudiments of *War*.
They slight such Rules; and boast their fate
In breaking yours, or *Priscian*'s Pate.
It is then vainer to reherse
To them the Niceties of *Verse*;

When

When they will ſwear before your Face
That *Synelepha*'s are a Grace;
And how they ſerve to trim each line
With knots, and make the *Muſes* fine;
That 'tis a pretty apiſh *jarr*,
And imitates the feats of *War*;
One word here runs on th' others point,
Another too has loſt a Joynt;
A *Synelepha*'s but a *skar*
In *Verſe*, and thoſe no Scandals are
With *Souldiers*, where they bring more grace
Than *Moles* to any *Ladies* face.
And if a Verſe ſhould prove too ſhort
They'l have ſome lame Excuſes for't;
To want a Foot is no more fault
Than for a *Souldier* 'tis to *hault*.

The CHEAP INVITER. 1663.

To the Right Honourable Patrick *Viſcount* Chaworth, *inviting him to Veniſon of his own ſending.*

YOur Promiſe I ſuſpect not in the leaſt;
And tho the *Scripture* calls Believers bleſt;
'Tis wiſe Civility not to reſtrain
From doubling pray'rs for what we would obtain.
When *Court* or *Church Preferments* do beſtow,
They are not only begg'd, but paid for too.
Whereas you yours more gen'rouſly diſpence,
And noble are, all at your own expence.
Thus liberal Princes, when they Viſits give,
Exhauſt not by the favour, but relieve.

Beſides the bleſſing of his Eye, the Sun,
Makes rich the Earth that Winter had undone;
Yet ſeeks no more reward for all he brought,
Than ſome cold water for his Morning's Draught.
And tho, my Lord, I may too juſtly fear
You'l ſcarcely find a better Treatment here;
You ſhall be welcome, and have Thanks good ſtore:
And Heav'n for all it's Bleſſings asks no more.

KNIGHTHOOD. 1664.

To my honoured Friend Sir Fran. Leek, *being made Knight and Baronet.*

THis *Title* aim'd for Merit, now the *Stale*
For *Fools*, ſince *Honour* is expos'd to *Sale*.
Whoſe *Chapmen* for the moſt part make it baſe:
As *Cromwel*'s Lords brought *Scarlet* in diſgrace.
'Twas *Valour*'s *badge*; but now ſome new Knights know,
Nor ſee drawn *Sword*, but that which *dubs* 'em ſo.
This *Glory* was too bulkey, far too wide
For ſuch ſlim *Heroes* in their upſtart Pride.
The mighty *Gyant Honour*, vexing, ſhares
His *Trophies* to *Pigwiggin-Souls* like theirs.
Like Boys oppreſt, in Arms they idly ſit:
Goliah's Sword would only *David* fit.

Nor was there any way left to redeem
It's credit, or create a new eſteem,
But by your *Name*: ſo that which was thought fit
To honour others, you have honour'd it.

Your

Your conſtant Soul ſtood firm in wicked times;
Which murder'd Loyalty, and favour'd Crimes.
Caſtles and *Armies* fell beneath their hand;
Yet you (more ſtrong than either) nobly ſtand.
That thund'ring force, which made three Nations bow,
Stirr'd not the *Lawrel* on your *warlike Brow.*
Which did not there, as your Protection, ſit;
Inſtead of guarding you, you guarded it.
So that which as the *Guard* of *Valour* ſtands,
Boaſts that it took it's Safety from your hands;
And *Fortune*, that does trample on the World,
Yet trampled on, beneath your feet is hurl'd.

This made you watch'd ſo by that jealous Crew;
Yet your Souls noble Motions you purſue.
To keep a ſtanding Guard they were oblig'd;
And you did always eat, and ſleep beſieg'd.
They rated you an *Army*, could withſtand
The *Body* eas'ly, when they held the *hand.*
And when their Crimes the Bleſſing them deny'd
To be of yours, they wiſh'd you of their ſide.
Thus did you force 'em both to Fear and Love;
As did become the Son of *thund'ring Jove.*
Thus them, without a *Sword*, you *Pris'ners* took;
Who ſlighted *Cannons*, trembled at your look.
Then he that without *Arms* did *Conq'rour* ſtand,
What will he do arm'd now with juſt command?

GRIEF.

GRIEF. 1664.

Upon the death of my dear S. *Mrs.* P. S.

FArewel, dear Sister! precious Soul, farewel!
Go to thy fitter place, where thou wilt dwell
With thy Companions, spotless *Virgins*; where
Thy *Veil* will be as *white* as any there:
Of thine own spinning too, e're thou went'st hence;
Made up of *Chastity*, and *Innocence*.
But now, alas, this sad truth I have learn'd,
None can write *Elegies* that are concern'd.
Objects too near, are never seen so well
As those which at remoter distance dwell.
Grief, when tis gotten to the highest pitch,
Damms up our tears, and locks up all our Speech.
Groans then prove you articulate! appear
So courteous, Reader, as to drop a tear.
And since Grief dulls the Muses; please to try
Thy fitter *Genius* for an *Elegy*.
And when th' hast lost as dear a Friend as mine,
I promise here to doe as much for thine.

The GIPSIE. 1664.

Upon Betty Boswel, *Daughter to* Captain Boswel, *Leader of the* Gipsies, *to vindicate her.*

A *Gipsie*! no such wonder, since tis known
How great *Queen Cleopatra*'s self was one;
And that *Mark Antony* (whom old *Rome* saw
One of the three that to the World gave Law)
Wander'd

Wander'd abroad, leaving his Native home,
A *Captain* of the *Gipsies* to become.
We may as well that *Empreſs Learning* flout,
Who firſt from *Egypt* rang'd the World about.

Becauſe black-hair'd, and of a browniſh hew,
Muſt *Madam Betty* be a *Gypſie* too?
The beſt complexion ſure! and all men know,
That lines of Beauty nought to Colours owe.
What though her Cheeks be tann'd? it may be gheſt
The ſhadow only that her Eye-beams caſt.
Talk not what *Silver* drops in *Pearls* are found;
Black is the Water of a *Diamond.* (bright:
Her eyes (thoſe ſparkling Gems) hence ſhine more
Jewels advance their luſtre in the night.
There's none who ſees her tho, but would be proud,
Ixion-like, to dally with this *Cloud.*

The *Iriſh* MASSACRE. 1664.

Upon Captain Robert Sutton's *death in* Ireland.

BRave *Sutton*! *Drums* and *Trumpets* fit thine *Herſe*
More than the ſlight ſolemnity of *Verſe.*
The *Muſes Heralds* may put up with ſhame,
They are out-ſounded by the *Trump* of *Fame.*
'Tis fitter far that thou great *Mars* ſhouldſt have
Cloſe Mourner, then *Apollo* at thy Grave.
Thy Martial *Steed*, with his courageous *Neigh*,
Joſtles my Pegaſus out of his way.
Thy *Sword* has carv'd out ſuch a laſting Story,
My *Pen* adds nothing to thy full-grown glory.

Here

Here lies a *Youth*, had but his Stars been kind,
Or Fortune equal to his Birth, and Mind;
He had brave *Sidney*, and those *Sparks* outgone,
Who did at thirty all that could be done.
But none can limm him right, who have not been
Where they might him before his *Troop* have seen.
How he that day made many *Dons* to fall,
When *Englisſh Swords* protected *Portugal*.
Where dying *Valour* he again reviv'd:
Like th' Soul, when to a Body newly 'arriv'd.
The luſtre that his *Arms*, and *Actions* ſhow'd,
Like *Lightning*, darted through the *Sulph'ry Cloud*.
His beauty then, with heat of fight improv'd,
Had *Venus* ſeen, the *Mars* no more had lov'd.
Yet was he not provoking, nor did watch,
Like *Tinder*, alwaies ready for a *Match*
He rather ſeem'd like to the hardy *Flint*,
Cold until ſtruck, tho *Fire* lye dormant in't;
Or like a *Tempeſt* that is ſlow to riſe.
But woe to him, that in its way then lies!
This made old gallant *Schomberg* ſo admire
To find new kindled here his youthful fire;
This made him court him every way to own
What he that day deſerv'd, the *Lawrel Crown*.

Blind Love! 'twas thou allur'dſt him to neglect
Bellona's Favours to gain thy reſpect.
Who would believe ſuch *Toyes* ſhould *Sutton* move
To leave crown'd *Victory*, and follow *Love*?
The *Moral* he made good, and, to his coſt,
Snatch'd at the *Shadow*, but the *Subſtance* loſt.

Ill fare thoſe charms! that made him ſhun the light,
For vain *Idæas*, only fit for Night!
Nor can, nor ſhall ſhe thrive, but helpleſs be;
Falſe to her ſelf, in being falſe to thee!

Farewel, brave Soul! the raging *Iriſh Seas*
Contain not tears enow for thy deceaſe.
That rainy *Region*, though it weep each day,
For thy ſad loſs does but due tribute pay.
Ingrateful *Ireland*! thou haſt coſt us dear,
Committing here a ſecond Maſſacre.

The CLAIM. 1665.

To my honoured friend Sir Clifford Clifton.
To whom is dedicated the enſuing Poem.

SIR, I preſent you here with nothing new;
Since what I write now, all before-time knew.
Your Father's merits were i' th' laſt Age known;
And ſhall be, when this and the next is gone.
In ſuch *Records* they need not up be laid;
Tho *Kings*, nay *Gods*, of old, have crav'd that aid.
Tradition will preſerve it; whence may come
More good, and wonder, than from thoſe of *Rome*.
Yet ev'ry *Poet* now ſhould have a fling:
As ev'ry bungling *Painter* draws the *King*.
But I preſume ſo much of Art to own,
To ſay the *Picture's* like, tho faintly drawn.
If it be bigger made, than others drew;
It is that I grieve more than others do.

And

And reaſon good; ſince what I have of Fame,
Is only that which from his *Friendſhip* came.
Since then you heir his Goodneſs well as Lands;
I humbly claim my *Portion* from your hands.

The Old-Engliſh GENTLEMAN. 1665.

An Elegiac Poem upon the truly honourable Sir Gervas Cliſton, *of* Cliſton, *Knight and Baronet.*

§ 1.

IMagine me one toſs'd on ſhore,
O'rewhelm'd in tides of Grief before;
Come to my ſelf, I now muſt *him* deplore.

Men well nigh drown'd cannot invent
One word, whilſt any Water's pent:
So *Grief* is ſilent, untill *Tears* have vent.

But now my *Sorrow* is wept dry,
And I long ſince did *tilt* each Eye;
Tears from my *Pen* muſt now that want ſupply.

Yet if I every tear ſhould tell,
They would into an Ocean ſwell;
Theſe are but thoſe that in my *Standiſh* fell.

But now theſe *Tides* their Banks muſt break,
Leſt ſtanding too long ſtill they make
The clear-quick Streams of *Helicon* a Lake.

Grief

Grief shows then best when freshly wept:
Roses lose scent, if too much steept;
And *Manna* mouldy grows if too long kept.

Silent I was when I did come
T'attend the *Sermon* o're his *Tomb*:
When *Sion* speaks, *Parnassus* should be dumb.

Though Poets hence are noblest crown'd;
They are, alas! too seldom found
To trace their Measures out in holy ground.

Yet when in *Anthems*, their desires
Are tun'd to th' key of *Angel-Quires*;
Such Breathings may augment Coelestial Fires.

'Tis well if *Paphian Laurels* may
Presume to sweep the dust away,
Fell from the *Prophet*'s feet that *solemn* day.

Especially my fading *Bays*;
Too often wither'd by the Rays
O'th' *Cyprian Star*, whereon young *Dotards* gaze.

Yet if my *Muse* can now indite
Any thing, that comes near the right;
Blest *Clifton!* 'tis become thy *Proselyte*.

§ 2.

'Tis good to treat of *Subjects* fit:
An *Atheist* once of Heaven writ,
And Heav'n was pleased to convert his Wit.

But

But what can *Wit* or *Verſes* do
To his Advance? alas! 'tis true,
They may contract his greatneſs to our view.

Phœbus needs none but his own Light;
Proſpectives make not him more bright,
But only ſerve to aid our *purblind* Sight.

From *Romes Republick* Crowns did come;
But *Verſe* can give a nobler doom;
Yet he crowns *Verſe*; as *Cæſar* crowned *Rome*.

Poets ſhall make his *Name* to bear
Live-Lawrels, and inhabit there:
As *Nightingales* on *Orpheus*'s Sepulchre.

Yet they who can themſelves retrieve
Fro' th' *Grave*, and Life to others give;
Will gladly court his *Shadow* there to live.

§. 3.

'Tis ſaid, the *Pourtraiture* of Wit
Exceeds the Life, and is then fit,
When 'tis not ſo like us as we like it.

But ſuch vain Rules we now muſt ſhun;
Hyperboles are here out-done,
As much as *Candles* are out-ſhin'd by th' *Sun*.

A genuine Beauty ſuits each dreſs;
Bad faces, to their ſhame, confeſs
All Art but paints 'em into Uglineſs.

Great

Great mens Defects are oft supply'd
By *Verse*, hence *Crimes* derive their Pride:
Thus *Cæsar's Garlands* did his Baldness hide.

But no more blame falls to our share,
Than to those *Chamber-maids*, whose care
But washes *Faces* that before were fair.

If *Truth* should never be expresst
But by those who can do it best;
She might go naked still, or thinly dresst.

At *Coronations* 'twere a thing
Most strange, if only great *Bells* ring;
Or none but *Courtiers* cry'd, *God save the King*.

From low Stops highest *Notes* are rais'd;
By poor mens pray'rs none are disgrac'd:
Cæsar did boast when in a *Cottage* prais'd.

All Wit is here by Grief out-done;
And Brains dissolv'd, to Tears do run;
Yet Tears distill'd thus may prove *Helicon*.

Let never any Poets more,
The help of other Streams implore;
Here is sufficient to increase their store.

May they amend what I have done;
By my Defects their helps are shown:
Thus *Hones* set Edges, tho themselves have none.

Variety of choice is such
A puzzle few know how to touch;
So here too little is, because too much.

Over-great store distracts a mind;
Excess of light may strike one blind:
Friends make us poor, by being over-kind.

Lately when *Justice*, *Learning*, build,
Honour and *Loyalty* were assail'd;
By him alone those *Vertues* all were bail'd.

Since dead, let's keep his *Name* alive;
That if hereafter *Hell* should strive
To murder *Vertue*, It might hence revive.

Clifton! a name too big for Verse;
Fit only to describe his *Herse*;
Pens cannot, *Trumpets* should the *Name* reherse.

So ancient! some learn'd men afford
This observation on record,—
It's likely to have been the *first-made* word.

Nor at its rising hath it done
Like to the far less glorious Sun,
Rise by degrees, its very *Morn* was *Noon*.

Tho i'th' first age it had that height;
I'th' last it does remain so bright,
As (tho revers'd) its *Morning* were at *Night*.

The reaſon is, It never ſhrouds
Its *beams* with any low-born *Clouds*;
This *Family* is only *Light* in *crouds*.

Strange! not to find one low deſire!
A noble *Climax*! ſtill climb higher!
The generous flame ne'r out! right *Veſtal* Fire!

Heroes are by ſuch *Matches* found:
When heavenly *Dew* falls on right ground,
Roſes and *Lillies* in great ſtore abound.

Unequal mixtures courſer are:
Velvets appear more rich and fair
Than glitt'ring *Stuffs* made up of *Silk* and *Hair*.

Thoſe *Off-ſprings* that are old and good,
Loſe luſtre, joyn'd with common blood:
The ſilver ſtream run out, nought's left but *Mud*.

Hence 'tis each Age they fall more low;
Their houſes leſs and leſſer Grow:
Like thoſe of *Gothland* that are built of *Snow*.

The *Sun* has *Miſts*, the *Moon* her *blots*,
Venus her *Moal*, the *Ermin Spots*;
Th' *Apoſtles Judas* had, and *England Scots*.

This then muſt be a wond'rous ſight;
Strange *Day*! that never knew a *Night*;
A miracle! no *Shade* attends this *Light*!

Only ſome buſie *Pates* find one;
And that becauſe too like the *Sun*;
For our late *Phœbus* had his *Phaeton*.

His Eldeſt Son, a moſt hopeful Gentlem. tho miſerable in his after Years.

Yet this Remark falls to his ſhare,
His *Morning* did moſt bright appear;
Heav'n grant his *Evening* prove but half ſo fair.

But here's ſome comfort in the Cloſe;
He that had much might ſometimes loſe:
Tho one *Star* fell, yet he had many roſe.

'Mongſt which his *Phoſpher* does appear:
Bright Star! mount now thy *Fathers Carr*;
And may thy Beams (like his) ſhine long and far.

See with what twiſted Rays he ſhines!
What *Heroes* may ſpring from thoſe *Loyns*
Where noble *Clifford*'s blood with *Clifton* joyns?

Sir *Clifford Clifton*.

§. 5.

But let us now again adjourn
The *Court* of our *Requeſts*; and turn
Our Thoughts once more to the great *Father*'s Urn.

An *Urn*! which precious ſtuff does line;
Whoſe Luſtre does quite thorough ſhine;
And hereby ſhews the *Relicks* are divine.

Could *Rome* but of him (as hers) vaunt,
I'th' *Kalendar* ſhe would him paint,
And turn a *Saint* already to a *Saint*.

But

But he does no such *Varnish* need;
Himself did his true Glory breed,
And on its proper Substances can feed.

Cato the period was, and Pride
Of ancient *Rome*; nor is't deny'd
But that Old *England* too with *Clifton* dy'd.

The *Hospitality* of old
(Which gave that Age the name of *Gold*)
He did revive, and afterwards uphold.

The noble *Pyles* those times did rear,
Inviting *Land-marks* did appear,
And gave free Welcome to each *Passenger*.

Not like those, which our *poor-men* call
(And justly too) *Mock-beggar-Hall*;
Where *Rats* and *Mice* do into Famine fall.

Their *Prospects* yield a false delight:
Thus *Nauplius*, with deceitful Light,
The *Grecians* did to barren Rocks invite.

But *Clifton* gain'd no such Report;
By th' entertainment and resort,
It ought in Justice to be call'd a *Court*.

Nor did his vast *Revenues* rise
From *Rackings*, worst of *Tyrannies*;
His *Farms* were *Portions*, and his *Rents* a Prize.

He would not such hard *Penn'worths* let,
Like th' *Tyrant Russe*, who in a Pet
Took *Tribute* from his Subjects Rest and Sweat.

His *Charity* aim'd high, and true;
Not like some *Great ones* in our view;
He made as many, as they did undo.

To that proud *Zeal* he ne're did fall,
Alms Houses build in sight of all;
For every *poor man* was his *Hospital.*

Tho still his *Charity* aim'd high'r:
Like *Moses bush*, that sacred Fire
Did not consume it self, nor yet expire.

All's *Neighbours* he did love so well;
Although a *Cedar*, Truth must tell,
His drops ne're hurt the *Shrubs* on which they fell.

Amongst those *Days*, whose nipping pow'r
Did almost blast each hopeful Flow'r,
And verdant Tree, his *Lawrels* scorn'd to lour.

Base Actions he did so defie,
He lost what would an *Earldom* buy,
Rather than sell one Drachm of *Loyalty.*

Having lost in the late Wars 80 thousand *l.* at least.

Let *Fortune* all her Ills invent;
Like true *Elixir*, his Intent
Improvement did receive from each Event.

Diamonds by darkness shew their light;
Oppress'd like *Laurels*, he's more straight;
A *well-built-Arch* is stronger by its weight.

Tho

Tho *Vapours* clouded *Britains* Sky,
He, like *Pythagoras's Bird*, did fly
Above those *Clouds*, and all their Storms defie.

For all these *Clouds* he scorn'd to yield;
But still remain'd like his *rich Shield*;
A *Lyon argent*, in a *Sable Field*.

§ 6.

After *Great Brittany* had mourn'd
Twelve years, her Sorrows were adjourn'd;
Her Joys again with glorious *Charles* return'd.

When *Clifton* did attend his *Train*,
How he rejoyc'd, to find again
The ancient Glories of his *Grandsire's* Reign?

Thus *Nestor's* Bliss he did enjoy;
In peace his last days to employ,
After the tedious bloody Wars of *Troy*.

§ 7.

But still his *Warfare* is not done;
There's one Fight more he cannot shun;
None truly crown'd untill that *Battle's* won.

This was, alas! his sharpest fight; He died of the Torments of the Stone.
His Pains were a deplored sight;
But most to us, plac'd in the worser light.

Th' *Egyptians* only Darkneſs ſpy'd
I'th' *Cloud*, that was the *Hebrews* guide;
'Twas ſo to them, Light on the other ſide.

Immunity's to none allow'd:
Iris, in her gay Colours proud,
Is made betwixt the *Rain-bow* and a *Cloud*.

In's laſt *Mile* he was forc'd to ſtay
Turmoil'd with pains: and *Church-men* ſay
The Road to *Paradiſe* is rugged way.

Foes crown us who are hardly bet;
And *Dangers* nobleſt Conqueſts get:
For *Laurels* flouriſh moſt when ſteep'd in *Sweat*.

Clouds could not ſmother all his Beams;
Moſt patient in his ſad Extreams:
The martyr'd Saints thus ſmil'd amidſt their flames.

He praying paid the Debt he ow'd;
His laſt Breath, whence he had it, ſhow'd;
His *Aſhes*, like to thoſe of *Incenſe*, glow'd.

And now, poor Muſe, cloſe up thoſe Eyes
Whence all thy Light and Hopes did riſe:
The *Sap* being ta'n away, thy *Laurel* dies.

The POET on Foot. 1665. *To Mr. S.*

THO late, I come at laſt, this ſtay of mine
Carries no more of Rudeneſs than Deſign;

For

For well I know the common Cuſtom's ſuch,
That look'd-for Gueſts find always chear too much.
Which my weak Stomack never could digeſt;
Since too much Expectation daunts a Gueſt.
But this, Sir, was not all my *Muſe* kept home,
Conſtrain'd by fate, elſe ſhe had ſooner come.
She wants a *Steed*; and ſhe has got the pride
Of wanton *Girls*, that would on *Cock-horſe* ride:
But the ſtrange-*Horſe-diſeaſe*, that rag'd with us,
Amongſt ſome others, caught my *Pegaſus*.
But tho he did eſcape; He yet does lack
The only *Medicine*, a *Drench* of *Sack*:
Which is ſuch coſtly feeding this hard year,
Our *Hacknies* will be, than our ſelves, more bare;
I mean us *Poets*: For thoſe who are able
Keep their *Jades* lean i' th' *Study*, fat i' th' *Stable*.
I loyter'd thus hoping at *Lenton-fair*,
Amongſt our *Gallants*, I might borrow there.
Alas, in vain! unleſs I would ſhift thus,
Making a *Hobby-Horſe* my *Pegaſus*.

The PICK-POCKET. 1655.

To my good friend Mr. R. Maſon. *raptim.*

IF Clients wants, or follies grant thee pauſe;
Or Sack, which is more powerful than Laws;
Pleaſe to unbend a while; lay *Ploidon* down,
And *Cook*, the two worſt pick-pockets i' th' Town.
They rob with priveledge, and pow'rful hands;
When the poor Cutpurſe cloſe, and trembling ſtands.

And

And yet their malice is at them displeas'd:
Thus *Alexander* a less Pirat seiz'd.
The Law attaches Felons when it pleases:
The Plague so routs the Pox, and small diseases,
Yet we must seek its help; for 'tis well known,
Moll Cut-purse sought to help folks to their own.
Leave then this Scandal, and repair to me;
Who, tho half drunk, thirst for thy Company.
Here's Sack, if *Noy* (the quickest of your Tribe)
Had supp'd, he would have ta'n before a bribe.
Such as will make thee eloquent as *Finch*;
And yet not eek thy Rhet'rick with a Clinch.
Each drop of which a Ruby will create,
Inriching Noses at the *Indian* rate.
Haste then, or we shall be so rich and great,
We shall disdain, what now we do intreat.

The MISTAKE. 1665.

Upon drinking a Glass of Beer to C. J. B. *for one of Sack, raptim.*

PArdon, great *Bacchus*, I repent!
The Error has its punishment:
Poor Travellers are cheated so,
That come where *Sodom* Apples grow.
This change of mine has his disgrace,
Who did, for *Juno*, Clouds imbrace.
Nor is the distance lesser here;
Immortal Sack, and Mortal Beer!
So did the crazed *Hebrew* fail,
Deserting God, to go to *Baal*.

Your

Your *Spaniſh Donna* has a touch
More charming than the thick-skin'd *Dutch*.
One thus a Beauty thought to wed,
But got a *Gypſie* to his Bed:
Beer has that tann'd and yellow hew,
Like hers that did the Liquor brew.
When Sack's Complexion is refin'd;
As though it were with Sun-beams lin'd.

The DISGUISE. 1665.

Upon Mr. Ger. Lee, *imputing a ſcandalous Paper to me, and ſubſcribing his Name covertly within a Circle of inverted Letters.*

RAther than ſuffer this, my injur'd Muſe!
Mount now, and ſpur thy sku-bald *Pegaſus*;
And turn Apparitor. Here's baſtard Wit
Laid at thy Door, if thou wilt Father it.
Obſerve the Caſtling well! What, no Wall-eye,
Mare-face, or Mark, to know the Stallion by?
Look there at loweſt end a Buttock-brand;
A Tranſcript from that in the Father's hand.
His ſhrivel'd Name (fit for a larger Stage)
Shows like to *Bajazet* within his Cage;
His envious-black-mouth'd Verſes make it ſaid
A Knot of Snakes, torn from *Erinnis* head.
A peeviſh Fiend within a Circle ſhut;
Homer's fond Fables ramm'd into a Nut;
A Knave in Fetters; *Gotham* in a Map;
A crafty Fox caught juſtly in a Trap.

Thy

Thy Name, methinks, peeps forth, and ſeems to be
(As th' Owner ought) upon a Pillory.
Juſtice triumphant is; nor can it chooſe,
When ſuch a Hang-man's catch'd in his own Nooſe.

The MERCHANT. 1655.

Upon the Death of my Br. Mr. S. S. *in the* Canaries.

WHO knows his Fate, or where he ſhall expire?
'Tis comfort tho, that Heav'n is no where nigh'r
Than where we dye. The Grave's an humble riſe,
From whence we take our leap into the Skies.
A true Enlargement Death for all prepares;
Takes cares from Young-men, and Old-men from cares.
Let us not then his loſs of hopes deplore;
Thoſe who have full Injoyments, hope no more.
Hope is the Balm of Life, and Balm is found
In vain, when we no more can have a Wound.
Nor could long Life have much advanc'd his Story;
They have gain'd full enough who have gain'd Glory.
His vertuous Inclinations claim that State;
Such early hopes attract the ſmiles of Fate,
Nor did he vainly ſuck in foreign Air,
Since half the World now claims in him a ſhare.
A Life to him his loved *Europe* gave;
And *Africk* did beſtow on him a Grave.
Thoſe Iſles to him did fortunate appear;
And he gain'd well who purchas'd Heaven there.

The

The CAVALEER. 1665.

An Elegy upon Capt. Ben Marſhal's *Death.*

O'Rwhelm'd in *Night*, and *Grief* I ſit;
For *Verſe*, or *Humour* moſt unfit:
Aurora's Mother both of *Joy*, and *Wit.*

By day, the *Chanters* of the Spring
Warble, and keep time with the Wing;
But yet by Night the *Nightingale* does ſing.

'Tis *midnight* now, and all at reſt;
Except the *ſorrows* in my breſt;
Which are ſo far from ſleep, they yet are dreſt.

For Verſe is Grief's moſt Solemn dreſs;
Verſe, more than tears, can grief expreſs;
Such drops their laſting fountains muſt confeſs.

For tears (tho from a double *Rill*)
Are ſometimes dry, the Brain ſprings ſtill;
It is the *Conduit*, and its *Pipe* the *Quill.*

Let none ſay Verſe may leſſen Grief:
David (altho the *Poet*'s *Cheif*)
His tears fro' th' Muſes fountain got relief.

No artifice is needful here
(Like *Herod*'s) to exact a tear;
His loſs its ſelf's a general Maſſacre.

Who order'd all his Nobles after his Death to be murder'd ſo that it might be attended with general ſorrow

He

He ſuch true Friendſhip did poſſeſs,
As might its waſting ſtock increaſe,
And furniſh this our jarring World with Peace.

Such a *Companion* all would crave,
Or ſuch to be, or ſuch to have;
Nay we for him did *Wine*, *Plays*, *Women*, wave.

To prove his *Inclinations* right; He went to aſſiſt the King about ſixteen Years old.
His *Loyalty* was his delight;
For tho a *Boy*, he left his Play to fight.

Thoſe *Wounds*, which for the *King* he met,
Spoke glorious Toils; for *Blood*'s the *Sweat*
Of *Honour*, the beſt *Scarlet* Souldiers get.

Tho Fortune (to maintain her ſpite)
Did aid the Wrong againſt the Right;
He courage ſhew'd in Suffrings, as in Fight.

In *Perſecution* he had ſhare;
Yet Patience did that ſmart repair:
So *Thunder* troubles, and yet clears the *Air*.

As in thoſe days he ſcorn'd to bow
To any *Tyrants* threatning Brow;
So he diſdain'd as baſe a crouching now.

For though his Worth could not be heard,
He knew it was it's own reward;
Since Traitors were prefer'd, he favours fear'd.

It would but our devotion blame,
Alone the inward *Rites* to name,
And quite neglect the ſtately *Temples* frame.

Such was his *Body*, ſtrait and high;
And then the Chryſtals of each Eye
Did well reflect the beauties of his *Sky*.

His *Body*'s ſtrength, like to his *Mind*;
That we deſpair in one to find
Their equal, 'till at laſt again they're joyn'd.

Fruits ripeſt ſooner ſuffer wrong;
This made him dye, alas, too young:
Tis hard to run ſo faſt, and travel long.

That *Conq'rour Death* (to name him right)
Durſt not truſt here to his own might;
But cowardly avoided open Fight.

H' attackt him like a wily Foe;
Waſted his ſtrength without a blow;
And kept aloof till ſure to find it ſo.

Yet ſtill miſtruſtful to prevail,
With all his force did him aſſail;
Yet till the laſt his *Heart* did never fail.

Thus Martial *Troy* (that *Gods* did build)
Defended by the ſacred *Shield*;
When all was loſt, the *Temple* then did yield.

His

His EPITAPH.

TRue *Fame*, from *Envy*, takes no wrong;
Where Merit is, *Stones* find a *Tongue*.
And this declares --- Here lies inclos'd
A *Body*, was so well compos'd
For strength, and beauty; none could find
An equal to it, but his *Mind*.
Heav'n has his *Soul*, the World his *Fame*;
We only can his *Body* claim.
Death (that great *Chymist*) has refin'd
The *Oare*, and left the *Dross* behind.

The GOSSIPS. 1666.

To Sir Clifford Clifton, *for a Buck against a Christ'ning.*

MY fate is, when I write to you,
To own old favours, or beg new.
Not strange with *Poets*; since an *Alms*
And *Thanks*, make up the Book of *Psalms*.
'Tis lawful, when, like th' *Alms-house* wont,
The *Benefactor*'s shewn i'th *Front*.
My *wants* need no more *Vouchers* take
Then that I *Verse*, and *Children* make.
Both got in an odd itching Vein;
Expensive to the *Purse*, and *Brain*.
Yet of the two *Children* are most;
With labour born, brought up with cost.
Especially since *Gossips* now
Eat more at *Christnings*, than bestow.

Former-

Formerly when they us'd to troul
Gilt *Bowls* of *Sack*, they gave the *Bowl*;
Two *Spoons* at leaſt; an uſe ill kept;
Tis well now if our own be left.

Since Friends are ſcarce, and Neighbours many,
Who will lend mouths, but not a penny;
I muſt (ſince poor, as almoſt may be)
Thyeſtes like, cook up a *Baby*.
Or if you grant not a ſupply,
Muſt ev'n provide a *Criſome Py*,
It will be tenderer then Gelly,
So long parboil'd in *Mothers* Belly.

Venus and *Mars* Conſpirers be,
And frown'd on my *Nativity*.
My Fortunes, firſt by *War* o'rpow'rd,
And now, alas, by Love devour'd.
Children will rob what *Round-heads* left;
Yet we make bleſſings of the theft.
The gain's ſoon told, if we compare
Our joy with grief, our hope with care.
Children grow up as we decay,
Their ſtructures on our Graves they lay.
And *Chriſtning-Feaſts* are but a *Toll*
Exacted, or an earlier *Dole*.
A *Font* brings far the heavier doom
To a poor *Father*, than a *Tombe*.
We're brought to th' *Grave* with Solemn ſtate,
Where *Friends* and *Mourners* kindly wait:
Worms on our *Corpſes* only thrive;
But *Gueſts* devour us here alive.

To you the Pow'r, Sir, only falls
To save me from these *Canibals*,
A *Buck*, you know, oft' stops the fury
Both of an hungry *Judge* and *Jury*.
Please to bestow one; He shall run
In four *Parks* then, instead of one.
Wee'l follow th' *Chase* so, that he shall
Be forc'd to leave the *Crusted Wall*;
'Till to the inmost *Copse* he skips,
Pal'd round with *Teeth*, and *hedg'd* with *Lips*.
There *Blown*, and *hot* we will design,
To make him plunge in *Pounds* of *Wine*.
Then, Sir, your *health* begun shall be,
As *Crown* to the *Solemnity*.
And he who dares that *health* disown,
Shall have the *Horns*, and not the *Crown*.

The PARTHIAN ARCHER. 1666.

Upon a Spanish Needle run into a Ladies Breech.

WELL hit, small *Don*! I'le now protest
That *one-ey'd Marks-men* aim the best.
Thy piercing Charge none can withstand,
When guided by a *Ladies* hand.
S'attractive, and so fair a *Mark*,
A man might hit, tho in the dark.
Such a white pair of *Butts* ev'n wo'd
Make all men shoot, like *Robin Hood*;
Whose steady aim such credit got,
It never mist to cleave the *Mott*.
All would with *David's Slingers* dare,
Amd aim their *stones* to hit the *Hair*.

Sharp

Sharp *Spaniſh Pike*! that can prevail
To wound her through the double *Mail*
Of *Coats* and *Smock*! when *Cupid's Cannon*
(Mounted on wheels that it does ſtand on)
Thunders in vain on that deſign,
And's forc'd at laſt to undermine.

Sure *Cupid*, thirſting for ſuch drink,
Approach'd ſo near the *Fountain's* brink;
And pierc'd that *Butt* whence he did know
Rich *Nectar*, tunn'd up there, would flow.
The waving *Needle* here does fix,
And ſteady againſt her *North-ſtar* ſticks.
Hence that *Magnetick* power does come;
No *Loadſtone* to a *Lady's Bumm*.

The CANARY ISLANDS. 1666.

To my dearly beloved Brother,
Mr. William Shipman, *Merchant there.*

COme *Bacchus*, God of *Poetry*, by right;
Lend me thine influence, whilſt now I write.
Thy *Sackbut* can into my breaſt inſpire
More active heat, than can *Apollo's Lire*.
He's an *Uſurper*; and his pow'r a crack,
If we his *Helicon* compare with *Sack*.
Lock up that *Nectar* but a year or two,
And ſee what all his *Hippocrene* can do.
That *Trough* of *Pegaſus*! a pretious grace
To vaunt thus of an *Hackney's wat'ring*-place!

Not the leaſt ſpark of Wit it can inſpire,
Without aſſiſtance both of *Malt* and *Fire*.
When *Heat* within the luſty *Grape* does grow,
'Tis to it's ſelf *Malt*, *Heat*, and *Water* too.
A Pipe of *Sack* (which is great *Bacchus*'s *Throne*)
Is both *Parnaſſus* and a *Helicon*.
Juno her ſelf and *Venus* too are dull,
If *Hebe* do not fill their Glaſſes full.
New Vigour to their Eyes it does afford;
Mars ſwears it whets his *Courage* and his *Sword*.
The Spirits of *Jove* himſelf are dull as Lead,
Without this *Nectar* fill'd by *Ganimede*;
He's one of *Bacchus*'s Drawers. *Sack* creates
Life in thoſe *Gods* that do direct our Fates.
See the Injuſtice then of lying *Fame!*
Bacchus deſerves, *Apollo* gets the Name!
Thus *Princes* in their *Wars* fill up the *Story*,
When their brave *Generals* deſerve the Glory.

Bleſt Soil! that does diſtill ſo rare a *Juyce*,
More precious far than *Canaan* did produce.
The *Milk* and *Honey* which did thence proceed,
Made only nauſeous *Butter-milk* and *Mead*.
Whoſe Influence more of *Phlegm* than *Blood* did breed,
Diſperſing Weakneſs through the *Jewiſh* Seed.
Made them deſiſt and give their conqueſt o're,
Truckling to thoſe they trampled on before:
When as the haughty *Spaniard* did decline
The Univerſal *Monarchy*, 'till *Wine*
Infus'd that lofty Spirit in his Veins;
And more by that then by his *Sword* he reigns.

Bold

Bold *Britain* does her *Trophies* here decline,
As never conquer'd but by *Spaniſh Wine.*
Their mighty *Navy*, tho ſhe forc'd to wrack,
Yet falls beneath the *Puiſſance* of *Sack.*
Had *Sack* been the Commodity, the *Day*
Had lucky been at || *Rheez*, as *Tercera.* (known
French-Wines work ſmall efforts; as may be
By th' Spirits, which in *Gallick* veins are ſhown.
Their *Wines* and *Spirits* both alike are vain;
Soon kindled, and as ſoon piſs'd out again.

We were worſted at *Rheez* by *France*, but came moſt gloriouſly off at *Tercera* againſt *Spain.*

Wonder then, that we fall not out with *Spain*
On purpoſe, thoſe rich *Iſlands* to obtain!
Our *Engliſh youth* would all its valour try,
In one ſix months to win, and drink 'em dry.
Wee'd rigg out ſuch a *Fleet* that all the Ground
Should ſcarce ſufficient be for *Ballaſt* found:
And that high *Peek* there ſhould the honour gain,
To be *Main-maſt* i' th' *Royal Sovereign.*
The *Rhyming Tribe* would rally all its ſtore,
And ſtrive to charm the *Dolphins* to the Shore,
Where on their ſcaly *Saddles* they might ſit,
Serving as *Trumpets* to th' *Canary* Fleet.
Whoſe ecchoing blaſts, like thoſe of Flame, would do;
Incite their courages, and crown 'em too.
What rich Incouragements might hence needs flow;
When they at once *Lawrels*, and *Life* beſtow?
Their ſhare ſhould then be double, as their pains;
Becauſe their private, would be publick gains.
For *Sack* is only proper for the uſe
Of *Poets*, who can beſt preſerve the juyce.

Which when diſtill'd by active heats o' th' brain,
Is all th' *Elixir* that our *Chimiſts* mean.
Churchmen and *Poets* might increaſe their light;
Since *Pſalms* and *Plays*, both may be better'd by 't,
None that could get a *Boat* would ſtay behind;
Our very breaths would ſerve us for a Wind.
Nay rather than be abſent on this Quarrel,
There's ſome would venture over in a *Barrel*;
Deſpiſing Tempeſts, and the fears of *Wrack*,
With very hopes of filling it with *Sack*.
Cowards would gladly bleed a *Quart* in fight,
To drink a *Quart* of dearer *Sack* at night.
And this does prove *Bacchus* the God of *War*;
Since he alone can make a *Dutch-man* dare.

If you would kill theſe *Boars*, let 'em not root
Within a *Vineyard*, and you'l ſurely do't.
Keep 'em from *Brandy*, and from other Wine,
Theſe *Holland Boars* are worſe than other Swine.
O, for ſome Devilliſh *Swine-herd*, to convey
This Herd, like th' *Gadarenes*, into the Sea!
But this concluſion is not lately found;
Like th' *Devil's Darlings*, they will not be drown'd:
Except by one attempt, which cannot fail;
When we get *Sack*, let's ſend 'em all our *Ale*.
Which ſoon its wonderful Effects will ſhew,
And drown them, which the *Ocean* cannot do.
Hail, mighty *Bacchus*! thou haſt won the Field;
Mars and *Apollo* both are forc'd to yield.
Claim then the *Empire* due to thy deſerts;
And henceforth reign thou *God* of *Arms* and *Arts*.

The

The Old MOURNER. 1667. *To Sir* J.D. *Upon an Old Mourning Suit.*

WHAT am I like now? do not ſpare;
A *Vicar* preach'd thred-bare;
Or younger Brother left to th' *Heir*.

Worth waits not alwayes upon ſtore;
Deſpiſe not then the poor;
Mock not a *Cripple* for his Sore.

Silk cannot make each Wearer fine;
Nor does Gold only ſhine:
Tiſſue wears out, unleſs you line.

I flouriſh't once (I ſpeak aloud)
As you, be ne'r ſo proud:
Phœbus himſelf may meet a Cloud.

Will *Mourning*, think you, freſh appear
After 'tis worn a year?
You may as well expect a tear.

Yet I could mourn ſix twelve months more,
Upon a Lawful Score;
And I have *Friends*, I hope, in ſtore.

My *Black-Coat* ſpeckt you call white *Ink*;
Or tears o' th' *Tankard* think;
Why *Grief* is thirſty, and muſt drink.

Grief's a *Good-fellow*, as appears;
For he will *tipple* tears;
Your thirſty *Mourner* merits Jeers,

True Grief will make one lean appear;
Conceit each thrid that's bare
A *Rib*, by Grief conſum'd ſo near.

Each mournful *Hole* that you eſpy
Imagine then an *Eye*
Wept out, and that's more than *wept dry*.

My peeping *Shirt*, through every Chink,
Perſwades me much to think
I'm like this *Paper*, blurr'd with *Ink*.

GRATITUDE. 1667.

Some grateful Acknowledgments to that moſt excellent Poet, Mr. A. C.

HEnceforth, my *Muſe*, more boldly claim the *Bays*,
Ennobled now by *Cowley*'s generous Praiſe.
Apollo here has ſilver'd o're thy ſhades:
Thus *Lords* can *Ladies* make of *Chamber-maids*.
Thou art a *royal Miſs*, and now muſt get
No leſſer Honour than a *Coronet*.
Nay, richer Bleſſings *Cowley*'s Praiſes ſhare;
Now thou'lt be thought both vertuous and fair.
Such plenteous Contributions to the Poor,
Proclaim his Soul as large as is his ſtore.
The Sun is no leſs glorious in his Blaze,
Although he gild the lower World with Rays.
His Beams thou muſt reflect, and grateful prove,
And nouriſh in thy Breaſt his kindling Love.
'Twill bring effects worthy his virtual Powers,
Making thee pregnant both in Fruits and Flowers.

For

For that which blossoms not with *Cowley*'s Praise,
Is but a sapless branch of wither'd *Bays*,
Warm'd vainly by *Apollo*'s quickning Rays.
Without his Light, vain are the quickest Eyes;
His influence, ev'n from *Dust*, makes *Insects* rise.
Such mighty Sums 'tis easi'r to repay
When they're not lent, but freely giv'n away.
Like heav'nly Blessings upon thee bestow'd,
To make thee thankful and thy Works more good.

Hail *God of Wit*! *England*'s *Apollo*, hail!
Thou art no Off-spring of an *idle Tale*,
Like *Homer*'s *Deity*. But since that fame
All Ages gave him, is thy proper claim;
Accept the Veneration and the *Name*.
Fulfill'd in thee is what the *Ancients* feign,
And *Pallas* is the *issue* of thy *Brain*,
As th' *Muses* of thy *Wit*: when safely laid,
Of thy *first-sheets* their *swathing Cloaths* were made.
Others there are would thy fair *Off-spring* claim;
Theirs (by their want of heed) o're-laid or lame.
But when it comes to Tryal they resign;
Justice decrees the *Living Child* for thine.

The *Muse*'s *Empire* bears so great a Name,
Thou hast two *Rivals* in thy *Lady-Fame*;
Waller and *Donne*. You are the only three
Who justly can pretend that *Monarchy*.
Donne's Judgment, Fancy, Humour, and his Wit,
Strong, searching, happy, and before ne're hit,
Gives him a fair pretence to climb the Throne;
But *Waller* rather stops than plucks him down.

Rich

Rich he appears; his courtly Veſture grac'd
With golden *Similes* all over lac'd.
But *Cowley* (like the *Infant* of the *Sun*)
Out-glitters *Waller*, and ev'n dazzles *Donne*.
Both of 'em, to *Auguſtus*, leave the Field;
Like *Lepidus* and *Anthony*, they yield.
He triumphs! their triumv'racy of Rays
Unite in *Cowley* and compound his blaze.

Poetical POVERTY. 1667. *To* C.M.D.

Poverty, I, like Small Drink, hate;
Yet 'tis, alas! the *Poet's* Fate.
And *Want* is ſuch a ſtingey Crime,
It has no good excuſe but *Rhyme*.
Yet here ſome comfort is expreſt,
Poor, tho we be, the Poor are bleſt.
A favour granted by the *Church*,
To leave poor *Poets* in the lurch.
But they revenge this want of *Alms*,
By making her no better *Pſalms*.
Who would make others ſweetly chant,
And ſigh themſelves away for want?
As *Poets* ſhrivel'd *Guts* ſhould be
Lute-ſtrings for others Melody;
Thus *Nightingals* haſte on their death,
By laviſhing their ſweet-tun'd Breath.
Thoſe who rhyme on, and nothing get,
Ink may be call'd their *mortal Sweat*.
And every *Copy* that's ſo writ,
May be eſteem'd their *Winding-ſheet*.

Which

Which makes me to this Thought assent,
Poets did *Paper* first invent;
Whose prompting Wants did first begin
Such *Rags* to lap his Verses in.

The Churching-FEAST. 1667.

To Sir Clifford Clifton, *for a Fat Doe.*

THO I kiss without Wit or Fear,
And get two *Children* in a year,
What is that to your harmless *Deer?*

Must one dye for each *Brat* of mine,
As tho my *Cod-piece* were a *Shrine?*
Or *Priapus* again divine?

Such Bounty if you do not shun
It will dis-park your *Hodsack* soon;
For each *Buck* is by me out-done.

If still we both so forward be,
You'l find it a Necessity
To geld your Gifts as well as me.

If some do not for me this Knack,
I, like the *Mountebank*, may crack,
How that my *leaping* breaks my *Back.*

Let no man mock at what is writ;
To shew my Poverty is fit;
For *Want*'s a special sign of *Wit.*

Nor

Nor do these my Pretences cheat,
But their good Fortunes seek to get,
Who *Ballads* sing at Doors for *Meat*.

Then I may boast *Apollo*'s Skill,
If now a *fat Doe* I can kill
With th' feather'd *Arrow* of my *Quill*.

To *Orpheus* Fame I'll then aspire,
If one dance now to my desire,
Charm'd by the twangings of my *Lyre*.

A Midnight's RAPSODY. 1668.

Upon my dear W. *at the point of Death.*

DArk time, alas! when both the light
Of Heaven, and my sad Soul, have ta'n their flight,
And both intomb'd in deepest night!

Dejected Muse! how canst thou think
To look or write, when th' *Eyes of Heav'n* do wink,
And *Paper* looks it self like *Ink*?

Lord! but increase my inward Sight;
Thou who from *Chaos* didst create a Light;
One Smile from thee can gild my *Night*.

A *Night!* that foils the brightest Ray
O'th' *Moon*, and clouds the cleerest Beam of *Day*;
Yet will thy smallest Glance obey.

Behold

Behold the courteous Queen of *Night*
Is pleas'd to lend a *Ray*, by whoſe kind light,
Although wept blind, I now can write.

Hark how her pretty ſmall ones cry!
And who can doubt that Heaven will deny
Thoſe Tears would *Marbles* mollifie?

My Pray'r, methinks, more ſwiftly flies,
Born on the *Pinnions* of their purer Cries;
Which court at once, and ſcale the Skies.

Sleep then, ſad Eyes; do not deſpair
When next you ope to find th' effects of Pray'r;
For Heav'n was hers, ſhe Heaven's care.

Awake again! this ſadly ſhows
That falling Drops not always bring Repoſe;
Nor will Streams let my *Flood-gates* cloſe.

My Grief flows with a conſtant Tide,
Which does the *Ocean*'s ſhallow Ebbs deride,
And ſwell'd does o're my *Eye-banks* glide.

Not yet wept dry! my Tears increaſe!
After ſuch *Show'rs* methinks this *Rain* ſhould ceaſe;
Yet *Griefs*, like *Heat*, new *Vapours* raiſe.

Mix'd with my *Ink* let my Tears run;
And let thy holy Spirit move thereon,
To make a ſacred *Helicon*.

Which

Which, like to *Jordan* then ſhall be,
And cleanſe the ſtains of injur'd *Poetry*,
Too long defil'd with *Leproſie*.

'Tis fit alone to ſing thy praiſe,
Thou who canſt only give immortal *Bays*,
And us above our *Fancies* raiſe.

HOPE RUIN'D. 1668.

Upon the Death of the Right Honourable the Lady Mary Mannors, *youngeſt Daughter to the Noble Houſe of* Rutland.

SO long I ſtaid (in vain, alas!) to try
If other *Tributes* than thoſe from the Eye,
Would have been offer'd at her *Virgin-Shrine*;
But muſt, it ſeems, begin with this of mine.
Let others *Marble* give her *Tomb* to grace;
It will my Glory be to pave the place.
Tho their bright *Torches* on her *Herſe* muſt ſhine;
'Tis Honour that this twinckling *Lamp* of mine
Did glimmer firſt: ſo does *Aurora* run,
As Uſher to the Lord of Wit, the *Sun*.
When *Church* doors are ſhut up, true Pray'rs may (pleaſe,
Though they be offer'd up in *Cottages*.
But yet, methinks, 'tis odd to cheriſh Woes;
Verſe quickens Grief that is but flat in Proſe.
Ingenious Lines but too much deck an Herſe,
And briny Tears pickle up Grief in Verſe.
Yet 'tis our Fate here; who like Merchants loſe
Our Treaſures firſt, and then proclaim our Woes.

Her

Her *Actions* were *Examples*; ſo that ſtill
Thoſe *Ladies* that don't practice her do ill.
She did excell the ſtricteſt *Cloiſter'd Saint*;
Affected *Purity* is worſe than *Paint*.
And now ſhe's gone, if *Poets* will declare,
And tell what Beauties other *Ladies* are,
They muſt get Praiſes from her *parts*, and tell
Theſe *Coral Lips*, almoſt like hers, do ſwell;
Thoſe *Eyes* reſemble hers, that *Ladies* face
Has her ſweet Features, this her winning Grace.
Each piece of hers makes perfect and compleat:
Thus a *King*'s Ruines make ten thouſand great.
So when the *Sun* is ſet, the *Queen* of *Night*
Borrows her ſhining Glory from his Light.
Sad Fate! thus when a *Roſe-tree* dies at foot,
A croud of Beauties periſh with the Root.
Let none then blame our Grief; 'tis not for one,
But for the Ruines of a *Million*.

The Early SPRING. 1669.

Upon the immature Death of my honoured Friend Theophilus Parkyns, *Eſq*;

TO lay this precious *Duſt*, which the rough hours
Of *March* did cauſe, *April* now pours
It ſelf away in Showers:
Such Drops produce a Spring,
And thus enable us to bring
Theſe flow'rs, alas! which on his Herſe we fling.

The

The *Muſes Gardens* cannot yield ſupplies;
If we his worth ſhould juſtly prize,
Eden would ſcarce ſuffice:
Nor could *Arabia* yield
From out her parcht and ſpicy Field,
Odours and *Gums* enow his *Pile* to build.

Altho this *Fun'ral-charge* may prove too deep
For any Poet's brains to keep;
Yet we, alas, can weep!
This *Deluge* of our Eyes
May help to make his *Coffin* riſe,
Like *Noah's Ark*, and raiſe it to the Skies.

When we have wept all this, we may have fears,
The *Briny Ocean* of our tears
Not half enough appears:
For judge by what we loſt,
(Our *Country's* nay our *Nation's* boaſt)
If tears, or words can give ſufficient coſt.

How beautiful each look, each line of's Face?
Each limb, each motion had a grace;
Nature in him did place
What either Sex thinks rare;
Tall, and yet lovely; ſtrong yet fair;
Venus and *Mars* in him compounded were.

Tho *Nature* to his *Body* was ſo kind;
Yet not content, he ſought to find
The beauties of the *Mind*,

At all perfections vies;
Charming his Looks as *Ladies* Eyes;
Bold as young *Heroes*, as old *Doctors*, wise.

His powr'ful Wit had ſuch an Empire gain'd;
It every Subject could command,
And all its Foes withſtand.
Fro' th' Schools it firſt did come;
As conq'ring *Cæſar* did from *Rome*,
Till ſtrong enough to rule its native home.

He who had gone ſo far, might well have ſtaid;
But like a man that thrives o' th Trade,
He further progreſs made:
Like Rich men he ſought more;
Tho he had treaſures heap'd in ſtore,
Yet free from pride, he thought himſelf but poor.

Death did, alas, all theſe fair hopes betray;
As Bloſſoms in a Froſty day,
Drop from a *Tree* in *May*.
His *Autumn* was not ſlow;
And yet ſurpriz'd by *Winter* ſo,
His fruit lyes bury'd now in *Sheets* of *Snow*.

Tho whilſt alive we ſcarcely ſaw him right;
His worth will now come more in ſight:
As *Stars* ſhine moſt by night.
Why then ſhould fooliſh I,
To raiſe his fame thus vainly try,
When things eternal can themſelves ſupply?

The FRIEND. 1669.

Epitaph upon Roger Waldron, *Esquire.*

READER, what pale cold Guest
Under this *speaking Stone* does rest,
Is by these faithful lines expreſt.

One of an ancient *Name*,
Who left as full and clear a fame
To's *Children*, as fro's *Grandſires* came.

Nature to him did lend
A Heart, that knew no other end,
But how to love, and ſerve his Friend.

His humour rightly plac'd,
And ſo by converſation grac'd;
It, *manna* like, did pleaſe each Taſt.

This is no flatt'ring dreſs;
For Envy's ſelf muſt needs confeſs
Truth and a *Friend* could ſay no leſs.

YORK. 1670.

A Prologue for a Company of Players *leaving* London *for* York, *upon their firſt appearance.*

METHINKS you all look here, as you would know,
Why we left *London* to attend on you.

I'th'

I' th' first place, we could stay no longer there,
Because new *Playes* were both so bad, and dear,
We could not thrive o'th' trade: for each Wit now
Regards far more his *Belly*, than his *Brow*.
The second thing that made us to retire,
Alas, the *Mercer's* Books escap'd the *Fire*!
The third, the *Gallants* were so worn, they must
Not see a *Play*, unless it were on trust:
But with us *Infidels* that would not do;
Our *Pit*, and Women then they'd *enter* too,
And no *admittance* pay: But we were loth
----*Cuckolds* to be, and *Beggars* both.

But the grand mover of our forc'd retreat;
We were inspir'd by *Prophecies* and *Fate*.
Tho *London* the *Metropolis* be known;
York has the grandeur in reversion.
And *Shipton's Prophecies* may now prove true;
Since we have *London* left to wait on you.

Epilogue.

MEre thanks make but a slender shew,
When for great favours more are due;
Yet, Gentlemen, they're all we have for you.

But wee'l indeavour to repay
The Time, the Coin you cast away;
Wee'l tell you how, if you but please to stay.

For those three hours you here shall sit;
Wee'l give you Scenes of Mirth, and Wit;
Such as the *Poet* ne'r in three Months writ.

Then with our *Jewels* we deviſe
To pay the Ladies back that prize,
Which we each day ſhall purchaſe from their Eyes.

Yet here we have a hard *Task* met:
Tho ours were right, and richly ſet,
Ladies, your Eyes would make 'em counterfeit.

Our gen'rous freeneſs then to ſhow;
For th' *Money* you on us beſtow,
Wee'l ſpend it all amongſt you e're we go.

The VILLIERS. 1671.

To my honour'd Friend, Sir George Villiers, *Bar.*

YOU from the *Vulgar* are far off remov'd,
Where 'tis diſparagement ev'n to be lov'd.
Yet as we ſee the greater *Worlds* bright eye
Warms all below, whilſt it does move on high;
So, you forget the State to which you're born;
Your goodneſs pardons what your height may ſcorn.
And yet 'tis true that to your ſelf you owe
Th' officious troubles their reſpects beſtow.
For were you but leſs worthy, or more proud,
You'd ſoon be free from the adoring croud.
But ſuch attractive Virtues take their place
Always in ſome of your illuſtrious Race;
That in each Age Fame does 'em juſtly ſing
True *Fav'rites* to their *Country*, or their *King*.
A glorious truth! ſince from your *Grandſire* came
He (who was juſtly both) great *Buckingham*.

Your

*Your *Brooksby* boasts, we her may justly bless
For th' honour o' th' last age, the love of this.
And yet here springs a doubt, whether's more due,
This boast to your brave *Ancestors*, or you.
You who reflect their worth, and makes us see
Both what they were, and what your *Son* will be.

* Where *Bucking.* was born; one of Sir *G.V.* his Lordships.

The VALENTINE. 1671.

To Mrs. J. M. *bestowing a Present in a Letter.*

DID not sufficiently my glory shine,
When you acknowledg'd me your *Valentine?*
But you must add new *Trophies* to your praise,
And make that *Vassal* rich you pleas'd to raise?
Thus generous *Princes*, when their pow'rs they show,
They *Titles* first, and then *Estates* bestow.
Madam, in this with *Heav'n* you share renown;
Which makes a *Saint*, and after gives a *Crown.*
Your costly gift though too too rich before,
Yet you with richer lines have gilded o're.
Lines, where each word, nay letter may be fit,
To prove a *Cordial* to decaying Wit.
A favour which at once I cannot know;
Since at each reading I see new ones grow:
Like th' *Orange-Tree*, whose fruit at once, and bloom
Blesses this Season, and the next to come.
But we, alas, who're only rich in dreams
Of *Golden Sands*, that pave *Pactolus* Streams.
Yet sadly find (when seriously we think)
No *Sand* but *Pinduſt*, and no *Stream* but *Ink*;

We can make no returns but thanks, and those
Would sound too flat, if only drest in *Prose*.
Your favour was obliging to excess;
'Tis fit my Gratitude should be no less.
And no expressions here can act that part,
Unless they be extracted from the heart.
Neither can these their purposes obtain,
If not in *Verse*, th' *Elixir* of the *Brain*.
Thus, *Madam*, when you have my chiefest store
Of brain, and heart, 'tis vain to offer more.

DANGEROUS SAFETY. 1671.

To the Honourable Mrs. Chaworth.

SOL (tho his *Throne* be in the *Skies*)
Vouchsafes the courtship of our Eyes.
We are as much oblig'd to you,
Blest with the favour of your view.
And tho from us you're so much rais'd,
That it's below you to be prais'd;
Yet 'tis our duty to admire,
And honour you without desire.
Our *Lowness* guards us; and our share
Of safety comes from our *Despair*.
Our thoughts are daunted at your sight:
Thus *salvage Beasts* are tam'd with *Light*.
Such fainting hopes cannot succeed;
Our thoughts against our selves we breed:
|| Poor *Grecians* thus inslaved were
By *Children*, which themselves did bear.
The two-edg'd Sword of your bright Eyes
Keeps back the croud of amorous sighs.

|| A Tribute of their children; whence are made the *Spachi* and *Janizaries*, the strength of the *Turks*.

Your

Your *Roſes*, and your *Lillies* are
Safe-fenc'd againſt preſumptuous Air.
We know your Virtues, and we prize
The charming Glories of your Eyes;
But this can no more good bequeath,
Than *Wine* to *Perſons* doom'd to death:
Like tortur'd *Souls*, who know that bliſs
Which they're, alas, condemn'd to miſs.

The RESCUE. 1672.

To Mrs. D. C. Whoſe name being left after drawing Valentines and caſt into the Fire, was ſnatcht out.

FOrtune, that does the World ſubdue,
Submits her Empire here to you.
Your ſmiles can fix her changing ſtate,
And ſpight of her can bliſs create.
Henceforth you will more courted be,
And have more *Altars* far than ſhe.
You need not her Advancements mind,
No more than *Light* to be refin'd.
Compoſt is vain for your rich *Soil*;
Your *Di'mond* ſhines without a *foil*;
And you have ſuch an awful flame,
She durſt not meddle with your *Name*.
Which ſcorn'd her Laws, and would not be
Subſervient to her *Lottery*.
She rag'd with fury at the ſlight,
Aping the *Syrian Tyrant*'s ſpite; *Nebuchadonezer.*
That did to flames thoſe Perſons vow,
Who would not to his *Idol* bow.

I, like the *Angel*, did aſpire,
Your *Name* to reſcue from the fire.
My Zeal ſucceeded for your *Name*;
But I, alas, caught all the flame!
A meaner off'ring thus ſuffic'd,
And *Iſaac* was not ſacrific'd.

The REFORMADO. 1672.

Upon a certain Levite who had tryed many Sects, writing bald Acroſticks againſt Mr. R. W.

INlighten'd by his fiery rant,
I find out *George*, but not the *Saint*.
His Idle Phrenſie makes it gheſt,
Tho not inſpir'd, he is poſſeſt.
The ancient *Jews* for cure did play,
And *Fiend* at *Muſick* fled away.
But here, alas, our modern *Jew*
Is both the *Fiend*, and *Fidler* too.

Stumbling in his *Acroſtick* way,
Look how his *Muſes* feet are ſplay.
From letter they to letter ſtride:
As *Cripples* upon *Crutches* ride.
George, the fierce *Dogril*, tortures *Verſe*,
'Till every *Sheet* becomes an *Herſe*.
For as that *Tyrant*'s cruel wit *Procruſtes.*
Made each man's legs his *Bed-ſtead* fit;
So here's a foot rackt to reach *G*,
And here's one lopt to ſize with *D*.

When

When Verſe does in *Acroſticks* lie,
The tortur'd ſenſe lies gaſping by.
Look but with what a painful pride,
His *Pegaſus* does trammel'd ride.
Like *Baker*'s Palfry thorough pac'd;
An *Iſſachar* 'twixt *Panniers* plac'd.
But he pretends to *Helicon*,
As *Prieſt* of the *Prophetick Tun*.
For as of old, the *Delphian Knave*,
Inſpir'd fro' th' hole of *Sybil*'s *Cave*,
With glowing Cheeks and ſtaring Eyes
Half mad did from the *Tripos* riſe;
And then with odd phrenetick zeal
The fates of Mortals did reveal:
So when prophetick *George* does come
From ſage *Eliza*'s *lower room*;
Inſpir'd with falſe outragious zeal,
With brains and cheeks red hot with Ale,
Having firſt ſet his *Mouth* to *Bung*;
His chanting *Oracles* are ſung.

Deep *George* in ancient *Saws* delights;
A *Grecian* only in their *Rites*.
With pious fictions, impious jeſts,
And *Revels* fitting *Sibyl*'s Prieſts,
Reeling from *Bacchanalian* feaſts.

If old *Pythagoras* rule hold true,
How each ſoul tranſmigrates a new;
That unfledg'd *Muſe* in former times
Which flutter'd into *Hopkin*'s Rhymes,
Being lured now to *George* his uſe,
Seems tranſmigrated to a *Gooſe*.

But such a *Goose* whose gagling bawl,
Is hir'd to serve the *Capitol*.
His Faith, as well as Wit, is known
To've suffer'd *Transmigration*:
For having learnt the *Garb* and *Caw*,
It transmigrated to a *Daw*.
And *Jack-daw*-like in *Church* did rest,
Till the foul Bird defil'd its nest.
Then, *Dormouse* like, made its repair
T' a *Meeting-house*, with twilight pray'r,
And roosted in a *Cobler's Chair*;
Till to a *Drake* it did arrive,
And with the *Dipper* learnt to dive.
Then *Raven*-like the *Air* did coast,
And hover'd over *Cromwel's Host*;
Incouraging that *Tyrant's* crime,
Its *Feathers* took a deeper grime.
Yet, as old *Nick* would fain seem white,
To ape the glorious Sons of light;
So *George* in *Surplice* now does lurk,
Gaining this Title for his work,
George- Bajazet the *Christian Turk*.

The CONTEST. 1673.

Upon the death of my dear S. Mrs. M. S.

DEar precious Soul! tho now thou shin'st more bright
Than new born *Phœbus*, swath'd about with light;
Accept this gloomy, tho free Sacrifice;
If it can pierce the mounting Clouds of Sighs.
My Grief, and Love (like two fierce storms) contest,
And raise an Earthquake in my trembling breast,

Both

Both ſtrive for maſtery, yet neither yield;
Grief ſometimes, and Love ſometimes gains the Field;
As two ſtout *Mutineers* in *Fortreſs* penn'd,
Ruine that Place by ſtrife, they ſhould defend.

O! that our Souls, of a cœleſtial Race,
And neither circumſcrib'd to time or place; (arts
Should (whilſt they're clog'd with fleſh) not have the
T' obey the motions of our loving Hearts;
Each other (tho at diſtances) to greet,
And at each moment in imbraces meet.
But we ſhall meet e're long, tho I be ſlow,
And with mine unfledg'd Pinnions ſtay below.
Thy Soul (being born on glorious Angels wings)
And guided by thoſe bright and friendly things,
Did get the ſtart, and fly to Heav'n before me,
Altho I ſet out fourteen years before thee.
But none can be the glorious *Bridegroom*'s *Gueſt*,
Unleſs accouter'd for the *Wedding-Feaſt*.
They're thruſt, alas, as bold *Pretenders* thence,
Who glitter not in robes of *Innocence*;
Shine not in *Chaſtity*, *Devotion*, *Peace*,
Humility, and ſuch like Gems as theſe.

Thou having gain'd thoſe *Ornaments* before,
And brought by *Angels* as a *fitting Gueſt*;
Saint Peter open'd ſoon the *ſhining Door*,
And gladly let thee in amongſt the reſt.

The

The RICH PURCHASE. 1673.

To the honourable Mrs. Chaworth, *commanding two of my Tragedies.*

THE *Town*'s applauſe is but a dream;
You are my *Theater*, and *Theme*.
'Tis you that kindle *Fancies* fire;
Whoſe every ſmile does Wit inſpire,
The *Muſes*, nay the *Graces* too,
Were only *dusky Types* of you.
More influence does in one Eye
Of yours, than whole *Apollo* lye.
And you muſt merit moſt eſteem;
Who make thoſe *Poets*, that make him.
That Wit we labour for with pain,
More happy you by *Nature* gain.
And *Virtue* which from *Rules* we own,
Is, *Madam*, your *Complexion*.
Our bliſs you only muſt create;
If we can faintly imitate.
But that will be as hardly done,
As for ſmall *Lamps* t'out-ſhine the *Sun*.
Yet Heav'n will thoſe *Devoto*'s fit
For glory, that but aim at it:
Thus I may gain by giving praiſe;
And off'ring *Lawrels*, purchaſe *Bays*.

POE-

POETICAL PLENTY. 1673.

To my good friend Mr. Ar. Lomaex, *ſaying, I had not yet learn'd to ballance my Expences, nor either of us guilty of hoarding Money.*

BAllance *Expences Friend*! ſure thou doſt gheſs
I'm damnably given to exceſs,
Or *Purſe* than *Stomack* leſs:
Neither's to great, I ſwear;
Yet I might purchaſe better chear,
If I that knack of *Drinking* could forbear.

I'le rather learn the Science how to ſteal,
Than be preſcribed for my Meal
Thin broath and *Racks* of Veal.
I'm yet in no ſuch ſtrait,
Beſieged by my wants, or fate,
Like ſterv'd-out *Towns*, to eat, and drink by weight.

'Tis Tyranny to any free-born heart,
To be confined to a *quart*;
I'le rather have no part.
Set-diet ſhews a want,
And danger too; ſince *Caſuiſts* grant
Our Grandam *Eve* ſin'd chiefly by *reſtraint*.

My ſelf to famiſh to increaſe my ſtore,
Is to take pains how to be poor;
I'le rather run o'th' Score.
For I would rather fear
Grim Judges and their *Sentence* hear,
Than be my ſelf my *Executioner*.

If

If thou'rt not rich, thou would'ſt not Fates obey,
Who ſet thee in a ready way,
But led me quite aſtray:
For *Megs*, with tempting light,
(Which are the *Muſes*, as ſome write)
Dazled mine Eyes, and did miſlead me quite.

Theſe *Dalila*'s they tempted out mine Eyes,
And made me grope like fooliſh Boys,
For praiſe and *Wreaths*, mere Toys!
When that care (ſome will ſay)
If but turn'd downwards (the right way)
Had digg'd up *Gold*, as ſoon as pluck't the *Bay*.

But fam'd *Parnaſſus*, and the Silver ſtream
Of too-bewitching *Hippocrene*,
Me from thoſe thoughts did wean:
They, like ſome *Fairy Land*,
Or like ſcortch'd *Affrick* flatt'ring ſtand.
With pleaſant Shores, but full of barren Sand.

'Tis true, we pleaſe our Fancies, and can tow'r,
Like chirping *Larks* after a ſhower;
But 'tis not in our power
In that ſtate to remain;
But to the Earth we fall again,
Eying the *Sun*'s bright *Gold*, we ne'r obtain.

Yet for all this, I muſt the *Muſes* love;
Conſtrain'd by ſome odd Pow'r above,
Tho they unkindly prove:
Inſlav'd thus by our Fate
Is our mad Sex, that cannot hate
Woman, that ruin'd firſt our happy ſtate.

Thoſe

Thoſe ſweet *Devourers* by our ſelves are nurſt:
As from his ſide old *Adam* firſt
Gave what him after curſt.
Each *Poet Adam* is,
His *Muſe* an *Eve*, who makes him miſs,
With falſe pretences tempting him from bliſs.

Thou Damn'd inchanting *Wealth*, alluring *Hagg*!
Keep in thy ſmoth'ring *Hell*, thy *Bag*,
And make not me thy brag.
Whilſt I but thought of thee;
Such is thy devilliſh *Witchery*,
I was infected with thy *Hereſie*.

Wouldſt thou turn me a *Rebel*? have me ſeen
To take up Arms againſt my *Queen*?
Hold, hold, my ſwelling *Spleen*!
Wouldſt ſtop my *Muſes Song*?
Like that baſe *Wretch*, who did the wrong
To *Philomel*, and then cut out her tongue?

Pardon *Apollo*, and you *Muſes nine*;
Tho your *Hill*'s bare it is a ſign
It does infold a *Mine*.
Yet, fool, how was I craz'd,
Like ſilly *Conjurers*, amaz'd
With *Apparitions*, that my ſelf had raiſ'd?

Poets are counted poor; 'tis true; but know
They riches have, they will not ſhow:
Deep *Rivers* ſilent flow.
There is a *Place* they call,
At *Rome*, Saint *Peter*'s *Hoſpital*,
And yet the *Pots* and *Diſhes Silver* all.

They

They have no ſhining *Oar*, no pleaſing *Chink*;
Yet find in *Verſe* a *ſweeter clink*,
And glitter in their *Ink*.
Such wealth will not deny
Them *Wings*, with *Gold* they cannot fly,
'Tis th' heavi'ſt *Metal*, and with *Dirt* muſt lye.

Gold is the droſs, and *Wit* the precious *Oar*;
Whilſt *Poets* do injoy that ſtore,
How can they be call'd poor?
This tho the World gain-ſay;
It, like bad *Chymiſts*, throws away
The purer *Metal* keeping the *Allay*.

Apollo's ſo atttractive, ſome we ſee
Would leave their *Infidelity*,
And real *Converts* be:
They gladly would compound,
And now his *Temples* do ſurround:
Thus *Chriſtian Churches* with the *Turks* are found.

Such *Hereticks*, who have been ſo profane;
All their devotion will be vain
Before his Sacred *Fane*:
For none ſuch can be gheſt
Worthy to be *Apollo*'s *Prieſt*;
Some whining *Clerk*, or *Deacon* at the beſt.

Then let us charily keep cloſe our Skill,
As they do all their Treaſure ſtill;
Soon change with us they will:

Elſe

Else when they come to dye,
How will they get an *Elegy*?
For *Poets* when unpaid, will never lye.

The NEW-YEAR'S GIFT. 1674.

To the honourable Mrs. Chaworth.

COME, great *Apollo* now, and shew thy might;
Thou glorious *Patron* both of *Wit* and *Light*.
From those two gifts, the greatest comfort's hurl'd,
Both on the greater, and the lesser *World*.
Advance some *Present* worthy of her Eyes;
But that will quite impoverish thy *Skies*.
And yet thou may'st those Treasures safely spare,
Since she'l once bring more Beauties than are there.
Yet keep 'em to thy self, so thou'lt bestow
Some of those treasures, that thou mak'st below.
Gold is thy work, tho, not as *Dryden* said,
When under *Turfs* to hatch by *Indians* laid.
The ghess this way more probably is told;
For when thou pour'st on earth thy *molten Gold*,
(Which ev'ry night ascends to thee again)
Gold is the *Dross*, that does below remain,
The *Rocks* of *Ormus*, and of *Bengelay*,
In whose dark *Caves Jewels* create a day;
Thou mak'st those *Gems* (whose light thy lustre mocks)
Fine exudations of those pregnant *Rocks*?
Thy *Rayes* contracted into drops, are found
The cause o' th' lustre of the *Diamond*.
When thou, for thy refreshures every night,
Dives to imbrace thy beauties *Amphitrite*;

Thoſe pleaſant *Coral Groves* i'th' *Deeps* below,
Bleſt by thy ſmiles obtain their tincture ſo.
And glitt'ring *Pearls*, fixt on the roots of *Rocks*,
Are dew-drops ſhaken from thy ſhining *Locks*.
From thoſe bright *Pearls* either a *Neck-lace* ſpare,
Which by her *Skin* improv'd, may turn more fair:
Or from thoſe *Diamonds* vouchſafe ſupplies;
Which will gain brighter luſtre from her *Eyes*:
At which ſome of the brighteſt ſham'd will grow,
And by their bluſhes turn to *Rubies* ſo:
Or with ſome *Coral branches* be but kind,
And in her *Lips* they'l richer Scarlet find:
Or grant me *Saphires*, and their fainter ſtayns
Shall take a purer *Azure* from her *Veins*.
Or if to give them all thou'lt be ſo kind;
They'l yield to th' treaſures of her richer *Mind*.
At theſe great truths *Apollo*, 'ſham'd, withdrew;
Sham'd to be baffled and out-ſhin'd by you:
His treaſures, and his favours now denies.
But, *Madam*, I hope greater from your Eyes.
The heavenly pow'rs thus their acceptance ſhow
Of Duties, by the Bleſſings they beſtow.
And tho your *merits* to ſuch heights are rais'd,
That my weak Eyes to ſee them are amaz'd,
You've too much light not to be ſeen and prais'd.
Altho I am unfit your praiſe to write,
Some dusky gleams flaſh from the darkeſt night.
Virtue's adorn'd enough with Native rayes,
Needing no garniſh from a Poet's praiſe;
Yet juſt repute may add to Virtues height:
As curious *Pictures* are advanc'd by *light*.

Your

Your ſmiles I crave not, only beg a glance,
Since honour'd by your *Fathers* countenance;
That *noble Lord!* to whom ſuch fame is due
From all the *World*, becauſe he gave it you.
In whom he paid more than himſelf did coſt;
Tho from his Blood great *Monarchs* make their boaſt
Judge of this truth ſince the *Lancaſtrian* Line
Vouchſaf'd its glorious beams with his to joyn.
Its *Roſe*, tho crimſon'd with its *native flood*,
Yet took rich tinctures from *Cadurcis blood*. *Vid. Heylins Coſmogr. pag.*
For tis a doubt, whether more fame is due,
To come from *Kings*, or *Kings* to come from you.
Since *Bleſſings* by that *Match* did ſo abound;
That many *Princes* ſprung from thence were *crown'd*;
I muſt beg pardon to preſume it due
For ſome of them to give a *Crown* to you.

BEAUTIES PERIPHRASIS. 1674.

To Mrs. E. W.

MY *Muſe*, more happy far than I,
Has long my *Miſtris Hand-maid* been,
Us'd to unlace, unpin, untye,
And has all her Perfections ſeen.

On *New-years* day I 'ſpy'd my *Madam*;
She and the Year both in their prime,
More freſh, than was the *Miſs* of *Adam*
Sprung from the *Maiden-head* of *Time*.

Her *Garments* I will first disclose;
Then naked lay my blushing *Queen*,
The same procedure has the *Rose*;
First *Leaves*, and then the *Bud* is seen.

Her *Hoods* sometimes her Beauties hide;
Which custom may be well allow'd;
Since *Sol*'s bright *Face* in all his pride,
Is often hid beyond a *Cloud*.

Her *Visard-mask*, that hides her face,
Declares more cruelty than state;
She looks as *Beauty Prisoner* was,
And peeping through a double *grate*.

Amongst her *Curls* she *Jewels* wears,
All glittering with those shining *drops*:
Which like *Aurora*'s *pearly Tears*,
Sit trembling on the *Lillies* tops.

If we consider worth or state;
The *Diamond neck-lace* that she wears,
May challenge *Ariadne*'s fate,
And turn into a *wreath of Stars*.

Her costly *Points* by *Artists* fram'd,
Like *Wings* of *Cherubims* imbrace
Her swelling *Breasts*; which once I nam'd
(Unjustly tho) the *Mercy-place*.

Her *Gowns*, tho rich, and worthy pride,
Lock up the beauties of her youth:
Like cloudy *Parables* that hide
The glorious majesty of *Truth*.

Her *Gloves* are like the tender *Rind*
Of that rare *Plant*, that ſweateth *Balm*,
The truth of this you'd quickly find,
If you but kiſt her *melting Palm*.

Through *ſcarlet-ſtockins* ſhines her *Skin*:
Light pierces thus *red-painted Glaſſes*.
Ten ſhining *Pearls* inclos'd within,
Are lockt up in thoſe *ruby Caſes*.

Her *Shoos* with envy I did prize,
And wiſh'd my ſelf be ſo grac'd;
Stor'd with two pair of open *Eyes*,
For tempting objects rightly plac'd.

Her envious *Smock* tho hid my bliſs:
Thus *Snow* ſtrikes earneſt gazers blind;
All may be ſeen when thaw'd it is
By *Love*, that *Sun-ſhine* of the *Mind*.

Her *Beauties* are cloath'd o're with light,
Not here expos'd to wild deſires;
Such thoughts, the beams of vertue fright:
As rav'nous *Beaſts* retreat from *fires*.

Her *Hair* may juſtly make her prouder
Than *Queens* who to their *Crowns* were born;
And looks when candy'd o're with powder,
Like *Sun-beams* in a *rimy morn*'.

A curious chryſtal *prop* (*her Noſe*)
Supports the *Arches* of her *Skies*.
Her *Front* the *chryſtalline Heaven* ſhows,
Studded with ſhining *Stars*, her *Eyes*.

Each *Cheek* like to a *Roseal Grove*,
Where thousand *Cupids* sporting lye;
Whetting their several *Darts* of Love;
Her *Brows* the *Bows* from whence they flye.

Her *simpring Mouth* such charms declare,
Which *Rhetorick* never could produce;
Her *Lips*, like *full-ripe Cherries*, are
Preserv'd in their own natural *Juyce*.

Her *Breath* more sweet than *perfum'd gales*,
That from *Arabian Gardens* blow;
Or those which sweep the *Indian Vales*,
Where *Jasmins* in their vigours grow.

Such treasures of her Breath and Tongue,
Ought not to be too much expos'd;
Hence Fate, to bulwark them from wrong,
With double fence of *Pearls* inclos'd.

Her *Shoulders Beauty's Atlas* are,
But coverd with a purer *Snow*;
And far a richer burden bear
Of Beauties, and of Glories too.

Her *Breasts* a pair of *Ivory Bowls*,
With *Biasses* of *Rubies* nail'd:
Or else two whitest *Paper-scrouls*,
Which *Nature* had with *red-wax* seal'd.

Beneath those *Hills* a *Valley* spread;
Where *Violets* and *Lillies* strove;
Through which a perfum'd *Path* did lead,
Directing to th' *Elisian Grove*.

Her

Her *Back-side* two round ſnowy *Mountains*,
Which 'twixt 'em did a *Valley* hide;
In which did ſpring a pair of *Fountains*,
Where *Gold* and *Silver* ſtreams did glide.

Her *Knees*, I thoſe rare *Hinges* named,
On which this beauteous *Fabrick* mov'd;
Her *Thighs*, the *Columns* ſtrongly framed
On which my ſtately *Temple* ſtood.

Thus have I vowed, ſworn, proteſted,
To lift my *Miſtris* to the Sky;
Yet, cruel ſhe, thinks I but jeſted;
And, by my troth, Sirs, ſo think I.

REPOSE. 1674.

To Mr. W. W. *of* Grantham.

NOT for the reaſon others do,
It is I now ſollicit you:
A juſter cauſe deſigns my choice;
It is for your ſake, not your *Boyes*.
Exceſs of ſtudy does you wrong;
A *Bow* may break that's bent too long.
The Heav'nly *Bow* (whoſe laſting ſtuff,
Would make one think it ſtrong enough)
Is not bent always, but allow'd
To be cas'd up within a *Cloud*.

Let none here mock at what is ſaid;
For *Archery* is there a *Trade*.

Dian, *Apollo*, *Archers* good;
And *Cupid* is their *Robin Hood*,
Long shining *Darts Apollo* shoots;
Th' *Antipodes*, and we his *Butts*.
Yet when 'tis night his *Bow* unbends,
And *Arrows* to his *Sister* lends;
Who buckles to't (her skill to show)
'Till she become the very *Bow*.
And when she's at the utmost bent,
Her *Darts* with brightest *Piles* are lent;
Yet she by day refreshment seeks.
Then *Cupid* mostly shoots at *Pricks*;
And when at *Butts* the *motto* nicks.
Strange *marks-man*, who ne'r misses aim,
Yet slacks his *string* at every Game.
Moisture, (that *heart-blood* of the *Earth*)
From whence all things derive their birth,
Shrinks sometimes to the Springs i' th' *Deep*,
That so it may its vigours keep.
Sap (that *prolifick Sperm* of *Trees*)
Bestows its blessings by degrees;
Blossoms and *Leaves* it gives i' th' *Spring*;
And does its fruit in *Autumn* bring;
In *Winter* tho retires to th' *Deep*,
New strengths to gain or old to keep.
The *Soul* (that bright coelestial *Guest*)
Altho eternal, seeks for rest.
Nor can this *Ease* be a disgrace;
Since *Heav'n*'s the chiefest resting place.

The

The GROVE. 1675.

Some thoughts dedicated to the Nymphs of the pleaſant Grove at S. *belonging to my moſt honour'd Friend* Peniſton Whalley *Eſq.*

HOw am I in an inſtant bleſt?
This *Grove* affords ſome chearful Gueſt,
A ſtranger to my wounded breaſt.

But how can *Muſick* there be found,
Where daunting cares have made a wound?
Yet breaking *Heart-ſtrings* yield a ſound.

But now my *Creſt-fall'n* thoughts aſpire;
As *Saul's* black humours did retire,
Before the *twangs* of *David's lire.*

Verſe has ſuch charms, It can advance
A captive Soul from helliſh Trance,
Can bridle *Dolphins*, make *Beaſts* dance.

But ſtay, I doubt this boaſted grace
Denies its riſe from my dull layes;
And owes its Being to this place.

As *Prieſts* of old were not inſpir'd,
Their breaſts with ſacred heat ne'r fir'd,
'Till they into their *Groves* retir'd.

Nor came this Virtue from the *Trees*,
Nor from the *Prophet's Rapſodies*,
But from the *Neighb'ring Deities.*

None

None views this *Grove* but soon allows
It is a *Temple* roof'd with Boughs;
Where faithful *Lovers* pay their *Vows*.

And that betwixt the *Leaves*, those spaces
(Through which the prying *Sun-shine* passes)
Seem quarter'd *Panes* of *Chrystal* Glasses.

Then *Nature* here each year does bring
The sweet-tongu'd *Black-coats* of the *Spring*,
With other *Choristers* to sing.

Who to this service are ordain'd,
From its *Revenues* are maintain'd,
With *Berries* from the *Bushes* gain'd.

Yet if you take a neerer view,
The *Simile* will seem more true;
This *Temple* has its *Scriptures* too.

Upon the *Barks*, with curious slit,
Devotion is ingrav'd with Wit,
And by some *Goddess Fingers* writ.

Whose adoration, merit, fame,
Shall still inlarge, as does the *Name*,
Which *thrives* till it *out-grows* the *frame*.

Nor do the *Trees* confus'dly stand;
But *rank'd*, and *fil'd* as they were trayn'd
By the *Commanders* skilful hand.

Each

Each row of sturdy *Oaks* appears
Squadrons of *English Musketeers*;
The *Acorns Shot*, *Leaves Bandileers*.

Those stands of *Ashes* strongly spread,
Like our stout *Pike men*, void of dread;
With *Keys*, like *Fringe* about each *head*.

Here *Elms*: whose bending Boughs retain
The shapes of our old *Bows* in vain;
Never to conquer *France* again.

Those *Aspen-trees*, like *French*, look high;
As they would scale the very sky;
Yet shake, whilst *English Elms* are by.

The *Willows* here like *Dutchmen* show;
All sap, not good for *Pyke* or *Bow*;
And only will by *Waters* grow.

Thrice happy *Trees*, where future times
(Not clouded with our present crimes)
Shall in their *Barks* read amorous rhymes.

For who can greater Wit desire
Than that, which *Beauty* does inspire?
Verse then is cloath'd in *Queens* attire.

It needs must be a happy sight,
The golden age did first delight
All Verse in *Rynds* of *Trees* to write.

Tho *Bayes* and *Lawrels* ſtill abound,
Nobler rewards will then be found;
They'l with their *Ladies Names* be crown'd.

Each then muſt lofty *numbers* frame,
Whilſt ſhe thereto ſubſcribes her *Name*;
'Twill be at once, *Reward* and *Theme*.

If I that happy fate could prove,
Incourag'd by thoſe Eyes I love;
This ſhould out-vye *Dodona's Grove*.

But as I firſt with cares were croſt;
Theſe thoughts have ſo my Soul ingroſt,
That I am in this *Laby'rinth* loſt.

When loe! as I did gaze about,
I ſaw a *Path*, which (without doubt)
As't leades them in, will lead me out.

With *Lady-Smocks*, and *Dayes-Eyes* white;
The very *Path* they tread are bright:
So the *Sun's tracks* are *pav'd* with *Light*.

The RENT. 1675.

To the honourable Lady, Mrs. Chaworth.

Advice againſt envious Reports.

MY *Rent-day's* come, and I muſt pay.
Nor muſt your plenty make me ſtay,
Leſt I grow poorer by delay.

For-

Forbearance but unkind appears;
And the poor *Tenant*'s juſteſt fears
May be deduc'd from long *Arrears*.

Whilſt either *Wit* or *Fancy* grows,
They're yours; but when depriv'd of thoſe,
I muſt be forc'd to pay in *Proſe*.

Decaying Farmers thus lament;
When their beſt *Stock*, and *Mony*'s ſpent,
Their very *Raggs* are ſeiz'd for *Rent*.

This is a *Quit-rent* yearly paid;
By which my *Title*'s ſurer made;
Th' *Eſtate* elſe may be forfeited.

Tho ſuch mean *Homages* you ſcorn;
Yet ſome, to noble Fortunes born,
Take nothing but a *Pepper-Corn*.

For theſe poor *Rhymes*, a pretty Cloak!
Words vaniſh with the breath th' are ſpoke:
Yet *Sacrifices* went in *Smoak*.

Truth's a great *Empreſs*, and will reign:
This *New-years-Gifts* pretence is vain;
It is not ſo much *Gift* as *gain*.

Thus our *Devotions*, when moſt hot,
Pay dues to Heav'n that needs 'em not;
We profit by the pious *Plot*.

Heaven at the *Heart* did ever aim,
Far more than at the coſtly flame
Which from the *Sacred Altar* came.

Who would not ſuch a *Goodneſs* truſt,
That grateful is to worthleſs *Duſt*;
And makes them happy that are juſt.

My *Duty* ſuch procedures know;
Since I in paying what I ow,
Purchaſe that fame I would beſtow.

But whence can I that *Patent* claim,
Either to give, or purchaſe fame?
Who nothing knows of it but name?

Nor is it more than *fleeting Air*;
Untill condens'd (by *Poet*'s care)
To *Jewels* for each *Ladies* Ear.

Your worth ſuch rich *Materials* brings,
Wherewith to make thoſe precious things,
Fit both for *Ears*, and *Crowns* of *Kings*.

Diſturb not then your ſelf, but ſhun
Th' effects of *Envy*, for 'tis known
Obnoxious *Vapours* cloud the *Sun*.

Vertue's a *Piramid* of Light,
Attracting dazling Gazer's ſight,
And envious *ſhades* attend its *height*.

With native *Balſam* eaſe your pain:
Tho *Skies* o'recaſt, and turn to *Rain*;
Thoſe drops inrich the *Earth* with *Grain*.

Time

Time calms rough tempeſts, raging Seas?
No *Storms* can wreck an inward Peace;
Wrong'd Worth, like bruis'd Perfumes, increaſe.

Reports, like *Darts of Reed*, when ſhot
At a right *Breaſt-plate*, hurt it not;
You, Madam, have ſuch *Armour* got.

There cannot be a ſurer fence
Than yours; whoſe *Guard* is *Innocence*,
And whoſe *Deſires* are free'd from *ſenſe*.

To raiſe the meaneſt doubt's a Sin:
She muſt the nobleſt *Trophies* win,
Whoſe *Fort's* impregnable within.

In her a pow'r reſiſtleſs lies,
Who bears *Artillery* in her Eyes;
And conquers *Death's* ſelf when ſhe dies.

OLYMPUS. 1675.

Spoken by Mrs. P. L. *to the right honourable the Lord and Lady* Roos, *at* Belvoir, *before a Play; ſhe ſtarting up, as riſing from the dead.*

BLeſſings upon thoſe Eyes! whoſe pow'rful ſhine
Has open'd mine.
The *pointed raies* that from your *Glories* broke,
Like *Sun-beams*, glanc'd on me, and I awoke.
Your rich intenſive Light
Broke through the Clouds of Nature's deepeſt Night.
Bright

Bright Twins! your *Sun-like* power
Reviv'd a drooping *Flower*,
And made it grow
From *Winding-sheets* and *Graves* of *Snow*.
May Smiles, Joyes, Loves, attend your sight;
For thence they gain their choicest light.
From you may ghastly Objects fly,
As gloomy shades fro' th' morning Sky.
Nothing that can frightful be
To Innocence, or purity,
Can in this *Orbe* appear;
No more than darkness in the upper Sphear.
If th' *Issue* of the Poets brain,
Either were obscene, or vain;
We cleans'd his *Muse*;
Like *muddy Carps* in *springing Stews*.
If in the *Cradle* any thing seem'd wild;
We *circumciz'd* the *Child*;
And tam'd its wanton rage:
Thus *Priests* i' th' *Golden-Age*
Only thought the *Sacrifice*
Worthy to ascend the *Skies*;
When the *Smoak* vanish'd, and the *flame* did rise.
Acceptance almost is our due;
Since we are so devout for you.
Consult this place, none can despair,
Since influenc'd from the *Noble*, and the *Fair*.
Your smiles, fair *Lady*, and most noble *Lord*,
Must life to us afford.
Shine from your lofty *Sphear*,
Our blossomes soon will fruit appear.
Thus *Jove* and *Juno* on *Olympus* sate,
Smil'd on the *infant World*, and crown'd its fate.

ACTIVITY. 1676.

Upon the Death of Capt. Matt. Dale.

IN *Nature*'s chiefeſt ſtrengths who would confide?
Or in the choiceſt of her Gifts take pride?
If either *Wit*, *Activity*, or *Truth*,
Wiſdom of *Age*, or *Jollity* of *Youth*,
Could have prevail'd with Death; He had been ſafe,
Not living only in this *Epitaph:*
He with dull *Gravity* had ne'r to do;
Diſcreet he was, yet a *good-fellow* too.
The ſtrongeſt fumes of *Wine* he could reſtrain,
And make 'em uſeful to his active Brain:
Thus ripening *dews* in pleaſant *Meads* are found;
When noiſome *Miſts* ariſe in *boggy ground*;
Unmanag'd Soils are worſe for fruitful ſhowers,
And bring forth *Weeds*, when *Gardens* ſmile with *Flowers*.
His *Tongue* the motions of his *Heart* did tell:
So th' *Clapper* ſhews the *Metal* of the *Bell*.
He made no difference 'twixt *Mine* and *Thine*;
Fro' th' low-run *Age* he did thoſe Dregs refine:
Yet in his own *Concernments* was no *Tool*
For *Knaves* to work with, a *good-natur'd Fool*:
But, like the uſeful *Swiſs*, he could defend
His native *Cantons*, and aſſiſt his Friend.
In *Running* he did others ſo outvy,
'Tis wrong to him to ſay he did but fly.
Thoſe *myſtic Darts*, that are from *Objects* ſhot,
With ſlower motion to the *Sight* are got.
And in his *Leaping*, his *Beholders* ſay,
He did not *jump*, but *ſhot* himſelf away.

He leapt at one leap backward and forward, 7 yards, now mark't out in--

His *Back*, like *Indian-Bow*, with *Sinews* bent;
And like an *Arrow*, from the *Jerk* he went.
Nature in one did ne'r more wonders show;
Himself the *Archer*, *Arrow*, *String*, and *Bow*.
Nay, at his Death he practis'd o're this part;
And did, in several Postures, try his Art.
First, to the Posture of the *Swede* he got,
And then from bended Knees his *Arrows* shot;
With out-stretch'd *Arms* fro's *Breast* such *Darts* he drew,
Sherwood's fam'd *Bow-men*'s shafts they quite o're-flew.
Theirs only aim'd at *Sun* and *Moon*! his high'r;
Feather'd with *Angels Plumes*, and *Piles* of *fire*:
Nothing flyes swifter than *inflam'd Desire*.
Then *Death*'s convulsive *Cramps* his *Body* drew
To th' utmost bent, till it in pieces flew.
A *Bombard* thus o're-loaden, when 'tis broke,
Sends forth its dying groans in sighs of Smoak.
Th' infolded *Ball* tho, cloath'd in bright attire,
Elias-like, mounts in a *Coach* of *Fire*.

The HEROINE. 1676.

Upon the death of the right Honourable Frances *Countess of* Rutland, &c.

NO heats of *Love*, nor thirsts of *Fame*,
Did *Poet*'s mind e're more inflame
Than mine, to write great *Rutland*'s Name.

My meanness let no man despise;
We know the smoak of *Sacrifice*,
That aim'd at *Heav'n*, from *Earth* did rise.

Honour

Honour does from *Inferiours* come:
So did the *Conſuls* owe their doom,
And place, to th' *Common-Votes* of *Rome.*

Her *Death* by Verſe may well be ſhown;
For *Gods* and *Goddeſſes* are known
Their very Beings hence to own.

And yet this Reaſon may prove lame;
Since *Praiſes*, that did *God-heads* frame,
Fall ſhort when they ſhould ſpeak her Name.

Truth, well as *Heralds*, makes it good,
Her *Veins* ſwell'd with a noble flood,
Sprung from *third Edwards* Royal blood.

Rutland an equal *Match* then brings,
Since the great *Iſſue* that hence ſprings,
Quarters both *Arms*, and *Blood* of *Kings.*

No pride tho did her looks attend,
Which to the loweſt ſhe would lend;
As heav'nly bleſſings do deſcend.

Whilſt ſhe in that high *Orb* did move;
She copy'd thoſe bright Pow'rs above,
And gain'd both reverence and love.

Her bleſſings did with luſtre twine;
Greatneſs and *Goodneſs* here did joyn;
The *Sun* does fructifie, and ſhine.

Her *Gates*, or *Pity* never barr'd;
Vertue, and *Innocence* her *Guard*;
Her *Looks*, *obligements*, and *Reward*.

Such *Miracles* were in her fate;
She never envy did create;
All did admire, or imitate.

In *Youth* each noble *Lover's dream*;
In *Age* the gaze and rule of fame;
In *Death* the *Prieſt's* and *Poet's* Theme.

How have I heard her, without noiſe,
Direct, and rule the publick voice;
As each *Diſcourſe* had been her choice?

How have I ſeen whole crouds depart,
When ſhe, with her obliging Art,
Both pleas'd and captiv'd every heart.

Nor here alone was all her care;
She left Examples, great and fair,
To cauſe both wonder and deſpair.

Belvoir! thou ſhalt one inſtance be,
Where we the Arts of times paſt ſee,
Of theſe, and of Poſterity,

New builders here ſhe did oppoſe;
And greater fame in this ſhe choſe;
Since here this *Frame* from ruines roſe.

Let none reflect it as a ſhame;
To win a good one, is leſs fame,
Than to recover a bad *Game.*

As ſome *Philoſophers* maintain,
'Twas leſs at firſt to make a man,
Than dead, to raiſe him up again.

Firſt ſhe all fitted, and then reer'd;
Nor *David* nor his *Son* thus dar'd;
For this but us'd what that prepar'd.

So goodly and ſo ſtrong it ſhows,
As *Mars* this ſtately Caſtle choſe
For his lov'd *Goddeſſes* repoſe.

Who views its *Beauties* and its *Power*,
At once may think of *Cæſar*'s *Tower*,
And *Roſamund* her lovely *Bower.*

Large as her *Mind*, high as her *Fame*,
As tho ſhe rais'd this *ſtately Frame*,
For all that from her *Marriage* came.

And ſuch a *Number* from it paſt;
As have *ſeven* noble *Houſes* grac'd:
Here her vaſt Debts are paid at laſt.

For as from many a Noble Strain,
Her *Anceſtors* lent to each vein;
She here repaid it all again.

What's more to do then, but away,
When all is done for which we stay?
'Tis the last *Act* commends the *Play*.

This noble *Lady* clos'd her dayes,
(After such Acts as challenge praise)
Upon that *Scene*, her self did raise.

Rare thus in life, and death, we prize
The *Phœnix*; who with closing Eyes,
Mounts on her *Spicy Pile*, and dyes.

Her Epitaph.

Here *Brass* and *Marble* are but vainly spent;
Her *Name*, to them, will be a *Monument*.
A lasting Fame *Posterity* must give,
Whilst *Belvoir*, *Mountague*, and *Rutland* live.

The COPY. 1676.

To the right Honourable, the Lady Anne Howe, *sixth Daughter to the Countess; with the preceding Elegy.*

IF to pay Vows, be only due
To Persons, who can equal you;
Then your adorers must be few.

For when in *Desarts Kings* remain,
Their *Name* and Office both are vain;
Whilst they have none o're whom to reign.

And

And *Fame* (which is the great ones choice)
Is rais'd but by the publick noiſe;
An *Eccho* from the *Peoples* voice.

Hence then my comfort is compleat;
And my deſign (tho boldly great)
Has no ſuſpition of defeat.

I often hear our *Prophets* ſay,
That pooreſt Mortals ſafely may,
To Heav'n, their true devotions pay.

Incourag'd thus is my deſign;
The object of my thoughts divine;
Which here I offer at your Shrine.

When that bright *Soul* to Heav'n flew;
Her glorious *Mantle* fell your due;
Her Spirit doubly ſhar'd to You.

Your *Youth* ſhe did ſo juſtly frame,
Both to her goodneſs and her fame;
Y' are not the *Copy*, but the *ſame*.

She gave this *Age* a happy doom,
When ſhe form'd you within her *Wombe*;
And yours muſt bleſs the Age to come.

The CONSERVES. 1676.

Upon the ſame.

To the right honourable Mrs. Chaworth, *her Grand-Child, by Lady* Grace *Viſcounteſs* Chaworth, *ſecond Daughter to the Counteſs.*

WHEN *Angels* did on Earth appear,
The glitt'ring Strangers treated were.
Which they vouchſaf'd only to ſhew
Poor Mortals what they ought to do,
They graciouſly made their reſorts
To *Threſhing-floors*, as well as *Courts*.
Where're theſe ſhining *Gueſts* appear'd,
Immediately were *Altars* rear'd.
On which at once their thanks they pay'd,
And for a ſecond bleſſing pray'd.

Madam, there may be well ſuppos'd
Some curious *Confects* here inclos'd.
And bolder Poets dare reherſe,
No *Conſerves* like to thoſe of Verſe.
But nothing here deſerves that name,
Unleſs 'tis borrow'd from my *Theme*.
And that affords ſuch glorious prize,
It may claim favour from your Eyes.
Impute not, Madam, this to pride;
You, and my *Theme* are near ally'd;
As near as thoſe rich *Gardens* were
To th' *Golden* Apples they did bear.

The PLUNDER. 1677.

To the honourable William Byron, *begging Verſes he pleas'd to write upon my* Tragedy *of* Henry *the fourth.*

I'M told (and therefore well may hope for *Bayes*)
You have been pleas'd my *Tragedy* to praiſe.
It unregarded was by me before,
Like a rude lump of undigeſted Oare.
Made current by your praiſe, It now may paſs:
So *Princes* Stamps put value upon *Braſs.*
But then your *Warrant* muſt be ſign'd and ſhown;
Elſe may the value of it be unknown.
The World's applauſe will then obedience be
To you, and your reſpects applauſe to me.
Being honour'd with your *Badge* 't will be allow'd;
And paſs, if not alone, yet in the *Crowd.*
I, all its Wit, and Worth muſt duly own
As yours, and by your *Mark* 'twill beſt be known.
For *Wit*, as your *Propriety*, is meant;
And ſuch Acknowledgments as this, your *Rent.*
The *Criticks* then muſt hazard loſs and ſhame,
If they *diſtreſſes* make upon your claim.
Bald *Gybes*, and *Cenſures* hurt not ſo my Muſe,
As they your *Repreſentatives* abuſe.
Bold *Grillon* and the generous *Navarre*,
I here acknowledge but your *Tranſcripts* are.
Your *Converſation* does the *Poet* make;
And from your Words and Acts I *Heroes* take.

Each

Each visit's *plunder*; for I steal away
More Wit at once, than would make up a *Play*.

The Badge of Good-fellowship. 1677.

Upon Scarlet-Faces, Rosie-Cheeks, and Ruby-Noses. To. C. Cooper, *Esq.*

KInd *Bacchus* does requitals send
For all that we *Good-fellows* spend;
No *Merchants* in their *Indian* trade,
Richer returns than we have made:
Tho *Pearls* for *Beads* of *Glass* are sold,
And *Iron* purchase finest *Gold*.
True! we spend *Mony*; where's the loss?
All *Coin* is but authentick dross.
The *Stamp* prefers it, and base need
Does all its estimation breed.
How many years are vainly spent,
Riches to get, and lose content?
In gaining it, the Day's lost quite;
And in preserving it, the Night.
Judge now what profit may be made
Out of the jolly-drinking trade.
What tho the *Purse* its trash has lost?
The *Nose* with *Rubies* is imbost,
For *blood* that such rich *Bubbles* swells,
Is *Kernel* to those *shining shells*,
Whose lustre takes a deeper dye,
As the *good-fellow* drinks more high.
And yet the *Rubies* are but pale,
Whose base extraction is from *Ale*.

How

How can the *Liver* brew what's good,
(That *Maſh-fat* of the boiling blood)
When dregs of *Ale* pollute the Veins?
As th' blood were tapt off from the *Grains*.
But when we thoſe rich *Rubies* make,
With drinking *Claret*, *Tent*, or *Sack*;
They take their bigneſs, colour, ſhape,
Fro' th' *Cluſters* of the *Scarlet Grape*.
Good-fellows hence, by drinking get
That boaſted thing call'd *Chimick-heat*.
Which, from the *Body*, forces out
The blood to th' *Noſe* (the *Limbeck-ſpout*)
Thoſe drops condens'd by the cold Air,
Advance to Rubies, and fix there.
The *Rocks* that are in *Orms* found,
Only in pretious *Gemms* abound;
But barren on their tops appear.
As if their heart-bloods waſted were;
And blood of *Rocks* thoſe *Rubies* are.
He who for *Tyrian-purple* ſeeks,
May find it in *Good-fellows* Cheeks.
The grain of *Sarra's* only there;
And *Bow-dies* firſt invented were
From ſome old *Brewer*, who liv'd there.
Canary ſo refines the Skin,
The blood's tranſparent from within.
That modeſt bluſh which *Virgins* boaſt,
Had long ſince from the *World* been loſt;
But for *ſtrong-liquor* and a *Toaſt*.
Nay,-which is more--*Phyſicians* prove,
That --*Sanguin temper* which all love,

Some

Some *Red-nos'd Drinker* rais'd the Breed,
Transfusing't to his happy Seed.
Sack makes not only *ruby'd Noses*,
But in our *Cheeks* plants *Beds* of *Roses*:
For as the heav'nly dew, first drops
Upon the Rose-Trees pregnant tops;
Feeding them with prolifick blood,
Untill they *belly* to a *Bud*:
Phœbus his *Midwifry* then shows,
And in green *Mantles* layes the *Rose*.
The *Juice* so of the lusty *Grape*,
On *Madam Temperance* acts a *Rape*;
Swelling our *Cheeks* with seeds of *Roses*,
Which *Bacchus*'s heat to th' World discloses;
In those hot *Beds* they'l freshly last,
In spite of Frost, or Winters blast.
Then let *Red-Noses* henceforth be
No subjects for vain *Drollery*.
'Tis sawcy here our Wits to try;
Scarlet's the *badge* of *Majesty*.
Kings buy their pomp; when *Drinkers* have
Their *Shop*, and in themselves are brave.
Roses in *June* are only blown?
Good-Fellows theirs all th' year are shown.
A *Virgins blush* is rul'd by th' *Moon*;
Their *Tides* soon flow, and ebb as soon:
When as *Good-Fellows* never shrink
Till *Death*; that is, till they want drink.
Its virtues are not half told yet;
It heightens *Valour*, quickens *wit*;
The *Heart* is cheerd, *Friendship* increast;
No care, but for some harmless *Jest*.

Then

Then let's not leave it, tho ſome ſcold,
Becauſe *phanatical*, or *old*:
Let ſuch grave *Fops* inſlave their will
He who made theſe, will drink on ſtill.

The RENT. 1677.

To the Honourable Lady, Mrs. Chaworth.

O'R worn with cares, and ag'd with diſcontent;
I'm ſcarcely able to procure your *Rent*.
Tho *Poverty*, and *Poetry* may hit;
Tenants, I'm ſure, it will but odly fit.
Beſides a double Obligation's due;
Since I have paid moſt Perſons off, but you.
No greater happineſs could me befall;
Not that I'm quit from them, but owe you all.
Poor Debtors ſo (that are behind hand hurl'd,
Frown'd on above by'th *Stars*, below by th' *World*,)
Contract their *Mortgages*; One mortal wound
Leſs pain, than living to be flead, is found.
One *Maſſy Fetter* (tho its weight be more)
Is far leſs troubleſome than half a ſcore:
None (tho with *Bracelets*) would be hung all o're.
A *Dungeon*'s eaſier, than at once to be
Both *Stockt*, and *Whipt*, and on the *Pillory*.
Thus roving *Lovers* that diffuſe their Fires,
(New objects always kindling freſh deſires)
Catching the flame, like *Powder*, at a touch,
Ne'r rightly love, becauſe they love too much:
So men in Debt almoſt to every one,
Are ſo diſtracted, they can pay to none.

My

My several lines of Obligations due
To others, now concenter all in you.
But, *Madam*, as each *Debt* to *Heav'n* requires
The *Stock* o'th' *Heart*, and *use* of our *Desires*;
So mine shall be as justly paid to you;
Both in the *Principal*, and *Int'rest* too.

The NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.

To the same. 1677.

MY *Rent* is paid; but something is behind;
There I was just, but here I must be kind.
Th' expression suits with voluntary things;
And such are *Presents*, altho made to *Kings*,
'Tis true they honour us, when they receive,
But still it shows a kindness when we give.
Of all your *New-year's-gifts* mine is the least;
Yet none gives better, than who gives his best.
As I were studying what this *best* might be;
Intranc'd I fell into an *Extasie*.
I 'spi'd i' th' Airy *Region*, from a far,
A shining thing shoot like a *falling Star*.
As it drew nearer my astonisht sight,
Still did it bigger seem, and still more bright.
So dazling fierce its neighb'ring glories grew;
Mine Eyes I hid, unable for the view.
Wip'd thrice with some soft thing, I was so bold
To look what't were; and found it *downy Gold*:
The lining of the *Wing* of my *bright Guest*
A young and glitt'ring *form*, all heav'nly drest.

Fear

Fear not, it ſaid; I've laid my *lightning* by,
It elſe would melt the *Chryſtal* of thine *Eye*,
And work effects ſo contrary-- Its light
Would cloud thy ſickning beams with laſting night.
Hail *off-ſpring* of the Morning, I did cry!
Or art thou not *Aurora's* ſelf, ſaid I?
Or ſome *Angelic-form*, that hath put on
The *Veil* of that fair *Sex*? Know I am none
Of all thy flatt'ring gheſſes, then it ſaid;
Yet, tho ſo bright, I'm but to them a ſhade.
One that attends upon the *Theſpian Quires*
Deſign'd to warm thy breaſt with nobler fires;
To rule thy *Fancy*, heighten thy *Deſires*.
The *Heav'nly-Muſe* I am, whom thou doſt wrong,
Imploying me in every idle *Song*.
I was forſaking thee; and now would go;
But for the *Lady* thou art writing to.
To *her* I'le from the *Muſes's* ſervice run:
By her thoſe *ſhining Ladies* are out-ſhone;
And yet they are *Daughters of the Sun*.
A *New-years-gift* thou want'ſt. Let me be it;
Or I'll condemn thee to the dearth of Wit.
Seis'd ſhall thine Humour and thy Fancy be
As forfeited; for both belong to me:
But if thou wilt me with her ſervice grace,
Henceforth imploying me to ſing her praiſe,
I'll from *Apollo's Daphne* get the *Bayes*.
No with'ring *Springs*, but ſuch as ſhall have root;
Whoſe *living wreaths* about thy *brows* ſhall ſhoot.
Thus, *Madam*, I out-doe my former uſe;
Then I gave *Verſes*, now I give my *Muſe*.

The

The VIRGIN. 1677.

Epitaph upon my dear S. Mrs. S. S.

IF *Duſt* imbalm'd inricht the Soyl,
Making ſuch *Tombs* intice to ſpoil;
She needs muſt yield a richer prize,
Imbalm'd with Virtue more than Spice.
This Stone ſhe turns into a *Shrine*,
Making the *Grave* become a *Mine*.
Her precious worth, like *Ingotts*, ſhines,
And is new *minted* in theſe Lines.

Read, if thou canſt, with unwet eyes,
Where *Vertues Darling* bury'd lies.
Fair as the Sun; yet ſcorn'd to twiſt
Her *Virgin Splendor* with a *Miſt*;
Chaſter than *Snow*, unmelted tryes
The hotteſt beames of amorous eyes.
Her *Looks*, at *Sin* and *Luſt* incens'd,
Like *Cherubim* her *Eden* fenc'd.

Yet if the World can imitate
Her Vertues, tis a happier fate
Than if ſhe had left Children here.
Theſe *mortal*, thoſe *immortal* are.

CREDE BYRON. 1677.

To the Honourable William Byron, *upon a Paper of Verſes ſent me -- upon a Preſent to the moſt beautiful Ladies his Daughters.*

Theſe are the Verſes.

YOU, like the gen'rous Sun, do ſtill diſpence,
To thoſe that merit leaſt, your influence.
Your *Obligations* have that pow'rful charm;
They need muſt conquer, when they firſt diſarm.
The *Favours*, you ſo freely have beſtow'd,
Are ſuch we ne'r deſerv'd, nor you e're ow'd.
The *Debt* is mine I own; I ought to pay;
But, like a *Bankrupt*, beg a longer Day:
They're briſk, and young; and can another way.
My *Muſe* I ſhould excuſe, ſhe's dull and rude;
Thoſe that do write to you in Verſe intrude;
Were not her *Products* all from Gratitude.
Preſumption is a crime, but worſe *deſpair*;
One errs in boldneſs, and the other fear.
But I preſume you'l pardon the firſt Fault:
The Man's a *Coward* that ne'r makes A ſſault.
In ſuch *Atchievements* if I chance to dye;
I live in fame, if in your memory.
My whole ambition only does extend
To gain the name of *Shipman's* faithful Friend.
And tho I cannot amply ſpeak your praiſe;
I'le wear the *Myrtle*, tho you wear the *Bayes*.

W. B.

In return to theſe.

DID not Heav'ns bleſſings rich requitals bring,
Conſtant Devotion were a tireſome thing.
Our int'reſt 'tis tho, thus to ſpend our *Dayes*,
Bleſſings to pray for, and when gain'd, to praiſe.
In this bleſt *Circle* you and I do move;
Your Love my Duty gains, and that your Love.
My Gratitude owns all you gave before,
And is an *Earneſt* here to purchaſe more.
Yet when, on grateful *Altars*, *Incenſe* burns,
The Virtue's loſt, if we expect returns;
And looks as *Subjects* ſhould with *Princes* vye,
Exacting honour for their *Loyalty*.
But I'll with reverence wait, and faithful be;
Be *noble Byron* what he will to me.
Your Favours loſe no virtue by delay;
You grant me thoſe for which I dare not pray:
Oh, teach the *Ladies*, Sir, your *winning* way.
To be your *Friend* is ſuch a glorious name,
It urges merit, and it offers fame:
I, from the *Commons*, riſe your *Buckingham*.
This heightens me above the common view,
And makes me thus expoſtulate with you.

Was't not enough your *Anceſtors* did aid
The *mighty Norman*, when he did invade?
Whoſe *noble Acts* increaſt their former ſtore,
And here confirm'd thoſe *Honours* they brought o're?
Is't not enough that this *Illuſtrious Line*
Succeeds in you, and you maintain the *Shine*?
Diffring but thus fro'th' glory they have won,
They were the *Morning*, you the *Mid-day Sun*?

Is't

Is't not enough the *Byrons* all excell,
As much in loving, as in fighting well?
Witneſs their *Motto*, prov'd in *Boſworth* Field,
Where *Truth* did their triumphant *Chariot* gild.
Is not that fame enough your *Noble Sire*,
With his *ſix noble Brothers*, did acquire?
All valiant *Knights*! whoſe *Title* was not bought,
But under *Charls* his *Royal ſtandard* ſought.
Is't not enough that *Britiſh Coronet*
Circles your head, your *Anceſtors* did get?
But you muſt thirſt after inferiour praiſe,
And from the *Britiſh Bards* too gain the *Bayes*?
The *Civic-Garland* and the *Mural* too,
Are by ſucceſſion your unqueſtion'd due.
The *Lawrel Crown* you may by title claim;
Honour's reward is *Tribute* to your *Name*.
But this of *Bayes* your humour may condemn,
Be not our *Rival* ſince you are our *Theme*.
Nobler Acquiſts than theſe, you have deſign'd;
Honour and *Glory* muſt inflame your *Mind*.
Your *Inroads* only into *Verſe* are made,
Like mighty *Monarchs* that *ſmall States* invade.
It is not worth their while: the chiefeſt charms
Are to get fame and terrour by their *Arms*.
To big you are in *Verſe* to be confin'd:
Verſe is too narrow for your *worth*, or *Mind*
But I am impudent, nay worſe, profane,
To make your courtſhip of the *Muſes* vain:
As tho there were diſparagement i'th' thing;
When I would gladly do't were I a *King*.
Upon two *Poles* the *Soul* (like *Heav'n*) does move,
The bright and laſting *Poles* of *Wit*, and *Love*.

Nor *Wit*, nor *Love*, of *Rivals* will admit;
We jealous are in *Love*, but more in *Wit*.
But I offend more in this vain excuſe;
Since you already have injoy'd the *Muſe*.
She's yours by mutual choice; then 'tis not fit,
That her good *Graces* I ſhould ſeek to get;
For that would be th' *Adultery* of *Wit*.
Sometimes you entertain her for your Sport;
So th' *Players* have admittance to the *Court*.
The *Roman Conſul* with his *Children* play'd;
And *Jove* Sports ſometimes with his *Ganimede*.
After ſuch *Toying* ſhe'l inconſtant be;
And your attraits will make her *cuckold* me.

T. S.

WIT and NATURE. 1677.

A Pindaric Ode to Sr. Edw. Rich.

GReat *Nature*, hail!
Who over mankind do'ſt prevail.
Queen Regent of this ſublunary *Frame*,
Diſtinguiſh't by what ever Name,
For *Metaphyſick Notions* I lay by,
Thin ſubtleties for me too high.
Such *Thee* define
To be the *Art* Divine,
Or the eternal *fixt decree*,
From all inferiour appealments free;
The ſil'd *Record* in *Heaven*'s high *Chancery*:
This is methinks an over-rate
Or they confound thy State;
Not well diſtinguiſhing 'twixt *thee* and *Fate*.

Such

Such myſtick definitions puzzle more,
Blinding Eyes but dim before.
Whoſe ſtudies, like your *Oxford*'s, ſeem to be
The *Magick* of *Divinity*.

Be what it will,
In me- It ſhews its magick skill.
Its pow'rful charms to *Poetry* inclin'd
My youthful mind.
Caſtalian Liquor did imbue
My *Veſſel* whilſt 't were new.
No other reliſh it will own.
Each drop that from the *Dregs* is ſpilt,
(For now I am o' th' *Tilt*)
Has ſome ſmall taſte of *Helicon*.
Nor herein will I *Nature* blame;
Let great and rich-Men buſtle for a name;
We, we muſt raiſe their fame.
That's more for ours, than their Renown,
'Tis a *Regalio* of *Apollo*'s *Crown*,
From him all beams of *Glory* flow;
Heroes are mighty things indeed but *Poets* make 'em ſo.

From this imperial height to which I'm flown
I tumble down.
Give me a *Cypreſs* not a *Lawrel Crown*!
With deteſtation, I eſpy
The *Scandals* upon *Poetry*.
Shall burning *Luſt* be ſaid or heating *Wine*,
The breaſts of *Poets* to refine;
Is the *Bay* more freſhly leav'd,
When with the *Vine* 'tis interweav'd?

Coy Daphne, silence break;
Let thy *Rind* chap into a *Mouth*, and speak.
Would not *Apollo*'s Rape more grateful be
Than *Bacchus Love*, tho he should marry thee?
Can we produce no happy thought,
Unless betwixt a *Muse* and *Satyr* got?
Have those chast *Virgins* chang'd their loves,
And left *Pierian Groves*,
To ramble up and down,
And be like *Misses* of the *Town*?
Say whether fate is more renown'd
To be a *Dutchess* crown'd;
Or with *immortal Glories* shining round?

Nature —— I cannot yet define;
More fit for some *Seraphical Divine*:
Tho they but *Graces* three, and we have *Muses* nine.
To wreaths of *Bay* they have sufficient claim,
Their *Sions* holy Hill
Out-rivals our *Parnassus* in its fame.
And *Hermon*'s sacred *Dew*
Will give an Influence as true
As *Aganippe*'s Rill.
Priests we are both alike, and both alike are fir'd
With sacred heat: *Poets* have been inspir'd,
Shar'd in their gifts of *Prophecy*,
As they in ours of *Poetry*,
And both have *Lawrels* won;
They have their *Doctor Sprat*, & had their *Doctor Donne*.

Nor do we come behind.
The *Muses*, and the *Graces* too
Have *Lay-men* courted oft, and yet they do,
And some of us too are to them inclin'd,

David

David the golden Age did gild;
His *Harp*, as laſting glory as his *Sword* did yield;
And he intitled to as fair renown,
By *Wreaths* of *Bay*, as *Judah's Crown*.
Virgil the *Silver Age* did cauſe to ſhine.
The *Iron Age Cleveland* and *Cowley* had;
Both of them, alas, are dead!
And with 'em too, I fear, their heat divine!
But ſtay! ſome comfort yet does come,
We have good *Poets* ſtore, as--faith I know not whom;
But this *Pindarick* rapture has convey'd
Me from my firſt intent,
I had ſome faint *Idæas* made,
How I might Nature repreſent.
To her I would a glorious *Subſtance* give,
Compos'd of *Body* and of *Soul*.
She does a mighty *Sovereign* live,
Ruling from this, to th' other *Pole*.
What is her *Body*, *Muſe*, then ſay?
'Tis *Beauty*, that bright *Ray*;
The *Copy* of a *Summers* ſhining *Day*,
Juſt when *Aurora* meets the *Sun*.
And yet the fair *Original* by th' *Copy* is out-done.

When She's ſo dreſt
She's fine,
As when a glittering Veſt
Adorns an *Angel*; when the *Silver Light*
Peeps through the *azure Tinſel*, that does line
The *ſhining Robe*, and makes it heav'nly bright.
Her roſie bluſhes ſhine
Quite through the *Lilly skin*:

As *shooting Flame* through *burnt White-Wine*:
The outward *Stuff*'s so thin,
The *Scarlet lining* all appears within.
Her bright and piercing eye
Can by no *Clouds* be hid;
But quite shines through the *Lid*:
As *Sun-beams* thorough *Chrystal* fly.
Nay, hers excell; their light does stay,
And knows no *West*, no *setting Sun*;
Here's almost everlasting *day*,
As at the *Poles*, where *Night* is seldome known.

If we such rare attractions owe
To *Nature's Body*; then (without controul)
We must far greater know,
When we're acquainted with her *Soul*.
Then, *Muse*, 'tis very fit,
Thou tell'st us it.
It is that pow'rful pleasant thing call'd *Wit*.
Wit is the *Soul* of *Nature*! but what more
In troth I cannot tell.
But I will shew where it does dwell;
And you can ask no more.
Some starve it out; and so unfortunate am I!
Some starve it too with *Luxury*;
Some seek to murder it in *Rhyme*;
And some with *Clinches* torture it to death;
Some others guilty of the *Hangman's* crime,
With *strong Lines* stop its breath.
Then sometimes it does stay
With those who plenty know;
But they soon weary grow,

And it is turn'd away,
On all accounts as well content as they,
It ſometimes for its habitation payes,
As when our *Poets Mony* get for *Plaies*;
Before 'twas never heard
That they did ſeek reward,
Unleſs it was a Crown of *Bayes*.
For if *Mecœnas* would ſome favours give;
They, in requital made *Mecœnas* live.
But great ones are our *Rivals* grown
In theſe ill-humour'd days,
As though they had ſuſpition,
To live in no *Verſe* but their own;
Like *Nero*, now they *fiddle* too for praiſe.

But where's this place of *Wit?*
For I before did promiſe it.
After the ſtrict re-ſearches I have made,
I fear'd that it above was fled,
After *Aſtræa*, that fair heav'nly *Maid*.
'Till *Friday* laſt I gain'd a view;
And after much cold *hunting* too;
I did recover my laſt *Game*, and found it, Sir, in you.

The ANTIQUARY. 1677.

Upon the Baronage of England, *by Sr.* Will. Dugdale, *Garter-Principal King at Arms.*

A *Selden*, or a *Camden's* only fit
To judge, and praiſe the *Works* that he has writ.
So noble *ſtructures*, by rare Artiſts rais'd,
Should only by *Vitruvius* rules be prais'd,

Praiſe

Praiſe is a *Tax* by *Juſtice*-ſelf thought fit;
And every worthy man has claim to it.
Which ſhould as ſtrictly be to *merit* paid,
As *Taxes* that by *Parliaments* are made.
Authentick praiſes ſhould theſe *Works* regard,
Such as at once bring *Honour* and *Reward*.
Prodigious were the pains that brought them forth;
By nothing to be equal'd, but their worth.
Here *England*'s riſing ſplendors he has ſhown,
Till come to Man-hood in its glorious Noon;
-----But now alas!-----
Small are the ſhadows of its Evening Sun.
Her *honours* ſtreams he from the *Fountain* brings,
Guiding the *Current* to the lower Springs.
Obſtructions in each *Channel* he does clear;
As if the *Law of Sewers* govern'd here.
His active knowledge has the ſearching force
Of Spirits, that can ſee, and not diſcourſe.
Strange penetrating art! to pierce, like *Air*,
Each cloſe receſs, and ranſack all things there.
Rare Learning that reveals as clear as Light,
The ſecret Treaſures both of *Time* and *Night*.
Which like the Sun throughout the World can pry,
And is at once tot ſelf both *Light* and *Eye*.
In *Graves* (thoſe ſhades of *Death*) now *Life* is found,
As quickning heat brings *Flowers* from the Ground.
No *Marble* Tombs, no *Pyramids* can hold
From turning like the *Duſt* they did infold.
Names, tho long loſt in *Rubbiſh*, own his power:
As *Chymiſts* can from *Aſhes* raiſe a *Flower*.
Of *Statues* long defac'd, and ſmooth as *Glaſs*,
As in a *Chryſtal*, here he ſhews the *Face*.

If

If any part be left, he can it own:
Hercules here may by his *Foot* be known.
From ſtragling characters in worn-out *Deeds*,
Th' intrigues of ancient *Families* he reads.
Succeſſions vary'd to and fro agen,
(*Alcides*-like) he traces to their *Den*.
Thoſe *Families* that loſt themſelves, and run
Into a various ſucceſſion;
He does reduce to their firſt *Marriage*-Bed;
And ſhews *ſev'n-chanel'd Nile* its *Fountain* Head.
For all this coſt, but Mortal aid he brings,
As all muſt do, that write of mortal things.
Tho his efforts are of the ſtrongeſt rate,
Yet cannot ſave what is condemn'd by Fate.
Stones thus, that crown a lofty *Turret*'s head,
May pave the Ground for ev'ry foot to tread.
Marbles muſt moulder, *Steel* conſume with Ruſt;
Crowns, with their *Owners*, all reſolve to *Duſt*.
Nor there ſecure! that very *Duſt* be gone,
Into the vaſt *Abyſs* of *Air* be blown;
The ſport of *Winds*, who kept the *World* in fear;
Their *Duſt* as reſtleſs as their thoughts were here.

RED CANARY. 1677.

With ſome Bottles of it---To the right honourable Katharine *Lady* Roos, *&c.*

TH' inſpired few, whoſe glowing breaſts
Refin'd 'em for *Apollo*'s *Prieſts*;
When myſtick heat their bloods did fire,
Themſelves did from themſelves retire.

Baniſht

Baniſht the *mortal* from their breaſt,
That *Preſence-Chamber* richly dreſt;
The glorious *Furniture* all ſhin'd;
For with *Apollo*'s ſelf 'twas lin'd.
What charming words might needs fume hence,
Mixt with that neighb'ring Influence,
Whoſe thickning breath appear'd to be
A *Chariot* for the *Deity*.
Were my *Productions* but ſo bleſt,
Your Ladiſhip might be expreſt.
But Poets now heed no ſuch fires;
Yet ſtill ſome *Deity* inſpires.
Venus or *Bacchus* heightens ſence,
Tho with malignant influence.
Thoſe *Dæmons* now profane our *Groves*
With vain, or with diſhoneſt loves;
Making a *Deſart* of the place,
With'ring the *Mirtles* and the *Bays*:
The *Fiend* thus, with contagious vice,
Blaſted the *Trees* of *Paradice*.
But, Madam, your illuſtrious *name*
Is both my *Influence* and *Theme*;
Refining all my *Smoak* to *flame*.
Hence baffled *Poetry* may thrive,
And *Oracles* again revive.
Its clouded beams may brighter riſe,
Kindled by th' Sun-ſhine of your eyes,
As *Perſians* fire their *Sacrifice*.
'Till th' *Muſes* have that bliſs obtain'd,
They're like fall'n *Stars* in darkneſs chain'd.
Then farewel *Poetry*!

But

— But ſtay —
Venus may prove *Urania*.
She may injoy that happy fate,
If ſhe your virtues imitate.
Her *Chariot* then, through th' *heav'nly lawn*,
By *Doves*, not *Sparrows* will be drawn:
And virtuous *Love* henceforward boaſt,
You have reſtor'd what *Venus* loſt.

But, Madam, 'tis too ſad a truth,
Bacchus is ſo debauch'd a youth;
That *Lees* as ſoon will leave his *Wine*,
As his corruptions he'll refine.
Ill humours ſooneſt are withſtood,
And cured beſt by letting blood:
That hot-braind *God*, with fumes oppreſt,
Bleeds here ſome ounces of his beſt.
His *Heart-blood-drops* he offers here
To you his fair *Deliverer*;
The *Stoick* ſo himſelf reſign'd,
(Hence owning the *eternal mind.*)
And thus his beſt *Drops* did prefer
To *Jove*, the great *Deliverer*.

This my *Oblation* may attone
For all offences he has done.
If in your Favour it finds place,
The *Reprobate* recovers Grace.
Your influence then muſt be divine;
Since, Madam, it can thus refine
The dregs of *Love*, of *Wit*, of *Wine*.

The HUFFER. 1677.

Spoken by Ant. Eyre Esquire, *and directed to the right Honourable, the Lady* Roos, *when he acted* Almanzor *in the* Granada, *at* Belvoir; *in way of Prologue.*

I That made *Fortune* Lacky by my side,
Had *Fame* for *Trumpet*, and *Success* for *Guide*:
I that did conquer *Armies* with a word,
Making *Fate* yield to my more pow'rful *Sword*:
I that could with a *Smile* bestow a *Crown*,
Then blast my new rais'd *Monarch* with a *Frown*.
Almanzor, I, who (by the *Poet* taught)
Huft more, than ever *Hero* did, or ought:
I now submit, and lay my *Lawrels* down;
But from your favours hope a nobler *Crown*.

Whence is this sudden calm? what could controul
The working passion of my boistrous Soul?
My breast did like some *Northern Climate* show,
Its fountain froze, and cover'd o're with *Snow*.
Thaw'd, Ladies, by your Eyes (those *Mid-day Suns*)
The melting *Spring* drops *Rubies*, as it runs.
My *Blood*, once safe under this *Icy Lock*,
Softens like *Coral* on the *melting Rock*.
No *Lapland Spell*, can temper any *Arms*
To be of proof, 'gainst *Beauties* stronger charms.
And one amongst those *Ladies* I have 'spi'd,
Whose pointed rayes wound more than *Almahide*.

Nature, and *Dryden*, all that both could do
To perfect *Almahide*, falls short of you.

Tho

Tho they advance the luſtres of her Eyes,
Above the *Stars* o' th' *Rocks*, or *Gemms* o' th' *Skies*:
When you appear, their ſickly beams give way,
Like frighted *Phantoms* to the ſpringing *Day*.
Nay I, who thought no paſſions me could move,
Be'ng free from fear, and therefore free from Love.
Greater than *Nature*, you my *Heart* conſtrain'd;
And *Love* has now his ſtubborn *Rebel chain'd*:
Yet not content to reſt his Empire there,
It's doubly chain'd; and now inſlav'd to fear.
Two ſtrong *Diſeaſes* I at once indure,
Yet as an *Ague* does from *Plagues* ſecure;
My trembling Fear, leſt I preſumptuous prove,
Allayes the raging *Peſtilence* of *Love*.

The REPRESENTATION. 1677.

Upon the Honourable Mrs. Bridget Noel, *acting the Part of* Almahide, *in* Dryden's Granada, *at* Belvoir.

AStoniſh'd Muſe! now thou haſt gain'd thy *Tongue*,
Exalt thy fancy in a noble *Song*.
Thy honour'd *Belvoir* (that moſt pregnant *Wombe*
Of *Wonders*) with amazement ſtruck thee dumb:
Thus the old doubtful *Prieſt*, his *Lips* were ſeal'd,
When that bright Gueſt i'th' *Temple* was reveal'd.
Surpriz'd alike, I ſilently retir'd;
Withdrew my *Soul*, and inwardly admir'd,
That ſuch a Lady on the *Stage* was ſeen,
Leſs'ning her ſelf to repreſent a *Queen*.
Conſcious of which, her *Cheeks* with *Scarlet* dy'd,
Show'd *Modeſty* in her moſt Royal pride:

Heav'n's

Heav'n's Face is fleckt ſo, when the baſhful Light
Muffles her Glories in the Clouds of Night.
Miſtake me not, her Splendors were not gone;
They only ſeem'd ſo, like the ſetting Sun.
Like him, ſhe in her ſelf is always bright,
Though not to us, plac'd in a vary'd light.
She may confirm the *Tartar Princes*'s lot,
That *Stories* ſay, was by the *Sun-beams* got.
Her *Bodie*'s cloath'd with light; the *Sky*'s her *Skin*;
(That glorious *Curtain* of the *Heav'n* within;)
Her circ'ling *Blood* (like to the *Worlds bright* Eye)
Rounds all her World, and glitters through her *Sky*.
Dangers may come then by too near a view;
Her beams both dazzle may, and burn us too.
For *Light* is *Fire*, altho but thinly ſpread;
Through *burning Glaſſes* of her *Eyes* convey'd.
Mongſt all thoſe flames ſh' has none that inward glow,
Nor feels the heat that warms our *World* below:
Cold is her Blood, as tho with *Julips* fed;
Not ſtrange, ſince in a *Snow-houſe* it is laid.
Froſt in her *Blood*, tho *Fire* is in her *Eyes*:
Thus *Lightning* from the *coldeſt Region* flyes.
Whilſt the *Town-ſcumm* (thoſe *Midianites o'th Stage*)
Surprize the *Zimries* of this wiſling Age;
Apparent dangers muſt to us accrue,
Since real *Princes* here may juſtly woo.
Beautie's fair *Goddeſs*, and the *Queen of Night*,
When gaudi'ſt in their tiſſu'd robes of Light,
Tread not th' Etherial *Stage* with greater ſtate;
Tho *Gods* themſelves from them attend their fate.
Whirl'd in their *Sphears* (thoſe *bright Machines*) they fly
Quite through the ſpace of their archt-roof of th' Sky.

Nor

Nor does the *ſimile* unfit appear,
Or for this *Actor*, or this *Theater*.
Formerly, when the *Prophets* zeals were fir'd,
By pow'rs which they ador'd, they were inſpir'd.
Bleſt age! wherein the *Oracles* of Wit
Were ſacred *Dictates* from the *Altar* Writ.
When *Poets* were the *Trumpets* that convey'd
Thoſe formed ſounds that by the Gods were made.
Then from the *Deities* they gain'd reſpect;
But now from heedleſs *Mortals* find neglect:
Immortal Verſe ſprung from immortal aids;
Now *Miſſes* rule, then rul'd the *Theſpian Maids*.
Hence they of future things divinely writ;
Now paſt and preſent fooleries are Wit;
Poems, and *Poets*, one another fit.

It muſt be ſo, now thirſt of *Fame*'s away, (the *Bay*:
Quencht with large *Draughts*, and th' *Vine* out-grows
Whilſt *Farces* and ſuch *Vices* of the *Stage*,
Corrupt the *Poetry* of this looſe Age.
No *Heroe*, no *Mecænas* in theſe times,
For *Subject*, or *incouragement* of *Rhymes*.
Dryden alone, has got ſome Title now
To th' *Lawrel* wreaths, that grace his lucky *Brow*.
Tho neither *Deity* nor *Muſe* inſpires,
Her breath alone fann'd his Poetick fires.
Th' old cuſtom is to his advantage broke;
For here he made thoſe words the Goddeſs ſpoke.
Bleſt by her Mouth, they may obtain the fate
Of Oracles, and gain as long a date.
Thus his rude *Oare* caſt in that precious *Mould*,
Loſt all its *Droſs*, and turn'd *refined Gold*.

She did create its worth, and *made* the *Play*;
And breath'd the *breath* of *Life* into *his Clay*.

The VISION. 1677.

To the Right Honourable the Lady Roos, *&c. Upon the Birth of the Heir of* Rutland.

THis *Night* injoys ſo ſweet a calm;
As th' *Air* diſſolv'd it ſelf to *Balm*.
So deep a *ſilence* all things keep,
As *Nature's* ſelf were huſh't aſleep.
Cynthia neglects her watch i'th' Skies,
And drowzy too has clos'd her eyes.
Or is with her *Endymion*, hid
Under ſome cloudy *Coverlid*.
Yet light I through her *Curtains* 'ſpy,
Scap'd from the corner of her Eye.

But ſoon the *Harbinger* of *Day*
Chas'd all thoſe *gloomy ſhades* away:
With *Roſes* ſtrew'd the *Paths* o'th' *Eaſt*,
Till *Tethys* had her *Lover* dreſt.
That way I turn'd my ready eye;
When I your *Belvoir* did eſpy.
(For all our *Vale* is fully *Weſt*,
And *Belvoir* is its Sun i'th' *Eaſt*)
I gaz'd---the other *Sun* to 'ſpy;
When thence a thing did ſwiftly'r fly
——— than *Light*
Which in one moment gilds the *Sky*.
Gently to me the *Viſion* came,
Snatching me up with arms of flame:

And

And me through yielding Air convey'd,
In *Belvoir* Chappel ſafely laid.

The ſacred *Genii* of the place,
Whence it both ſafety takes, and grace;
Bright *Off-ſprings* of cœleſtial race.
Their downy *Pinnions-Gold* out-vy'd,
All o're with ſparkling *Diamonds* ey'd.
Flying about the ſacred *Frame*,
They fann'd the ambient Air to flame;
Or from their eyes the *lightning* came.
After ſome *Ceremonies* paſt;
They ſung ———
———'Our *Belvoir* now ſhall laſt:
'Our *Habitations* are ſecure;
'The Honour of our *Charge* is ſure.
Flying about, ſtrange *Muſick* plaid;
Their ſounding *Wings* a *Conſort* made,
As every ſhining *Quill* therein,
A well-tun'd *Organ-pipe* had been.

Amaz'd (as well I might) I ſpoke;
And up the *Conventicle* broke.
All vaniſht but my flaming *Guide*;
Who to my wond'ring thoughts reply'd.
'This night thou art a *Prophet* crown'd;
'For *Belvoir* now an *Heir* has found.
'The bluſhing *Portals* of its *Eaſt*
'Are with an infant *Phœbus* bleſt.
'With *native ſcarlet* he was born:
'As *Roſes* cloath the *Chryſome Morn*.

" This ancient *Earldom* boast now may,
" Its honour finds a full-grown *Day*.
" *Great Rutland is* the *Evening bright*,
" Safe guarded from approaching *Night*;
" His own *seven Stars* preserve his light.
" *Illustrious Roos*, that *full-ripe Sun*
" Supplies the glorious place of *Noon*;
" All shining in *Meridian* beams:
" Like *Virtue* crown'd 'twixt two extreams.
" That *Infant of the Sun*, new born,
" *Rutland i' th' Cradle, Sol i' th' Morn*;
" Iucirc'led with a gentle blaze
" Reflected from his Mothers Face;
" 'Till her clos'd Eyes have made the Night,
" Amaz'd ours cannot bear her light.
" This makes us at this *Season* play,
" Like *Birds* of *Night*, avoiding *Day*.
" W'are tho the *Genii* of this *Place*,
" Attendants of this noble Race.
" Thy ready *Zeal* wee'l so inflame,
" By offring, thou shalt purchase fame.
" Thy *Incense* from the *Vale* shall rise,
" And crown with curled Clouds these Skies,
" Untill their *Jove* his *golden show'rs*
" Upon thy barren *Danae* pours.
" Thought I this *Angel* may say true;
" Else he is in a *Vision* too.

You, Madam, prove so rich a *Theme*,
You can make *Poets* in a *Dream*.

The

The MUSICIAN. 1677.

Upon the Death of Mr. W. D. excellent in Muſick, Servant at Belvoir.

OF thoſe *five Senſes* that our *Nature* grace,
Seeing, and *Hearing*, have the nobleſt place.
By th' *Eares*, the Soul its chiefeſt bliſs obtains;
And ſhowes by th' *Eyes* thoſe bleſſings that it gains.
Thoſe others to the *Body* more belong,
And th' *heav'nly Gueſt* oft by exceſſes wrong.
Whoſe groſſer humours we can ſerve at home,
But muſt to *Belvoir* for the purer come.
What choicer Object can indear the *Sight*?
Above the Earth as much in worth, as height.
A *ſecond Eden* ſhining all about;
Glorious within, and beautiful without!

Then for to pleaſe the *Ears* (thoſe *Doors* o' th' *Mind*)
Where could we rarer choice of treatments find?
What wonders have I from his *Muſick* known?
Paſſions to raiſe in all breaſts but his own.
His *Viol* more than *Magick Spells* could do,
Both raiſe our *Tempeſts*, and then calm 'em too,
Each *Finger* was a *Tongue*, and could impart
Perſuaſive force, above *Rhetorick* art.
The Stubborn Paſſions he might well command,
When every Heart was in his pow'ful hand.
Here a ſoft charming Air for Maſt'ry tries,
With *Venus* breath, and mov'd more than her Sighs.
There from his *Bow* darts forth a piercing ſtrain,
Wounds more than *Cupid*, and yet brings no pain.

When he his ſpeaking *Violin* laid by,
And would his *Flagelt* or *Cornet* try;
The wanton Air he'd in chaſte meaſures bind,
To gentle ſounds tuning th' unruly Wind.
Strada's fam'd *Lutaniſt* his art might fail,
And dye for ſhame before this *Nightingale.*
Whoſe peaceful Soul did for its change prepare,
And vaniſht calmly in a well-tun'd Air.
But all miſchances here are ſo ingroſt;
Not th' *Artiſt* only, but the *Art* is loſt.
Thus their ſad fate the *Græcians* did lament;
Their *Orpheus*, and his *Harp* together went.

To my reſpected Friend, Capt. Shipman. 1678.

TO you, as to my *Guardian*, I go;
To ask protection from a mighty *Foe.*
My tender *Muſe*, frighted with *Critick's* fame,
Starts, and gives back, when ſhe but hears the name.
She's young, and dares not hope to come to good;
Yet ſtrangely dreads a blighting in the bud.
So little Birds, below the *Fowler's* care,
Moſt apprehend the danger of the ſnare.
And whilſt he ſhoots at ſome more noble prize,
They hear the ecchoing noiſe, and trembling riſe.

It is preſumption in my worthleſs *Muſe*
To ask your help, worthy a better uſe.
Yet ſhe's ambitious, and deſires to live;
And ſays, if you'l vouchſafe your *Paſs* to give;
She's ſure no *Critick* dares againſt you ſtrive.

When

When I consider how the mighty *Jove*
Receiv'd the Token of the poor *Bee*'s love;
Methinks I cann't but hope-- that as a *Friend*
You'l not despise (I'm sure you cann't commend)
That wch scarce half an hour both thought & penn'd.

SPRING and AUTUMN. 1678.

To that hopeful Gentleman, Jo. Howe, Esq; *In answer to the fore-going Verses.*

THe fruitful *Trees*, that shade the Southern Climes,
Are like the *blooming* fancies in your Rhymes.
Where *Spring*, and *Autumn*, in one season meet,
The fruit delicious, and the blossoms sweet.
You need no Guardian, but *Apollo*'s care;
And that which makes you bud, will make you bear.
Fruits, with such early *Sun-shine* grac'd, must grow,
And bear, and flourish, and no blastings know.
Secure from *Criticks*--their sharp frosty Air
Serves but to nip your *Lady-Muse* more fair.
Their *Ginns*, and *Censures* are but needless found:
Snares useless are for *Birds* that scorn the ground.

Your youthful *Muse* deserves the choicest note:
So *Essences* are from *first-runnings* got.
Last droppings make but *Taplash*, such as mine;
Your's is the boiling blood o' th' *lusty Vine*.
You shine like *Planets* (those rich *Lords of Light*)
Out-braving us mean *Commons* of the *Night*.
I've scribled out my *Helicon*---, afraid
The *Issue* in my *Arm* has drain'd my *Head*.

Your praiſe is, *Penſion-like*, on me beſtow'd;
Old, and decrepit now, that does no good.
By ſuch advances tho, I keep in ſight:
Thus can the *Moon* gild o're the *gloomy night*.
The *Name* I've wrongly got elſe ſoon will fail;
Tho *Hillocks* may ſeem *Mountains* in the *Vale*.

INCONSIDERATE LOVE. 1678.

Strephon's *Arguments to* Cœlia, *to forſake Youth, Wealth, and Temperance, in his Rival, and to accept their Extreams in him. To* C. B. M.

Love, that i'th' happy Age, a *Monarch* reign'd,
Is now by wealth in golden fetters chain'd.
His *Altars* once to *Merit* ſacred were,
'Till *Riches* turn'd the *World Idolater*.
Hearts now by pairs, are like to *Turtles*, ſold;
Love, *Vowes*, and *Sacrifice* all rul'd by *Gold*.
Now *Cælia*, now's the time to ſhew your worth,
And from *Love*'s *Temple* drive the *Bankers* forth.
For whilſt you ſeek to marry pelf to pelf,
You buy a *Husband*, but you ſell your ſelf.
Fat ſoils bring *Weeds*; the cleaneſt *Corn* is found
In leaner *Fields*, if you well dreſs the ground.
Tho more of coſt, yet more content is had
To build a *Houſe*, than buy one ready made.
Philip of Spain did to no meanneſs fall,
From *Cloiſter poor* to raiſe th' *Eſcureal*.
Scorn not poor *Strephon*: you may be o'recome:
The thred-bare *Gauls* o're-ran triumphant *Rome*.
Sure honour he muſt gain in this hard Fight,
If he retreat not, whilſt a *Crown*'s in ſight.

He

He need not fear *white Wiggs* nor *downy Chins*,
Who loſe their leaves, before their fruit begins.
Yielding your ſelf to ſuch, you muſt decay,
And mony lend againſt your ſelf to play.
There's no more dang'rous, no more frequent thing,
Than is a *Surfeit* of *raw* Love i' th' *Spring*.
When *Love* to his try'd *Stomach* muſt ſucceed,
And, like *digeſted meat*, new vigours breed.
Their ravenous Love, with active motions blown,
(Like *Fire*) conſumes what e're it preys upon.
His flames yet burns not; like *æthereal Fire*,
Whoſe nature is to laſt and to aſpire.
Days may in *Winter* be both cool and fair;
And *Fires* in coldeſt Seaſons brighteſt are.
Love may ſometimes ſeem ſleepy in his breaſt:
Souls thus tow'rds Night compoſe themſelves to reſt
But wake more freſh, and with new vigours bleſt.
Youths *burning-Feavers* make 'em reſtleſs lye,
Conſume their loves in vi'lent heats, and dye.
His *Aguiſh-heats* are temper'd well with cold;
Such *Loves*, like that *Diſeaſe*, will longeſt hold.

See now, fair *Cælia*, neither *Wealth* nor *Youth*
Can true content ſecure, or vouch for truth.
In rich and beauteous *Meads* ſweet *Flowers* grow;
His craggy *Rocks* have precious *Stones* below.
Unpractis'd Youth may laviſh out Love's ſtore,
Turn *Bankrupt*, and forſake you, being poor.
His *Age* will be ſo frugal not to waſte
That treaſure, but preſerve it to the laſt.
No other *Rival* now ſure dares advance,
Unleſs that thin-gut-chap-fall'n *Temperance*.

Altho

Although your *Empire* great as *Cæsar*'s were;
A meager *Cassius* you may justly fear,
Abstemious Zealots ruin'd *England* more,
Than all its jolly *Heroes* did before.
O *Cælia*! ne'r to such become a *Prey*;
Make use of fleeting Joys whilst they will stay;
Since Life's confined to so short a day.
A right *Good-Fellow* daily whets delight,
Returning briskly as to th' *Wedding Night*.
Life's fed with *Love*; as *Men* with *Oysters* dine;
They cloy, if not digested well with *Wine*.
Heightned with mirth, and Sack, he entertains
His *Spouse*, with various sorts of pleasing Scenes.
Wit's requisite in *Love*, as in a *Play*;
To recompence the labour of the Day.

These Virtues, *Cælia*, then in *Strephon* chuse;
And in all others their *Extreams* refuse.
Though he want *Wealth*, and *Temperance*, and *Youth*,
Yet he abounds in *Merit*, *Wit*, and *Truth*.
Or if to wed without those three y'are loth;
You have your self enough of them for both.

The Perfect GENTLEMAN. 1678.

Upon the Death of the truly Honourable Gentleman, John Howe, *Esq*; *of* Langar *in* Nottinghamshire, *my most honoured Friend.*

EYes having done their parts, the *Tongue* must speak:
And tho loud *sighs* have made mine accents weak;
That breast must yield a sound, whose *heart-strings* break.
Their

Their griefs are moſt, who ſilently lament:
Such fires are hotteſt in their *Fornace* pent;
Yet fann'd by ſighs the *flame* now finds a Vent.

Thoſe ſad reverberating groans that riſe
Fro th' Caverns of my boſome, change their noiſe,
And, *Eccho*-like, diſſolve into a Voice.

No *ſhow'rs of tears* my *ſorrows ſtorms* can lay;
Nor ſighs (thoſe *guſts of grief*) blow tears away:
My life muſt be one *rainy-windy-Day.*

The Life of Man depends on breath in chief:
Chameleon-like, my ſorrows gain relief
Fro th' inward air of ſighs, that *breath of grief.*

Such ſigns of grief by *Nature* ſhould be ſent;
Since ſhe has loſt her choiceſt Ornament,
Her *Winds* in *ſighs*, *Rain* ſhould in tears be ſpent.

Both *Nature* and the *Graces* here combin'd
All beauties both of *Body* and of *Mind*;
Perfections, ſcatter'd through the World, here joyn'd.

So curious, ſo proportion'd every part,
That neither ſtrength, nor Beauty got the ſtart,
Hence *Durer* might have form'd more rules of Art.

Thoſe charming *Muſcles* that his ſmiles compos'd,
Were like the *Net*, which *Mars* and *Venus* clos'd.

Conſult but him---old ſtories did not feign;
Th' *Amazonian* Empire prov'd here plain;
Beauty, and *Valour* did together reign.

Nor

Nor joyn'd they only in his outward frame;
Their Virtues in his Soul too were the ſame:
Like *Lightning* bright, but threatning was his flame.

So working in his *Breaſt* his *Spirits* were;
Had they been ramm'd in any breaſt but there,
The weaker *Gun* had ſhiver'd into Air.

His *Body* only his great *Soul* did fit:
And there alone his Soul could only ſit:
Nature's right *Tallies*! this, with that did hit.

His brighter *Virtues* we cannot unfold;
Thoſe that leſs dazling are we may behold;
'Tis wiſe to ſave the very droſs of Gold.

What we can comprehend, we here but write;
We gueſs at *Pyramids* above our ſight,
And by their *Shadows* only take their height.

So true a *Patriot* -- It was his care
His *Prince*'s and his *Countries* love to ſhare;
No *Favourit*, and yet no *Popular*.

So kind a *Husband*, his fair *Lady* knew
No carriage, but like that when he did wooe;
All he did then pretend, he ſince made true.

So good a *Parent*, it may raiſe debate,
Which of his gifts may claim the higher rate;
Their Life, his great Example, or Eſtate.

He was the braveſt *Foe*, the trueſt *Friend*,
That ever *Love*, or *anger* did pretend;
Both which, with Juſtice, did begin and end.

To

To all in want he favours did beſtow;
His *Charity*, like *Nilus*, did o'reflow,
And made the neighb'ring barren Soyls to grow.

His *Converſation* pleaſant was, and good,
And like to *Iſraels* heav'nly *Manna* prov'd;
To all dilicious, yet ſubſtantial food.

Deſignd with Juſtice, by all-knowing Fate,
To all that Fortune gives both good and great:
Rich is the *Stone*, that without foyl is ſet.

How ſoon our hopes were bury'd in deſpair?
Thus *Fabricks* vaſt require no leſſer care,
Nor coſt to build, than keep 'em in repair.

Nature's great Gifts he nobly did requite;
The Splendors he receiv'd, he made more bright,
His *Diamonds* paid, as well as borrow'd light.

But we have loſt the comfort of his rayes;
This ſudden Cloud our Senſes did amaze:
Darkneſs ſeems moſt, after the brighteſt blaze.

Let us with ſadneſs his bleſt period view;
Sickneſs and *Pains* did ſo his Soul purſue;
As *Fate* would try what a *great heart* could do.

Too ſoon his lofty Soul did mount the Sky:
Spirits too faſt ſublim'd in vapours fly:
As richeſt men decay, that live too high.

Th' *eternal ſpark*, Heav'n kindled in his breſt,
By mortal damps could never be ſuppreſt;
But ſoar'd a *Phœnix* from its *flaming Neſt*.

So

So th' *ſacred Lamp* (that was the *High-Prieſt's* care)
Long hid in darkneſs, when expos'd to th' Air,
Reviv'd its ſleeping flame, and beam'd more fair.

His Soul (above the Sun's) ſcorn'd to ſet low;
Its faculties ev'n then did bigger ſhow:
As *Evening* ſhadows in dimenſions grow.

His thoughts were greater, when *Death* came in ſight,
In thoſe approaches to his lateſt Night.
H' inlarg'd his *Room*, to let in greater light.

With ſharpeſt darts the *Tyrant* did aſſail;
Againſt his *Heart of proof* none could prevail;
It was ſo guarded with its *Native Mail.*

Bold *Scæva* thus, upon his *faithful Shield*,
Receiv'd a *Grove of Darts*, yet ſcorn'd to yield;
Retiring great as *Cæſar* from the *Field.*

Prologue to Henry *the third of* France, *at the Royal Theatre. By* Hart. 1678.

YOu're not t'expect to day the modiſh Sport,
Affronting either *City*, or the *Court.*
Our *Poet's* mannerly, and cautious too,
And neither will abuſe himſelf, or you.
Faith both are needleſs; ſince they're done each day,
By you who judge, and he who writes a Play.
The ſacred thirſt for *Bays* and *Fame* is gone;
And *Poetry* now turns *Extortion.*
Nay worſe, *Stage-Poetry* ſeduces more
Than *Wine*, or *Women* ever did before

Gain'd

Gain'd by its charms, hither the Wits reſort;
The *Stage* robs both the *Pulpit* and the *Court*.
The other *Sex* too are ſtark rhyming mad,
Ev'n from the *Dutcheſs*, to the *Chamber-Maid*.
Nor do theſe Charms in the *North Country* fail,
But took our *Poet* both from *Hounds* and *Ale*.

His *Scenes* (ſuch as they are) in *France* are laid;
Where you may ſee the ancient *Engliſh-Trade*;
Either in beating *France* or giving aid.
Such Vertue reign'd then in our ſmiles or frowns,
Thoſe did defend, as theſe could conquer *Crowns*.
Theſe *Miracles* were in *Eliza*'s Reign;
Whoſe left-hand *France* and *Holland* did ſuſtain;
And whoſe right-hand both baffled *Rome* and *Spain*.
Whilſt *England* only could the *World* ſubdue,
Nay found a *new one* out, and reign'd there too;
Judge then what now *Great Britanny* may do;
Since now her *Helm* a greater *Pilot* guides;
Who has th' advantage of his *Sex* beſides.
Tho here our Poet rather would make known
His *Country*'s Reputation than his own;
Yet he may chance by *Criticks* to be hiſt,
As he intrencht upon the *Caſuiſt*.
But he no *Controverſies* ſets on foot;
And thinks it better if none elſe would do't.
Nor tells you which *Religion* he is on;
May be (like moſt of you) he is of none.
If this prove true, he muſt the *States-man* move;
Then for the *Ladies* he has Scenes of Love.
And here *Gallants* are fighting *Scenes* for you;
Nay, here is *Huffing* for you *Hectors* too.

What

What the pox, *Gentlemen*, would you have more?
Y'are cloy'd sure with the *Atheist* and the *Whore*.

Epilogue (by a Woman) to the same Play, soon after the Royal Theatre was fir'd. 1678.

'TIS very hard, whilst *Fortune* was our Foe,
You should disert us for her being so.
We were your *Favourites*; and none before
Lost that Preferment by their being poor.
Small cause, that you should with that *Whore* conspire
To send us *Famine*, 'cause she sent us *Fire*.
The *Scenes*, compos'd of *Oyl* and porous *Firr*,
Added to th' Ruine of the *Theatre*.
And 'twas a Judgment, in the Poet's Phrase,
That *Plays* and *Play-house* perish'd by a *Blaze*
Caus'd by those gaudy *Scenes* that spoil *good Plays*.

But why for this should we forsaken be?
It was our *House*, alas! was burnt, not *we*.
And yet from hence might some suspicion come,
Since it first kindled in our *lowest Room*.
The *Fire* did seize on all, both *Brick* and *Wood*;
But we more lucky were in *Flesh* and *Blood*.

If we be poor, what then? we're honest tho;
And that's the thing, we fear, that loses you.
If you, *Gallants* and *Ladies*, sometimes range
Fro'th' *other House*, it will not seem so strange;
You know the brisk delightfulness of *Change*.

Sure

Sure you, and they are cloy'd e're this: One *Houſe*
Muſt needs be dull and tireſom, as one *Spouſe*.
By long *Co-habiting*, and *Dowry* too,
They'l claim a *Title*, and a *Right* in you.
Nay worſe; with *Age* they heighten ſtill their ſenſe,
Exacting more than due *Benevolence*.
In extream need ſuch uſage to purſue,
Is damn'd *Extortion*, and ill *Manners* too.
For by this trick you may be half undone;
If now, when all the *Miſſes* are from *Town*,
Each *Suburb-ſinner* ſhould exact a *Crown*.

The HERO. 1678.

To his Grace, the Duke of Monmouth, &c.

WHen *Wars* were rumour'd, or great dangers near,
Mars then was ſought, his *Temples* crouded (were.
From, You, great Sir, & from your *flaming blade*,
Our *Eden* boaſts her glory, and her aid.
Not *Eden* only with your beams you gild;
But, like the *Sun*, ſhine upon ev'ry *Field*.
'Tis duty then our *Lawrels* we ſhould bring,
As *Off'rings* to the *Pow'r* that makes 'em ſpring.
They 'mplore, great Sir, your Influence and your Aid;
Lawrels themſelves! of *Thunder* not afraid!

What *Gen'ral* e're began with more renown,
At once to guard the *Miter* and the *Crown*?
Charls is our *Jove*, in's *Conduct* bleſt we are;
And *Monmouth* is his *Thunder-bolt* of War.

Witneſs the *French* at *Maſtricht*, who, with ſhame,
Kindled their Valours at his gen'rous Flame.
You were the ruling *Genius* of the *Field*;
Their empty *Veins* your *Spirits* only fill'd.
You taught 'em how to conquer, rais'd their Name;
'Twas you advanc'd their Trophies, lent 'em Fame.
Which on a brave deſign you did beſtow;
That is, to make them fit to be your *Foe*.

Rais'd by your Acts, at higher things they aim;
To follow *Monmouth* is the Road to *Fame*.
Europe, at their ſucceſsful *Arms* amaz'd,
Look'd pale, and all its trembling *Princes* gaz'd.
On *Britain*'s mighty *Monarch* fixt their Eyes,
Whoſe greater Puiſſance did more ſurprize.
For *Engliſh Conqueſts* ſwiftly'r might advance,
Since *England*, more than once, had conquer'd *France*.
But then remembring *Charles*, as juſt, as great,
His help, as their laſt Refuge, they intreat.

Mons is beſieg'd, and ready to be ta'n;
Monmouth being abſent, other hopes were vain.
At your Approach the *Gallic* Flame expires:
Thus does the Sun put out the weaker Fires.
Your very Name did weary'd *Mons* releaſe,
Made the *French* fly, and truckle to a Peace.
Swift as the *Lightning*, and as piercing too!
Jove thus on's *Eagle* at the *Giants* flew.
The ancient *Romans* did ſome fear betray,
To pinnion *Victory*, and force her ſtay.
She, like their conqu'ring *Eagle*, courts your hand,
And will kill ſurer, by your Valour mann'd.

What

What e're she flies at must your *Quarry* be;
Who can resist *Monmouth* and *Victory*?

The fiery *Mars* is pow'rful in his *Sphear*;
Yet loses Virtue when concern'd elsewhere:
Our *Mars* a general influence can afford;
There is his *Sphear* where e're he draws his *Sword*.
In such Exploits *Cæsar* was never skill'd,
First to make *France* to conquer, then to yield.
Thus *Æolus* with his impetuous *Bands*,
Charging the *Lybian Deserts*, drives the *Sands*
Into a Mountain, which his *Trophy* stands.
Till changing sides, he rallies in the Air
His *Troops*, and then commands to sound to War:
The lofty *Pageant* tumbles to the Ground,
And's *Trophy* now is in its Ruines found.

The MIRROR. 1679.

Presented to the Honourable Mrs. Byron.

GOod *Fortune!* now at last be fond;
And give me that bright *Diamond*
O'th' great *Mogul:* when it appears,
Sun-like, it routs his lesser *Stars*.
Here *Phœbus* fixing all his Rays,
Made it but one compacted Blaze.
It is so weighty, that it's said
To be by *Ounce*, not *Carats*, weigh'd.
As tho to lessen Pride, 'twas meant
For Burden, not for Ornament.

Had I this *Gemm* (your Merits due)
It I would ſacrifice to you.
Pure Incenſe! where no Smoke aſpires,
Kindling it ſelf with native fires.
But now, alas! I have not time
To poſt to ſo remote a Clime!
Nay, when at *Agra*, or *Lahore*,
May be, the *ſullen Emperour*
Would keep his *Diamond*, I'le not try;
And yet ſpeed better, tho more nigh.

Preſents ſhould hold proportion due
To th' Perſons they are offer'd to.
And mine's a *Mirrour* darting rayes,
That *Diamonds*, and *Sun* out-blaze.
The *Chryſtal* I this *Winter* choſe
From drops of *Helicon* new froze.
The *Glaſs*, I, with ſome Art deſign'd;
With *Truth* inſtead of *Silver* lin'd.
A *Lining*! that rich *Tiſſue* ſhames;
Brighter than are *Meridian* beams.
So heav'nly rich! to make 'em ſhine
It does the *Veſts* of *Cherubs* line.

Being thus prepar'd, It ſhows to you
An Object worthy of your view:
Wit, *Greatneſs*, *Virtue*, *Beauty*, *Worth*,
At once in glorious *Crouds* break forth:
And from two ſhining *Caſements* fly:
Like *Angels* ſhooting through the *Skie*.
Whoſe Roſie-blood, *Dame Nature* ſtrains
Through *Lilly-cheeks*, amd *Violet-veins*.

Whoſe

Whose *Scarlet*, *Lancaster* once wore,
His *Rose* dipt in that precious store,
Turn'd *Red*, a *Damask-rose* before.
Her whom I faintly here express,
Your modesty denies to guess.
Untill my *Glass*, being heav'nly true,
Reflects your self, and speaks it you.

The HIEROGLIPHIC. 1679.

To the Honourable Mrs. Byron, *having pleas'd to send me curious and significant Draughts of her Ladiships own hand, in way of* Hieroglifics.

COuld I, like you, my *Pencil* use;
Or had command of such a *Muse*;
All other *Artists* I'd out-do,
By coming something near to you.
But as poor *Dreamers* oft conceit,
Were they in fortune rich and great,
They'd live, and spend at such a rate.
So had I your *Estate* in *Wit*,
Like you, methinks, I'd manage it.
Pallas (that charming *Goddess*) she
Should serve instead of *Muse*, to me.
Inthron'd she should *Queen Regent* sit,
And better rule my frothy wit.
As pow'rful *Cynthia* both guides
Th' unruly *Sea*, and all her *Tides*.

Your drops of *Ink*, like those i'th' Spring
Both *Violets*, *Roses*, *Lillies*, bring.

Your *Fruit-trees* equal Wonders ſhew;
Both bear at once and bloſſom too;
The *Spring* and *Autumn*'s both in you.
Your planted *Vines*, i'th' infant Stems,
Seem to bud forth their bluſhing *Gems*.
Apelle's ſelf would be miſta'en;
Both *Birds* and *He* could not refrain.
When you, with *Graſs*, cloath fancy'd *fields*,
They feed thoſe *Flocks* your *Pencil* yields,
And what does greater Wonders ſhow,
Your *Ink*'s the *Milk* that makes 'em grow.
When you draw *Birds* we wond'ring ſtand,
And ſwear they fly from out your hand.
Here *Tyanæus* Art is gain'd;
And we their Voices underſtand.
When you a pleaſant *River* limm,
Your *Ink*'s the *Stream* where *Fiſhes* ſwim.
Nature's Defects you here recruit,
And *Proverbs* croſs, they are not mute.
Your imitating *Pencil* can
Firſt form, and then put Life in *Man*.
Each *Shadow*, *Rib-like*, can relieve
Your new-made *Adam* with an *Eve*.
Your Art, more ſtrong than that of Fate,
Can liveleſs things ev'n animate.
Your *Trees Dodona*'s influence ſhare,
And are, like them, *Oracular*.
Your very *Shadows* ſet out *Light*;
What is your *Day*, if ſuch your *Night*?
Your *Pinduſt* is not vainly hurl'd;
Its very *Attomes* make a World.

You

You th' *Hieroglyphic*-Art revive;
In *Egypt* dead, in you alive.
Thence *Learning* took it's happy flight:
So from the *East* firſt ſhot the *Light*.
What Admiration's then your due?
How much is *Art* it ſelf oblig'd to you? (too.)
Since *Madam* you can make a *World* and it inlighten

MERIT Rewarded. 1679.

To the Right Honourable William *Lord* Byron, *upon the Death of* Rich. *Lord* B. *his Father.*

ANcient has been the uſe to mourn in *Verſe*;
And *Poets*, more than *Heralds*, grac'd the *Herſe*.
The ſacred heat that did their Breaſts inflame,
By *Muſes* fann'd, kindled the breath of *Fame*.
Hence to diviner heights did Worth aſpire,
And brighter ſhin'd than in the *Fun'ral Fire*.
To *Heroes* only did their *Verſe* belong;
Immortal Acts found an *immortal Song*.
'Twas *Merit* then did only purchaſe *Praiſe*;
Nor could a *Crown* of *Gold* bribe one of *Bays*.
Your noble *Father* their choice Skill had try'd;
Had he in thoſe days either liv'd or dy'd.
And though I am unfit to ſing his *Name*,
This *Epitaph* I ſacrifice to *Fame*.

The Epitaph.

ILluſtrious *Byron* Juſtice found;
Being four times crown'd.

1. From noble *Anceſtors* did get
   A *Coronet.*
2. Then loyal *Valour* did bequeath
   A *Lawrel wreath.*
3. His Suff'rings *Martyr's* glory found
   With *Roſes* crown'd.
4. Nothing can add to his great *Story*,
   But that of *Glory.*

My Lord,

I ſhall not vainly mourn his doom,
Since he dropt fully ripe into his *Tomb*:
Yet loaded more with *Glory* than with *Days*,
Hence with my *Cypreſs* then, and reach me *Bayes.*
My Muſe, like to its Subject, ſhould be bright,
And, like to *Roman Mourners*, clad in *White.*
When firſt his Death was told, her Tears ſhe ſhed;
And, like moiſt *Lillies*, droopt her dewy head.
Pearls thus at *midnight* fall from *Luna's* eyes,
But are again dry'd up at *Sol's* upriſe.

Hail then Reſtorer of our Joys! ſhine bright,
And with thy *Cynthia* joyn in *ſheets* of Light.
Increaſe your noble *Stock*: Thus *Perſians* ſay
The *Queen of Night* joyns with the *King of Day*;
And, curtain'd in *Eclipſes*, there they get
That *ſhining Brood* that in the *Skies* are ſet.

AR-

ARREARS. 1679.

To the Honourable Mrs. Chaworth.

TO you I have such *Rents* to pay;
In Policy I should not stay;
If from my self I knew to run away.

Your *Cottage* tho is in repair;
The inward *Rooms* well furnisht are;
The *Windows* glaz'd, and *Roof* new thatcht with *Hair.*

Your *Tenant* clad in *Scarlet* Vest,
Carouzing *Clarret* of the best
Within the *Lodging-Chamber* of my Breast.

High fares he with no ill intent;
For if he starve,---You lose your *Rent*;
Since none, but he, can farm the *Tenement.*

My hopes of thriving are decay'd;
Wire-drawing Wit in Rhyme's my *Trade*;
And I no store of *Bullion* have for aid.

Small stocks in *Country* trades may do;
Ev'n *Pedlers* there deserve a view:
As little *Gold* beat thin will make a shew.

A *smutty Fancy*, or *bald Jest*,
Profaneness in *Hobb*'s Livery dresst,
Serve for a *Session*'s *charge*, or *Churching-Feast.*

This will not do in *London-Town*;
Not trusting without Money down:
Hence are their very *Lawreats* Bankrupts grown.

Nor

Nor ſtrange; Times ſo expenſive are:
The *Tripos* once requir'd leſs care
To manage well, than now a *Barbar's Chair*.

To woo a *Lady* 'till ſhe's fit,
Needs now more coſt of Plot and Wit,
Than formerly to *wed*, and *Children* get.

Sack's influence once inſpir'd the brain:
'Tis well if now it can maintain
Fit *Reparties* for th' *Drawers* witty Vein.

The *Coffe-houſes* now admit
More *Criticks*, than the very *Pit*;
As prodigal of *Treaſon*, as of *Wit*.

Beſides all theſe expenſive ways;
I laviſht out, and writ two *Playes*;
Catching at *Hope*, I nothing got but *Bayes*.

Into the *Country* quite undone,
My *Muſe* and I, both *Bankrupts*, run:
Like wandring *Luther*, with his bare-foot *Nun*.

The RENT due. *Jan.* 1. 1679.

To the ſame.

LAſt years expence has made me frugal grown:
Your *Rent* I ſav'd, altho ſo long in *Town*.
Wit is not current now; the humou'rs hot
I' th' *Town*, to talk of nothing but the *Plot*.
No *Age* a greater wonder hath reveal'd;
The more diſcover'd 'tis, 'tis more conceal'd.

Thus

Thus ſome late *Poets* of their *Phœbus* write;
His *Highneſs* hidden is by too much light.
But leſt my diff'rent fate (an obſcure name)
Should prejudice the title of your *Claim*;
I have ſurvey'd th' *Eſtate*, and *Cottage* too,
In this ſhort *Draught* I here preſent to you.

Three *Storyes* high, upon an *Arch* 'tis plac'd;
Two *Windows* in the *Front* with *Chryſtal* glaz'd;
A double *Door*; the Leaves of *Coral* made,
Which to the Houſe, 'twixt *Rayls* of *Pearls* convey'd
A ſupple *Porter* in his *Lodge* does wait
To welcome every *Gueſt* that paſs'd the *Gate*.
On either ſide the *Door*, two *Spots* of *Snow*;
Diſcolour'd now, where *Roſes* once did grow.
Two *Tunnels* to convey the thicken'd Wind,
Rais'd by the heat, not yet to flame refin'd.
Of *Bones*, the *Roof* did like a *Cupo* ſhow;
Thatcht o're with *Straw* that on the *Soyl* did grow.
Worn thin with time; to keep out Wind and Rain,
The *Cupo* warmly coated is again.
The *bony frame* dawb'd with a *mud-wall* caſe,
Refin'd by th' *Fornace* of its native place.
The lower *Rooms* mean *Offices* contain,
And cleanly kept, through which the *Kennels* drayn.

I' th' ſecond Story, Places choicely dreſt;--
And firſt, the *Preſence-Chamber*, where does reſt,
In fitting ſtate, the *Monarch* of the breaſt.
The *Dining-Room*, where *Ventiducts* are ſet
To bring refreſhments for exceſſive heat.
And *Stoves* (which wiſeſt *Nature* there did frame,
Like *Veſtal-hearths*) to ſave the *dying flame*.

A ſacred

A ſacred *Fount* does in the *Center* riſe,
Rich as the Spring that water'd *Paradiſe*.
Th' *Egyptian Queen* who quaft a *Kingdom* up,
Infuſing *Pearls* into her wanton *Cup*;
The *Draughts* compar'd, ours have by far the odds;
This was the *Nectar* of the *Demy Gods*.
And looks as tho that bluſhing *Queen* of *Gemms*
(The *Ruby*) were diſſolv'd into theſe Streams.
Hence *Princes* are in this rich *Colour* dreſt;
Since *Life* it ſelf ſhines in a *Scarlet-Veſt*.

And now am I to the *third Story* come;
The higheſt, and, alas, the weakeſt Room!
That once Experience would but croſs the Jeſt,
And prove the higheſt *Chamber* furniſht beſt.
For *Knowledge* (*Nature's guide*) ſhould quarter there,
And *Judgment*, her moſt truſty *Councellour*.
Invention, *Memory*, and *Wit*, ſhould ſtay;
And all their Treaſures in this *Turrit* lay.
But for ſuch *Gueſts* I have no fitting Room;
Or if I had, I've no ſuch *Gueſts* to come.
If you vouchſafe it, You muſt from your ſtore
(Like *Princes*) ſend your *Furniture* before.

I've here deſign'd a *Draught* with little coſt,
To ſtand a *Land-mark*, leſt your *Claim* be loſt.
And mighty *Purchaſers*, for want of heed,
Oft' leave out petty *Parcels* in the *Deed*.
When *Alexander* did the *Eaſt* ſubdue,
(And he no *Conq'rour* was, compar'd to you)
Amidſt his many *Trophies* of renown,
Summing the *Audit*, he had loſt a *Crown*.

The

The PROROGATION. 1679.

To the Honoured Sir Scroop Howe, *Knight of the Shire for* Nottingham-ſhire.

SOme good from *Prorogations* come;
Since, worthy Sir, they ſend you home.
We *Country*-men did want you more,
Than did the *Courtiers* heretofore.
Your preſence will advance our fates,
As much as it has their *Eſtates*.
Be kind to us, and no more give;
They'l ſuffer you at home to live.

Love is not only here more *true*;
But it is alſo *ſafer* too.
I' th' bargain they are much miſta'ne,
Who pay for pleaſure and buy pain.
No *Popiſh Plots* diſturb our Nights;
We ſleep, or wake to ſafe delights.
They ſurely find a dreadful ſtate,
Who *burning* fear from *Love* or *Hate*.
No ſawcy *Politicks* we read;
Nor ſhoot our bolts who ſhall ſucceed.

To *Law*, and *Goſpel* we refer it;
Let them decide who muſt inherit.
Who, without theſe, thinks of the *Crown*;
We need not fight, nor pray him down.

We here hate nothing but the *French*,
Their *Wine*, their *Worſhip*, and their *Wench*.

Welcom,

Welcome, dear Sir, to your true Friends;
Who love you only for your ends.
For your own worth you are desir'd;
By all, but by your self admir'd.
Nay, you are lov'd by more men here,
Than you, or I, lov'd *Women* there,

The WELCOME.

To the right Honourable the Lady Anne Howe.

THe archest *Cheats* to *London* get,
Yet *London* is the archest *Cheat*.
Most there i' th' *gentle-craft* combine;
Both *Courtier*, *Lawyer*, and *Divine*.
Methinks, their arrogance is odd,
To rob both *King*, the *Law*, and *God*.
London! repent for what is past;
Thou mak'st us fair amends at last.
You, Madam, and your health repay
All Treasures, it e're took away.
For all the *millions* we have last,
Wee here get *Damages* and *Cost*.
Your presence will decay its store;
And we shall now complain no more.
Then fit *Returns* must needs be sought,
For all these blessings you have brought.
Our services, our pray'rs, and we,
Long since were your propriety.
And tho all these belong to you;
Here we present 'em to your view,
Their claim of int'rest to renew.

Then

Then, Madam, you can never fail
Of hearty *welcoms* from the *Vale*;
The *noble houſe* from whence you came,
Vouchſafing *Honour*, and its *Name*.
Our *Joy* (that *health o'th' Soul*) we give
For th' *health* of *Body*, you receive.
But we have better things than theſe,
More worthy you, and fit to pleaſe.
To make this bold aſſertion good;
Behold th' *Elixirs* of your blood.
Fair tranſcripts of your noble mind;
Rich proofs *Sir Scroop* and *you* are kind.
Sure-vouchers of a future bliſs;
Hopes of the next Age, Joyes of this.
May *Sons* and *Daughters* live t'inherit
Both *Father*'s and the *Mother*'s Spirit.
Love then may juſtly *Trophies* build;
For they will ſurely win the *Field*,
When all, both *Men* and *Women* yield.

BEAUTIES MONARCHY. 1679.

To the Honourable Mr. Briget Noel,
vouchſafing a Favour.

Verſe, without truth, is a dark *Day*;
Where peeping glimpſes play,
Without the favour of one ſhining ray.

When *Poets* leave fictitious Dreams;
Apollo gilds their *Themes*,
Smiling upon 'em with auſpicious beams.

Accoutred

Accoutred thus, He courts your ſight;
And you reflect his light:
Like poliſht *Chryſtals* making it more bright.

The treaſures of his blazing *Mine*
All objects elſe refine;
Your *Eyes* alone gild o're his Silver ſhine.

'Tis you out-influence the *Sun*;
His *Charter* is out-done;
You make me *Poet*, who before were none.

The *Statue* thus that *Memnon* made,
Was ſilent in the *ſhade*:
Struck with the *Sun-beams vocal Muſick* play'd.

No greater Treaſon can their be,
Than your own *modeſty*;
Refuſing *Univerſal Monarchy*.

Apollo with his *Troops* tho ſtands,
Like the *Prætorian Bands*,
Forcing the *Empire* on unwilling hands.

Inthron'd you ſit on *glorious blaze*;
Diſdaining *Lawrels*, *Bayes*,
Glories incirc'ling you of your own *Rayes*.

Dazled to death by your fierce Beams,
We but refine our Fames:
Like *Martyrs* glorying in the purging Flames.

But if your pitty cool your Eye,
And will not let us dye;
Like *Confeſſors*, our Faith wee'l not deny.

With

With *Roses* then I shall be crown'd,
Tho *Bayes* cannot be found;
Living, or *Dying*, your *Rewards* abound.

I must be just, tho I am vain:
My *Conscience* bears no stain
Though zeal, for you, makes me a *Puritan*.

With all Devotion I confess
Beauty, than *Goodness* Less;
Yet yours so great, it would an *Angel* bless.

Your goodness tho must greater be;
Too large for *Quantity*;
Since, oh, it did vouchsafe to think of me!

Gifts then are duly entertain'd,
And in a right light stand;
When we regard the *Persons* whence th' are gaind.

In our *Inferiours*, *Bribes* they are;
To gain a better share:
As some for *Riches*, barter breath in *Pray'r*.

When from our *Equals* they are sent;
They are but favours lent
By *Tenants* to be stopt in the next *Rent*.

Superiours, in the meanest thing,
Not *gifts*, but *honours* bring:
As when a *Knighthood* is vouchsaf'd by th' *King*.

Yours, Madam, goes a higher rate,
And brings a richer fate;
Since you confer'd both *honour* and *Estate*.

Greater acknowledgments are due;
I owe my self to you;
For you both grac'd, inrich'd, and bleſt me too.
Bleſt I muſt be; for whilſt I rate
The virtues of your ſtate,
The *World* may fall in love, and imitate.
Inſpir'd thus with a ſacred rage,
To be your *Poet* I ingage:
Then whilſt I ſing your praiſes right,
The *World* will be converted by't,
And I the *Apoſtle* of this Heath'niſh Age.

TRUE NOBILITY. 1679.

Upon the Death of the Right Honourable John *Earl of* Rutland, *&c.*

THat *little God* within, the *ſpark divine*,
Which does, i'th' *Body*, through the *Windows* ſhine;
Whoſe influence here dreſſes us up a *Name*;
And, after *Death*, revives us in our fame:
Whoſe ſprightly *ſalt* preſerves the *Body* whole
In all its *Parts*; 'twould elſe ſtink out the *Soul*:
Which, whilſt incarnate, is exactly dreſt;
For *Scarlet* both keeps warm, and lines the *Veſt*.
It is the *Sun* that makes theſe *Diamonds* bright;
Dark drops! till he has lin'd 'em through with light.
How vainly we employ our ſenſual Eyes,
When we the beauties of the *Body* prize?
Uſeleſs the *Lanthorn* is, and dark as Night,
When *Death*'s cold blaſt puffs out the trem'lous Light.

Whilſt

Whilſt tenanted, the *Houſe* is in repair,
Built with *Mud-walls* of *Fleſh*, and thatcht with *Hair*.
But when the *Tenant*'s gone, 'tis ruin'd quite:
And who can ſtay *Death*'s cold and darkſome *Night*,
When *Fire*'s extinguiſht, and put out the *Light*?

Yet ruin'd *Temples* ſtill command our care,
And *Stones*, that made the *Altar*, ſacred are.
For common uſe they ſhould not be profan'd,
But in ſome choice *Repoſitary* ſtand;
Till by ſome pious reſolution bleſt,
Once more they're fitted for the former *Gueſt*.

Great Rutland's *Relicks* may more rev'rence claim,
Than ever yet from *Superſtition* came.
And 'tis but juſt--that we to *Altars* run,
Whence *Bleſſings* came, and *Miracles* were done.
What could from *Mannors* leſs expected be;
Sprung from Fourth *Edward*'s *Royal Progenie*?
Great York to plant his *Roſes* here thought good,
Painting their *Snow* with drops of *Mannor*'s *blood*.
But leaſt th'advantages of ſo much coſt,
Should in thoſe azure Labyrinths be loſt;
A glorious *Mark* eighth *Henry* did beſtow;
That future Ages might the honour know.
No greater favour could the fame advance;
Grac'd with the *Arms* of *England*, and of *France*.

But I diſturb his *Duſt* with theſe *bald Rhymes*!
Duſt when interr'd, *Bells* ceaſe their jangling Chimes.
Yet *Love*, *Reſpect*, and *Truth*, ſo fan my fire;
And from their flowing ſtores my breaſt inſpire;

That like the *Prophet*, they ſupply my *Muſe*
(That needy *Widdow*) with a ſpringing *Cruſe*.
My *Standiſh* dreyn'd, the *Fountain* bubbles ſtill;
The fruitful Subject thrives upon my *Quill*.
When other ſtrengths, before their time, are ſpent:
As *Roſes*, by long handling, loſe their ſcent.

True heats of *Zeal* did in his *Actions* glow;
A warmth, that frozen *Age* does ſeldom know:
And yet his Spring was hot, for all his *Snow*.
Thus *Fires* o'th' *Altar*, that from *Heav'n* firſt came,
For many ages did preſerve the flame.
His chearful looks did repreſent his mind;
Through *chryſtal* of his *Eyes* his *candour* ſhin'd.
Tranſparent were his thoughts, his virtues known:
Through *Tagus* ſtreams, the golden *Sands* were ſhown.

His *Charity* fell like the *Morning Dew*,
As beneficial, and as conſtant too.
His pray'rs to Heav'n, from Heav'n did bleſſings gain:
As *Vapours*, ſent from *Earth*, deſcend in rain.

This was the bleſſed *Circle* he did frame;
So went his Soul to *Heav'n*, from whence it came.
The tow'ring *Falkon* thus her ſelf does skrew
In *airy Rings*, till almoſt loſt to view;
Then perches on that *Hand* whence firſt ſhe flew.
Whilſt daily crouds his lib'ral *Alms* did gain,
How glorious he appear'd with ſuch a *Train*?
Far more than thoſe oſtentuous *Pomps* now ſhown;
Begg'ring the *Countrey*, to inrich the *Town*.

Whoſe

Whoſe Goodneſs, like their Greatneſs, is mere ſhow;
Like *Winds*, whoſe Being's only while they blow.
Their *Names* are loſt in the deep calm of *death*;
And, *Vapour-like*, their fame fades with their breath,

Had I a *Wreath* of *Bayes*, I'd lay it down;
And *Cypreſs* ſhould my *Muſes* temples crown.
She, and her Siſters leave to boaſt their pride
In their extraction, by the *Fathers*-ſide;
Lay by their *Veſts*, ſpun of the *Morning* Rayes,
And trimm'd with *Mid-day-beams*, like *golden lace*;
Courting their *Aunt*, (the *Queen of Night*) to gain
Mourning, of that ſame ſtuff did make her *Train*.
Accouter'd thus in fitting ſtate ſh'appears;
Penſive as *Midnight*, all bedew'd with tears.

NEW LIBANUS. 1679.

To the Right Honourable Catharine *Counteſs of* Rutland; *Upon the Bleſſings brought to that (well-near-extinguiſht Family) by Her ſelf and Honourable Iſſue.*

Honour'd Madam,

IF I'm o're-bold, *Zeal* makes the errour leſs;
For *Zeal* is but *Devotion* in exceſs.
If it more forward preſt than you requir'd,
'Tis my *Soul*'s warmth by agitation fir'd,
Such *Zeal*, and true *Devotion*, are the ſame;
Or only differ, as do Heat, and Flame;
That cheriſhes it ſelf; but *Zeal* incites
The World, to imitate its blazing lights.

Praiſes to ſing, and *Powers* to admire,
Are the chief *Deſcants* of the *heav'nly Quire.*

'Tis fame enough, that I have led the way,
And tun'd the *Strings* for skilful hands to play.
They may advance th' inventions of my *Muſe*:
As *Sciences* improve with time, and uſe.
In primitive *Profeſſors*, all confeſs
Their *Zeal* devouter, tho their *Knowledge* leſs.
By no *Divinity* inſpir'd, but you;
I am your *Poet*, and your *Prophet* too.
Rare Subject! where all *Poetry* may ſtrain;
And never be aſperſt, that it does feign.
Where *Fancy* moſt exalted, ſeems to be
Plain *Demonſtration*, and true *Hiſtory*.
It eaſie is for *Prophets* to divine;
When bleſſings clearly through your Actions ſhine.
Bright *Iſſue*, from ſuch *Springs* as ſurely ſtreams,
As *Sol* and *Luna* propagate their beams.

Belvoir's an *Orb* ſo great, Both there unite;
And thence your *Infant-Stars* derive their Light.
As glorious, and as laſting, may they prove;
Thoſe hopeful *Products* of your mutual love.
Great-Rutland, with theſe *Proſpects* clos'd his Eyes;
And joyfull, like prophetick *Jacob*, dyes.

How ſhould we celebrate your precious *Wombe*;
That this Age bleſſes, and the next to come?
Paſt Ages fitting recompences found;
Bellies of fruitful *Princeſſes* were crown'd.

O! that

O! that your *Royal Name-ſake* could but ſet
A *Crown* as ſure, as you a *Coronet*!
Your pregnant *Soil*, rich as are *Indian Beds*;
Where one *Roſe* blows, ſoon as another ſheds.
Fruitful as flowing *Nilus*, that ne'r ſwells,
But future bleſſings to its *Country* tells.
Like *Gideon's Fleece*, drencht with *Cœleſtial dew*;
Whilſt tears are all the *Moiſture* others knew.
By friendly *Fate*, your happy *Lord's* allow'd
To meet a *Juno* in a fruitful *Cloud*.
Fruitful as thoſe i' th' Spring when bleſſings pours,
Upon the Earth, and *Silver* melts in ſhow'rs.

Nor are your poor, by theſe expences grown;
No more, than *mid-day-beams* exhauſt the *Sun*.
What iſſues from your *Orb* adds to your ſhine:
As fragrant *Bloſſoms* crown the *Geſſamine*.
You, by thoſe dear reflections, are more bright:
So Stars (thoſe *ſeeds o' th' Sun*) rob not his light.
Nay you are fairer, as more happy found:
Some *Seeds* there are improve the *Mother-Ground*.

You, than the *Foundreſs*, I ſhould more have prais'd,
Since you uphold the *Fabrick* that ſhe rais'd.
She, like *Pigmalion* did the *Image* give;
But you the *Goddeſs* are that makes it live.

BELVOIR. 1679.

A Pindarick Poem; being a faint draught of that most noble Edifice, with some Characters of the late Noble Founder, Owners, and their Matches.

The DEDICATION.

To the Right Honourable Jo. *Earl of* Rutland. *&c.*

THE greatest Orator, and Statesman said *M. T. Cic.*
(May be the greatest ever Nature made,
Where grace design'd no aid)
That if a heave'nly *Guest* confin'd below,
Might none o' th' shining wonders show;
The fretting secret would corrode his mind,
And, *Viper-like*, a passage find:
So some o' th' *Wonders* that in *Belvoir* are,
And *Belvoir* self I must declare!
Tho my *Description* has not equal grace,
Unworthy of the *Place*;
It may perform its trust,
And serve to keep away *Time*'s dust,
By closing it within this *Paper-case*.

Such draughts of *Poetry* let none reject;
Fancy is no vain *Architect*;
Building cannot make it poor;
Of shining *Quarrys* it has store.
Apollo makes, and then refines
Its unexhausted golden *Mines*,
Untill the *Treasury* runs o're.

Kings

Kings in mighty actions skill'd;
And their Exchequers fill'd,
Then fit they are
Vaſt ſtately Pyles to rear!
Yet *Poets* can more laſting *Structures* build.

Armida's Caſtle will make good the boaſt,
Founded on poor *Taſſo's* coſt.
Our rambling *Braves* advance
The empty gayeties of *France:*
And yet the *Louvre* is not equal ſeen,
To th' *Pallace* of our *Fairy Queen*
Spain's vaſt Eſcurial is o're-whelm'd with ſhame,
When we *Sol's* glorious *Pallace* name,
Whoſe beauties yet are in their prime,
Tho built by *Ovid* in *Auguſtus* time!
A *Paper-building*! but his *Ink* well temper'd all the *Lime.*

My Lord, I'm none of thoſe,
Who are ſo vain to think
That *Verſe*, with all its *Rhyming clink*
Hides folly more than *Proſe.*
Embroider'd Coats may make one brave;
But neither hide a Fool or Knave,
For gawdy trappings did expoſe
Eſop's proud *Aſs* both to contempt and blows.
And yet we muſt confeſs
Dull proſe or *Ruſtick dreſs*
Conceals not ignorance nor makes it leſs.
Witneſs our worſer times;
Paul's oratory ſuffer'd loſs,
By many an idle *Gloſs*:
As *David's Poetry* by *Hopkin's* Rhymes.

It

It matters not how we our thoughts reherſe,
Whether in *Proſe* or *Verſe*.
So we tranſcribe but right and fair,
What *Copies* of our Minds declare.
Honeſt Intents
Make Love and Truth their choiceſt Ornaments.

In theſe laſt days
The *Soul of Wit* decays!
Weaker its Efforts are ſeen;
As is obſerved of the *Poets Bayes*;
They are leſs fruitful and leſs green.
'Tis the World's Dotage; and we grow
Leſs good, leſs healthy, and leſs witty too.
If Fate could any thing contrive
To croſs this *Rule* that is too true;
This *Theme* would *Poetry* revive,
And make my *Fancy* briſk, and ſtrong, and new.
Such as great *Virgil*, *Lucan*, *Horace* writ,
(Thoſe *Triumvirs* of Wit!)
That triumph'd over Ignorance;
And by their Choice, not Chance,
An Empire rais'd; to which all *Poets* bow,
From their days, ev'n till now.
And never *Rebel* did againſt their Laws advance.

Their ſtrengths of Thought were great;
Aided by cœleſtial heat.
Their Brains were warm'd with praiſe,
Mecæna's Favours, and freſh Wreaths of Bayes.
Their *Heads* were *heated Stills*;
And Spirits dropt from *Noſes* of their *Quills*.

But

But in these cooler days,
(And *Winter Evenings*, ah! are cold!)
The frosty humour of the Age benums
Our Brains, hence nothing flows but *Rhewms*;
Thin sickly *Products* of neglected Wit.
For now rewards of Gold
Are hard to get,
As that rare Stone that *Chymists* say produces it.
Who can avoid Despair and Rage,
To see
Cæsar, *Mecænas*, *Poetry*,
Confined to one Age?
The two choice Blessings from above,
Are *Wit* and *Love*.
Love gains all Empire, makes the World submit;
Wit is *chief minister* to govern it.
Yet both these mighty things decay,
And, if neglected, will not stay:
They bring all Blessings from above.
This, this, methinks, should great and rich men move.
Without *Reward*, farewel both Wit and Love.

But stay!
Before mine go away,
I'll give one struggle more.
If I expire,
My *Theme* can, like strong *Cordials*, restore
My wasting Wit,
And cherish it;
As Spirits numb'd recruit with fire.
Thus *Priests* when they did *Oracles* record;
Those Pow'rs inspir'd, which they themselves ador'd.

To

To the Reader of the following Poem.

Favour I ſhall not hawk to gain;
The *Quarry* is already ta'n.
For all that can be done or ſaid,
I largely am before-hand paid.
The *Fœtus* thus is paid i'th' *Womb*
For all its Services to come.
My Duty then thou ſhould'ſt not blame,
Nor that this Smoak atteſts my Flame.
Enthuſiaſts cannot Pleaſures own,
Untill they make their Viſions known.
St. *Paul* himſelf was not content
Till he had publiſh'd where he went.
Heav'ns glory to the World appears,
Printed in golden Characters.
This *Subject* ought to have been writ
From ſuch a ſhining *Alphabet*
The *Pen* made of a pointed Ray,
Shook from the *golden Wing* of *Day*.
Yet ſhining Works upon dark ground
Will more apparently be found:
Eclipſes ſo make Gazers run
To look upon the darkned Sun;
And yet behind the Cloud he's bright,
Ne're leſſen'd in his proper Light.
However I the *Story* tell,
Since pleas'd I have, I have done well.
An *Architect* ſhould chiefly try
To pleaſe the *Owner*'s Mind and Eye,
But others only by the Bye.

Yet

Yet, *Reader*, if thou favour grant,
I'll cheriſh what I do not want.
It 'mongſt my precious Stores I'll lay
For Refuge in a *ſtormy* day.
A *Cloak* in Summer is not vain,
Since *Sun-ſhine* days may end in Rain.

BELVOIR.

A Pindaric Poem, *or a faint Draught of that ſtately Fabrick; with ſome ſhort Characters of the Noble Founders, Owners, with their Alliances.* 1679.

I Muſt not be
A *Schiſmatick* in *Poetry*;
Conform I will, and follow th'mode;
My *Pegaſus* ſhall amble in the beaten Road.
Thou, noble Lord, ſhalt be
Mecænas and *Apollo* too to me.
O that I could a *Virgil* be to thee!
Vouchſafe that I may chuſe
Thy fair and vertuous *Lady* to my *Muſe*.
And if at want of number ſome repine;
Rapt with Poetick Fury, I divine
Your Fervours ſhall not reſt,
Till bleſt
With *infant Muſes* to make up the *Nine*.
Let *Belvoir* be
Parnaſſus then to me.
At the foot of this bright *Mountain*,
Springs a ſacred Fountain;

The Cellar
Whoſe

Whose spacious Veins continually run
With precious liquor, passing *Helicon*;
By which *Jove's Nectar* is out-done.
Each *Butt*'s a pregnant *Womb* of Wit,
Where *Poetry* lies in the *Embrio* yet:
Oh, for the *Butler* now to *midwife* it!

Imperial Mount! we must allow
Another *Crown*, besides the *Castle*, to thy brow.
Thy beauty, strength, and state,
Are so incomparably great,
That *Truth* it self must tell,
'Tis pity, as it is impossible,
That thou shouldst yield to Fate.
It cannot then a *Superstition* be,
To say to thee,
Illustrious Belvoir, hail!
Thou Honour giv'st, and Title to a *Vale*
More pleasant, more rich, than that of *Thessaly*.

Those *Stairs*, by which we to the *Castle* mount,
We justly may account
Conductive to more Glory,
Than ever yet was read in Story;
Unless the *Patriarch*'s *Ladder* step between;
And yet that only in a Dream was seen.
Look! how the *neighb'ring Hill* there swells with pride,
Because it found the Grace,
To have its place
Next to the *Monarch-mountain*'s side.
With sev'ral Shades of *Greens* 'tis quilted o're,
And checker'd with delightful store

Of

Of various Flowers,
The Off-ſprings of freſh *April* Showers.

Too much Irreverence would be ſeen,
To obſerve the *Handmaid*, & neglect the *Queen*.
The *Atlas* of our hope! whoſe *Shoulders* bear
A *World* of Beauties and of Glories too;
Or it more likely may appear
Olympus to our view.
Where *Jove* and *Juno* ſit inthron'd;
With leſſer *Deities* incompaſt round.
No *Mountain* ever nobler crown'd!
This *Caſtle* has more Bleſſings gain'd,
Than to be founded on a *Hill* of *Sand*;
On barren *Rocks*, whoſe Precipices fright
The Gazer from his wiſh'd delight.
Other mean *Hills* ſome deſpicable *Turrets* ſhow,
Like *Warts* upon a Brow.
Some like *Uſurers* are ſeen,
Tho homely cloath'd, yet richly clad within.
With *Sand* (plain *Ruffet*) clad,
Or, what's as bad,
A graſs-green *Veſt*, but ſo thred-bare,
That *Earth* (the *naked skin* o'th' *Mountain*) does appear.
Within 'tis true they may be rich and bright;
But, like the Sun at night,
Below our *Hemiſphere*, their Beams are out of ſight.

The Hill on which the Caſtle ſtands.

Our *Atlas* looks not ſhabbily and bare;
His *Arms*, *Thighs*, *Legs*, all cover'd are
With a *rich mantle* of eternal Green,
As in the other *Paradiſe* was ſeen.

Our *Mountain*'s vaſt and brave;
With *Nature*'s *Architrave*.
Cornice, and *Freeze*,
Of ever green and fruitful *Trees*;
Whoſe fruits intice
To hope, not loſe a *Paradiſe*.
When *Flora* is i' th' midſt of all her pride;
And all the *Trees* cloath'd on the *Mountain* ſide;
How pleaſant 'tis to ſee them grow,
Each ſort in an alternate row?
To ſee them imitate
The World's unequal fate?
Some Heads, than others feet, more low;
And yet they grow;
And ſometimes are as uſeful and as fruitful too.
The *Bayes* and *Lawrels* on the *Mountain*'s brow,
Make a moſt noble ſhow.
With *Conquerours*, and *Heroe*'s *Wreaths* 'tis crown'd,
As fits a *Mountain* above all renown'd.
Then on the top are ſeen
The lovely *Walks*, and ſtately *Bowling green*;
Even on the tops of Trees,
Like to the *Gardens* of *Semiramis*,
In her great *Babylon*,
No greater wonders could be ſhown.
Our *Turrits* too we can diſplay;
As bright, and glorious as an Eaſtern day.
Glories! that never ſhadows know;
And look, with ſcorn, on Clouds below!
Our *Mountain* outwardly is fine;
Its Treaſures through the top does ſhine.

It

It is an everlasting *East*,
Where a bright Sun has built her nest.
Rich Vale! thy fruitfulness exceeds all sense;
Blest with a double influence.
Thou must with plenty flow;
Inricht by one bright Sun above, and this below.

Who ever views in starry Night,
The heav'nly *Champaign* fair and wide;
With cloudy furrows plow'd on every side,
And sown with glitt'ring seeds of light.
If he survey the fruitful field,
And *shining Crop* around,
To tell how many *Bushels* it may yield;
Numberless they will be found,
Hee'll find th' attempt more vain
Than to tell *Sands*, or drops o'th' *Ocean*.
For whilst, through searching *Tube* he pries,
To count the many *golden Eyes*,
That grace great *Juno*'s azure Trayn;
(For Poets of her *Bird* did stories feign, *Skies*)
Those thousand Eyes were *Stars*, her *Ground* the
The more he looks, the more the number multiplies.
So *Belvoir*'s wonders to display,
Is to count Attomes on a Sun-shine day;
Less numerous than they.
The glorious Sun at Noon,
When in his flaming Throne he stands;
You may as soon
Scrape up his shining Treasures, that are hurld
About the World,
And hold 'em in your hand.

His vast *Revenues*, make not poor
The *Country*, but increase its store:
So *Vapours* paid to th' Sun from every ground,
Purst in a *Cloud*; when th' Season's fit
To open it;
Then down the *Liquid Silver* pours
In fruitful showers;
And payes with interest the fields around.
Here you may see
The ancient *English Hospitality*;
Where all their *Neighbours* seem o'th *Family*.
Here, like the *Patriarch's* feasts,
Half of the World are *Guests*.
And so proportion'd is the care,
An equal plenty they prepare;
The *Table's* loaded o're with choicest meats;
And beautifi'd with delicates;
Impoverish'd is the *Sea*, the *Earth*, the *Air*.

Look at that stately, and yet easie pride
O'th' spatious *Stair-case*, light as day;
Yet easie to ascend, as down to slide.
Blest fate! if erring mortals may
Find *Heavn's High-way*,
But half so *wide*!
None then can miss
The road to bliss;
Since both the left side, and the right,
Surely does guide, and kindly does invite
To *Paradise*.
Wherever now I cast mine Eye,
Such lively *Pictures* I espy;
Methinks, the *old Wifes* tale is not a Lye.

This

This seems the *Gyant's Castle*, where
He seiz'd on all that did appear;
And being cruel, being strong,
His living *Guests* upon the *Walls* he hung.
Observe those costly *Hangings* there;
How lively in their colours they appear:
The Spring is in the *Chambers* all the year!
The *Gardens* above *Stairs* are seen;
The *Lillies*, *Roses*, *Violets* and *Grass*,
Flourishing in their native place,
Are not so white, so red, so blew, so green.
Those *Images* i'th' *Tapestry* then note,
There's *Bignal* got upon his *Nag*, Servants Names.
Sir Charles, *Tamarra*, *Bentley*, *Crag*,
Has each a *Persian Coat*.
See the rich *Furniture* in all the *Rooms*!
Floors spread with *Carpits*, weav'd in *Turky Looms*!
Beds soft, and costly, they may vye
With those whereon luxurious *Asian Princes* lye!
And yet, most *noble Lord*, we find
They do not captivate thy mind,
So much as please thine Eye.
In each place *Miracles* abound!
Rich *Parian Quarries* are in *Chimney Pieces* found.
Belvoir! thou must the Worlds chief wonder be;
Since *Nature* is turn'd up-side down for thee.
The lofty *Firr* stoops down thy *Floors* to frame:
And tho laborious *Miners* cry,
That *Lead* does at the *Center* lye;
Thy lofty *Roof* is cover'd with the same.

Now we are thither got, come let us try,
If ever any Eye,
A nobler, or a richer *Proſpect*, did eſpy.
If hither the great Owner move,
He need not envy *Jove*;
Since all's his own, that does beneath him lye.
Nor is the *Metaphor* too bold!
For, Reader, if thou didſt behold
All his great things; thou wouldſt confeſs
All *Metaphors* went leſs
Than theſe great truths, which ſtretch'd *Hyperboles* can
Mind there the *Valleys* richly dreſt (but expreſs.
With *Ceres* favours bleſt.
That ſpatious *Corn-field* there behold;
Look how the *Wind* ruffles its Ears!
Methinks it now appears
Rouling with *Waves*, like to a *Sea* of *Gold*.
Now let us *Weſtward* try,
Where we thoſe thick curl'd *Heads* of *Oaks* eſpy,
Under whoſe ſhades are pleaſant *Groves*;
Where if this rude degenerate Age,
Were not debauch'd with luſtful rage?
Shepherds and *Nymphs* might exerciſe their loves.
Amidſt theſe *Groves*, is ſometimes ſeen
The *Caſtle's* and the *Woods* fair *Queen*.
Who when (i th' Spring) ſhe does there ride,
(The *Spring's*, and *Nature's pride*.)
Diana, and her *Nymphs*, are quite out-vy'd.
Hark! hark! what noiſe is that?
Some *Hunt∫-man* winding a *Recheat*.
Look how th' affrighted *Herd* (like to the reſt
O'th' World forſake a Friend diſtreſt!

There

There, there, the hunted *Buck* does go
So ſwift, that *Swallows* fly more ſlow.
The *Hounds* now follow!
Liſten to their Cry;
The *Hunſ-men* ride, and hollow!
If you truſt either Ear or Eye;
Their ecchoing Mouths fright Thunder back,
The ſwifter *Steeds* out-ride the Rack
Of gliding Clouds, when *Tempeſts* vex the *Sky*.
Admire this gallant place!
Surrounded with a large, and noble *Chaſe*!
The *Deer*, altho at liberty, here ſtay;
And, in mere gratitude ne'r go aſtray.
'Tis princely, and but ſeldom found
Such *Herds* to breed; And after feed
Then hunt, and kill;
And all this ſtill.
Ne'r out of his own ground.
Thruſhes and *Black-Birds* in his *Buſhes* bred
And only with his *Berries* fed:
Out of his vaſt *Demeſnes* they cannot fly;
They hop upon his Ground, they hover in his Sky:
They were in his *Dominions* bred, and there muſt dye.
And what is more!
It has the bleſſings of an inward ſtore.
Not as ſome Beauties are;
Fooliſh, and fair,
And (what is ſcandal now) as poor
Remoteſt treaſures come
To make it fit for the great *Owners* home.
Veſſels in *China* made,
That in th' improving Soil were laid;

By *Artiſts*, in the *Golden age* well known,
As the rich workmanſhip will own.
Skreens, and *Cabinets* here ſhine,
That from *Japan* were brought;
Such as *Europæan* Arts cannot deſign;
Nor with its choiceſt treaſures can be bought,
Unleſs *Columbus*'s traffick hold:
Who *Lead*, and *Iron*, truckt for *Gold*;
Or where a *Bead* of *Glaſs* was found
Fit value for a *Diamond*.
Such *Coſt* and *Furnitures* as theſe
May make the Stranger-Reader gheſs
That I muſt either feign;
Or 'tis a place for *Kings*, to entertain
Their *courted Princeſſes*.

In its own ruines 'twas interr'd of late
By violence, and hate
Of *Rebels*, and conſpiring Fate.
No mortal force ſo ſtrong could prove,
One Stone from its foundation to remove,
'Till *Bombards* came;
Whoſe thunder and whoſe flame
Equall'd, if not excell'd th' *Artillery* of *Jove*.
Beſieg'd by thouſands it at laſt did yield
As tho 'twas requiſit,
No fewer hands ſhould ruine it,
Than did it build.
In its own rubbiſh thus it lay:
Until its noble *Dame*
Deſign'd its frame;
And rais'd a *Body* out of its own *Clay*.

The

The mighty *Infant* grew!
Until it was a wonder, and delight
To Paſſengers, nay, to the very Builders view;
And did command at once, and pleaſe the ſight.
The *Legs*, and *Thighs*, of maſſy *Columns* made;
The *Sinews* of *tough Lime* all interlaid;
Its *ribbs*, and *bones*
Of ſtrong, well-poliſht *Stones*;
And then its *lofty head*
(Near neighbour to the Skies,)
Was cover'd with a *Cap* of *Lead*;
Of *Chryſtal* were its *Eyes!*
In twenty years this great *Coloſſus* to its height did riſe.

Leave we to celebrate the *Caſe*,
Let us the *Diamond* adore;
For ſo was *Rutland*'s *Counteſs*! nay, and more,
The very Soul of this great place.
Of humane things ſee the event!
As't was the *Glory*, ſo the *Monument*
Of the great *Foundreſs*; who might be
Diveſted of mortality,
Before, from her own *Horeb*, ſhe to *Heav'n* went.
Tho' Souls immortal are,
Yet as their Bodies do decay,
The faculties o'th' Soul are at a ſtay,
And in th' infirmities o'th' Body ſhare.
A large, and vigorous Body, asks a Soul
Of equal ſtrength;
Or elſe it will conſume at length;
Becauſe it can't th' unequal bulk controul.

So having rais'd this glorious *Frame*;
Thy noble *Mother* knew its bulk, and fame,
Requir'd a ſpirit ſuitable, to actuate the ſame.
For now hers look'd more high;
Having done two ſuch mighty things on Earth,
To raiſe this *Pyle*, and give thee birth,
Her next great thing was t' obtain *Eternity*.
Yet left thee in a ſtate,
At once both to oblige the World, and Fate;
If thou wilt her example imitate,
Thou the ſucceeding Age muſt bleſs
With a *young Lord*, as ſhe with thee did this:
The noble Name of *Mannors* to perpetuate.
How great a fate on thee depends;
And glorious Cauſes muſt have glorious ends.
Thy fair *Conſort* may,
With reaſon, all our expectations pay;
And we may hopeful of ſuch bleſſings be;
Nay more, may claim a certainty
From ſuch a one as her, and ſuch a one as thee.

Little need is there to boaſt
Of Rarities, brought from the *Indian Coaſt*.
Japan and *China*, though they be
The *Cabinets* o'th' *Aſian Treaſury*;
We need not thither roam;
We have more precious Stores at home.
Boughton, thou canſt prove this true
Boughton! the ſeat of noble *Mountague*!
The ſpreading *Tree*
Of whoſe illuſtrious *Pedegree*,

Boaſts

Boasts as from *Eden* it transplanted were;
Whether you regard the *Root*,
Or shining *Fruit*
That it did bear.
From *Salsbury*'s great *Montacute* it came!
Of whom no further need be said;
Under Fifth *Henry*'s *Ensigns* he was bred;
And at whose dreadful name,
A *Marshal'd Army* once of *French-men* fled.
Nor could less expected be
From *Third Edwards* Progeny.
Third *Edward*! that in *Cressy Vale*,
First made the *Golden Lillies pale*,
To make a deeper *red*.
At last, those streams of Honour ran
To *Boughton*'s *Mountague*, as to the *Ocean*.
Too large to be confined there,
It overflow'd the *Banks*: that noble blood
Swell'd like a Silver-streaming Flood;
Until it did begin,
Two *Earldoms* more, to circle in;
Of *Sandwich*, and of *Manchester*.
Manchester shall not imploy my Song:
The Truth I will not, nor the Muses wrong,
But both will purchase fame,
By *Sandwiche*'s ennobled name.
Sandwich! our *Nation's Phœnix*! that expir'd
In flames; in his rich *Nest* was fir'd.
None ever greater dy'd!
He the *Dutch-Navy*, with one *Ship*, defi'd.
He stood the mark of the whole *War*!
Until our Navy were secur'd from fear.

Then

Then from his Ship did Smoke and flames ariſe!
What nobler fame
Can add to *Mountague*'s great Name,
Than to fall *England*'s Boaſt, and *Sacrifice*?

What mighty hopes might needs enſue
From *Mannors* and from *Mountague*?
Mannors, ! a noble Bud! ſo richly ſet
By all advantages of Fate;
It was thought worthy to inoculate
With a rich Branch of Great *Plantaginet*.
Swell'd was this hopeful Bud,
With the *red Roſes* blood,
Strain'd through *Fourth Edward*'s Veins!
What remains,
To make it more renown'd?
With *France*, and *Englands Arms* tis crown'd!
Who better can ſuch great *Atchievements* bear,
Than their great *Iſſue*, which do ſpring
By both ſides, from a *King*
Related both to *York*, and *Lancaſter*?
Sev'n ſtreams from this rich *Fountain* iſſu'd forth:
Sev'n Daughters hence deriv'd their birth:
Like the ſev'n *Planets* that inrich the Earth.

Muſe! thou that *noble Dame* haſt crown'd with Bayes,
That did this princely *Fabrick* raiſe.
The Theme will rich requitals give,
If thou ſo long as ſhe ſhall live.
Inroll'd in *Fame*'s *Records*, then thou wilt laſt
'Till *Time* be paſt:
Till *Death*
Shall ſtop the *Worlds* laſt breath;

Till

Till all its wind be gone
And vaniſh in the tempeſt of a groan.
Thou now muſt ſing another *Name*,
That can perfume the breath of Fame.
That can command all praiſe,
And with eternal verdure bleſs thy Bayes.
Whoſe merits like her Eyes do ſhine
Whoſe Beauty's, like her Soul, Divine,
'Tis, *happy* Lord, thy *matchleſs Katharine*!
So much cœleſtial fire
Shines in her Eyes, as may inſpire
A narrower Soul than mine,
To be Prophetick and Divine.
Hence I declare, none ever was or is,
Nor ſhall be more inricht with bliſs,
Than ſhe, and Thou, and thine.
Were not my Theme another thing;
Oh! how would I her beauties ſing?
Ere long,
That glorious Subject ſhall imploy my Song.
Till when the Reader may,
By theſe faint glimpſes gheſs at day.
But ah! it is not meet,
Thy *Lady* ſhould lie in ſo courſe a *ſheet*!

Each *motion* has a grace;
Her *Preſence* charms at once, and does amaze,
Eyes heav'nly bright;
Where *Joy*, and *Love* are gilt with *Light*.
Complexion ſuch,
As Art could never touch:
Nor Nature yet has ſhown,
But here alone.

As

As Lillies white, dew-drencht as ſoon as born;
And clear as Bluſhes of the riſing morn.
Freſh as when Peaches firſt their blooms diſcloſe,
Sweet as the Bud, new brought to bed o'th' Roſe.
And yet---Who would believe this curious *Cabinet*,
Than Chryſtal clearer, and more rich than Gold,
Is ſcarcely fit for th' *Jewel*, that it does infold?

Wiſe *Providence* ordained *Fate*,
(*Fate*! the *Vicegerent* here below;)
For *Rutland* to provide a *Mate*,
Fitting in birth, in fruitfulneſs, in ſhow?
And ſuch a one they did create,
Whoſe blood from honourable fountains flow.
From noble *Campdens*, and great *Lindſey's* Veins,
Her inward Scarlet ſhew,
Shall be preſerv'd, whilſt Time remains,
In a Succeſſion great, and bleſt, and true.
Noel! that with the *Norman Heroe* came;
And aided his victorious claim;
Thence gaining, and beſtowing fame.
'Ere ſince,-- Great actions did convince
That Loyalty waits on the name.
True to the Crown, when up or down.
Exulting in this noble pride,
One, in the *Conquerours* ſervice, got renown;
And one i'th' Service of the *greater Martyr* dy'd,

Than *Lyndſey's Bertye* what can greater be;
True Off-ſpring of great *Vere* and *Willoughby*?
Valour and *Loyalty* attend each *Name*;
Pretending equal claim
Fruitful in Generals is their fate,
Or in great *Officers* of State; And

And must this praise command;
The *Berties* ready are to bring
One of their House, to serve their King;
With a *Battoon*, or a *White-staff* in hand.

Here let *Pindar* pardon me,
If it can be a fault;
Among such warlike company,
To make a *Soldier's halt.*

Upon the Right Honourable R. Earl *of* Lyndsey, *General under King* Charls I. *at* Edge-Hill *(great Grand-father to the present Countess of* Rutland*) and* Mountague *Lord* Willoughby, *his Son, bestriding him, when fall'n in the Battel.*

GLory! thou brightest of alluring things;
That add'st a Lustre to the *Crowns of Kings*;
A *shining Vest*, by *Heroes* only worn,
More rich than that which gilds a *Summers* Morn.
In this *Attire* illustrious *Lindsey* stands
In *Keynton-fields*, before the *Royal Bands*:
Thus did the glorious *Michael* (arm'd with Light)
'Gainst *Lucifer*, and his damn'd *Legions*, fight.
That Act (tho great) a lesser Wonder brought;
A *Mortal*, like th' *immortal Warriour*, fought,
Not much less Honour here great *Lindsey* gain'd;
Charles to obey, his *Army* to command.
'Tis true, he dyd; but conquer'd tho before:
That *Northern Mars* (*Gustavus*) did no more.
Whose lesser Fate th' advantage him deny'd
To have a noble *Witness* how he dy'd:
Two *Armies Lindsey* may for *Witness* call;
And crusht his Foes, like *Sampson*, in his Fall.
Nay, more than this! he had the brave Content,
To see his *Honours Heir*, and *Ornament*,
How (*Cocles* like) an Army he defi'd;
And his fall'n *Father* bravely did bestride;

As

As, by that well-built *Arch*, he had ſome hope,
That Noble-ancient-falling *Pyle* to prop.
A Poſture ſuited both thoſe *Heroes* well;
Thus *Clytus* ſtood, thus *Alexander* fell!
Too true! he fell before the Fight was done;
His Conduct tho and brave Example won:
So Light is borrow'd from the ſetting Sun.
Thoſe charming Beauties, *Victory* and *Fame*,
Courted his Favour with an equal flame.
With Grief diſtracted, when our *Hero* dy'd,
Each lay her down, and hugg'd his bleeding ſide.
Where ever ſince, fix'd by his powerful Charms,
They are *Supporters* to his noble *Arms*.

I now muſt claim the Reader's Vote,
After this *Proſpect*, nothing's worthy note;
Unleſs it be
Great Lord, thy Piety;
Who not content, this ſtately *Pyle*
(The boaſt and glory of the Iſle)
Should reach the Clouds, as tho it vies
Its ſhining Beauties with the Skies.
And yet *Heavens Gate*, the *Houſe of God*,
(Wherein his *Oracles* make their abode)
Should have ſo mean a ſhow,
And then the Caſtle be more low;
As Heaven did downward grow.
Nothing reſerved to thy care,
But to adorn, and to enlarge
The *Houſe of Prayer*.
Thrice happy thou! who hadſt ſo bleſt a charge!
Altho the Glory and the worldly Fame
Are due to th' *Founders Name*;
The *Crown* and *Bleſſing* fell thy better ſhare.
Stately ought the place to be
Where a *Princeſs* is inthron'd;
And who can juſtlier be a *Princeſs* own'd
Than that coeleſtial Maid *Divinity*?

Here

Here, *noble Lord*, is only known
A *Beauty* greater than thine own.
Here thine with Reverence attends;
And every day rich Off'rings does bequeath;
Fragrant Incense of her breath;
Which form'd in Prayers, to Heav'n she sends.
By paying Heav'n its Honours due,
Fair Lady, Heav'n will honour you;
Increasing your renown;
And on your head will set
(More glorious far than *Rutland's Coronet*)
An everlasting Crown.

Why stay we longer? let's remove.
Since nothing now appears to th' Eye,
More great, more noble, or more high,
Unless the *Palace* of *Æthereal Jove.*
Homeward then Muse, and *Northward* turn thine Eyes;
To see that lofty Spyre of *Botsford* rise;
Under whose sacred Roof does rest
More precious *Dust*, than e're was drest
With costly odours of the *East.*
Under a nobler *Pyramid*
Egyptian Monarchs ne're were hid.
Those *wonders* of the *World*, did never hold
Heaps of purer *Mold*;
Than what these *Monuments* infold.
Not one attom of this *Clay*
Is soil'd with any base Allay.
Whilst animated here the Bodies stood,
They kneaded were with pure, and noble blood;
Not vitiated with stains,
That now pollute some Veins.
Here's golden *Sand* that once inricht the *Flood.*

Lo! where the precious *Relicks* lye;
Ostentuous Ensigns of *Mortality!*

Re-

Repoſited with coſt and care;
Like *China-ware*,
To be rais'd up more ſhining, and more fair.
How great and ſtately are the *Tombs*?
For noble *Gueſts*, it's fit to have ſuch noble *Rooms*.
And tis but juſt, that ſo great ſtate
Attend their Fate;
Who liv'd in *Palaces*, when dead
In *Palaces* are buried.
Nor is this all!
If you will look on that *Hiſtoric* Wall,
You'l into admiration fall:
That we no Chronicles of thoſe times need,
If we but theſe *Inſcriptions* read.
Each *Epitaph's* a ſpatious page,
And tells the great remarks of its own age.
The noble Acts of all theſe *worthies* here,
With *Englands* acts, ſo complicated were;
As each was the *Intelligence* to *Brittain's Sphear*.
Moſt fit *Records*, ſuch glorious *Names* to hold;
Whoſe *Leaves* are *Marble*, and whoſe *Ink* is *Gold*!

There is no fitter place to bid *Farewel*,
Than in this bleſſed *Cell*;
Where free from vexing cares,
Thy noble Anceſtors, thou, and thine *Heirs*,
Can only dwell.
With my great Theme inſpir'd,
And with *Poetick fury* fir'd,
Another *Prophecy* I frame:
None of thine here ſhall come,
As none yet hither came;
'Till they made up the total ſum
Of *Honour*, and of *Fame*.
And only with the *World* ſhall end thine *Honour*, and thy (Name.

FINIS.

Baniſht the *mortal* from their breaſt,
That *Preſence-Chamber* richly dreſt;
The glorious *Furniture* all ſhin'd;
For with *Apollo*'s ſelf 'twas lin'd.
What charming words might needs fume hence,
Mixt with that neighbring Influence,
Whoſe thickning breath appear'd to be
A *Chariot* for the *Deity*.
Were my *Productions* but ſo bleſt,
Your Ladiſhip might be expreſt.
But Poets now heed no ſuch fires;
Yet ſtill ſome *Deity* inſpires.
Venus or *Bacchus* heightens ſence,
Tho with malignant influence.
Thoſe *Dæmons* now profane our *Groves*
With vain, or with diſhoneſt loves;
Making a *Deſart* of the place,
With'ring the *Mirtles* and the *Bays*:
The *Fiend* thus, with contagious vice,
Blaſted the *Trees* of *Paradice*.
But, Madam, your illuſtrious *name*
Is both my *Influence* and *Theme*;
Refining all my *Smoak* to *flame*.
Hence baffled *Poetry* may thrive,
And *Oracles* again revive.
Its clouded beams may brighter riſe,
Kindled by th'Sun-ſhine of your eyes,
As *Perſians* fire their *Sacrifice*.
'Till th' *Muſes* have that bliſs obtain'd,
They're like fall'n *Stars* in darkneſs chain'd.
Then farewel *Poetry*!

— But ſtay —
Venus may prove *Urania*.
She may injoy that happy fate,
If ſhe your virtues imitate.
Her *Chariot* then, through th' *heav'nly lawn*,
By *Doves*, not *Sparrows* will be drawn:
And virtuous *Love* henceforward boaſt,
You have reſtor'd what *Venus* loſt.

But, Madam, 'tis too ſad a truth,
Bacchus is ſo debauch'd a youth;
That *Lees* as ſoon will leave his *Wine*,
As his corruptions he'll refine.
Ill humours ſooneſt are withſtood,
And cured beſt by letting blood:
That hot-braind *God*, with fumes oppreſt,
Bleeds here ſome ounces of his beſt.
His *Heart-blood-drops* he offers here
To you his fair *Deliverer*;
The *Stoick* ſo himſelf reſign'd,
(Hence owning the *eternal mind*.)
And thus his beſt *Drops* did prefer
To *Jove*, the great *Deliverer*.

This my *Oblation* may attone
For all offences he has done.
If in your Favour it finds place,
The *Reprobate* recovers Grace.
Your influence then muſt be divine;
Since, Madam, it can thus refine
The dregs of *Love*, of *Wit*, of *Wine*.

The

The HUFFER. 1677.

Spoken by Ant. Eyre Esquire, *and directed to the right Honourable, the Lady* Roos, *when he acted* Almanzor *in the* Granada, *at* Belvoir; *in way of Prologue.*

I That made *Fortune* Lacky by my side,
Had *Fame* for *Trumpet*, and *Succes* for *Guide*:
I that did conquer *Armies* with a word,
Making *Fate* yield to my more pow'rful *Sword*:
I that could with a *Smile* bestow a *Crown*,
Then blast my new mis'd *Monarch* with a *Frown*.
Almanzor, I, who (by the *Poet* taught)
Huft more, than ever *Hero* did, or ought:
I now submit, and lay my *Laurels* down;
But from your favours hope a nobler *Crown*.

Whence is this sudden calm? what could controul
The working passion of my boistrous Soul?
My breast did like some *Northern Climate* show,
Its fountain froze, and cover'd o're with *Snow*.
Thaw'd, Ladies, by your Eyes (those *Mid-day Suns*)
The melting *Spring* drops *Rubies*, as it runs.
My *Blood*, once safe under this *Icy Lock*,
Softens like *Coral* on the *melting Rock*.
No *Lapland Spell*, can temper any *Arms*
To be of proof, 'gainst *Beauties* stronger charms.
And one amongst those *Ladies* I have 'spi'd,
Whose pointed rayes wound more than *Almahide*.

Nature, and *Dryden*, all that both could do
To perfect *Almahide*, falls short of you.

The

Tho they advance the luſtres of her Eyes,
Above the *Stars* o' th' *Rocks*, or *Gemms* o' th' *Skies*:
When you appear, their ſickly beams give way,
Like frighted *Phantoms* to the ſpringing *Day*.
Nay I, who thought no paſſions me could move,
Be'ng free from fear, and therefore free from Love.
Greater than *Nature*, you my *Heart* conſtrain'd;
And *Love* has now his ſtubborn *Rebel chain'd*:
Yet not content to reſt his Empire there,
It's doubly chain'd; and now inſlav'd to fear.
Two ſtrong *Diſeaſes* I at once indure,
Yet as an *Ague* does from *Plagues* ſecure;
My trembling Fear, leſt I preſumptuous prove,
Allayes the raging *Peſtilence* of *Love*.

The REPRESENTATION. 1677.

Upon the Honourable Mrs. Bridget Noel, *acting the Part of* Almahide, *in* Dryden's Granada, *at* Belvoir.

ASoniſh'd Muſe! now thou haſt gain'd thy *Tongue*,
Exalt thy fancy in a noble *Song*.
Thy honour'd *Belvoir* (that moſt pregnant *Wombe*
Of *Wonders*) with amazement ſtruck thee dumb:
Thus the old doubtful *Prieſt*, his *Lips* were ſeal'd,
When that bright Gueſt i'th' *Temple* was reveal'd.
Surpriz'd alike, I ſilently retir'd;
Withdrew my *Soul*, and inwardly admir'd,
That ſuch a Lady on the *Stage* was ſeen,
Leſs'ning her ſelf to repreſent a *Queen*.
Conſcious of which, her *Cheeks* with *Scarlet* dy'd,
Show'd *Modeſty* in her moſt Royal pride:

Heav'n's

Heav'n's Face is fleckt ſo, when the baſhful Light
Muffles her Glories in the Clouds of Night.
Miſtake me not, her Splendors were not gone;
They only ſeem'd ſo, like the ſetting Sun.
Like him, ſhe in her ſelf is always bright,
Though not to us, plac'd in a vary'd light.
She may confirm the *Tartar Princes*'s lot,
That *Stories* ſay, was by the *Sun-beams* got.
Her *Bodie*'s cloath'd with light; the *Sky*'s her *Skin*;
(That glorious *Curtain* of the *Heav'n* within;)
Her circ'ling *Blood* (like to the *Worlds bright* Eye)
Rounds all her World, and glitters through her *Sky*.
Dangers may come then by too near a view;
Her beams both dazzle may, and burn us too.
For *Light* is *Fire*, altho but thinly ſpread;
Through *burning Glaſſes* of her *Eyes* convey'd.
Mongſt all thoſe flames ſh' has none that inward glow,
Nor feels the heat that warms our *World* below:
Cold is her Blood, as tho with *Julips* fed;
Not ſtrange, ſince in a *Snow-houſe* it is laid.
Froſt in her *Blood*, tho *Fire* is in her *Eyes*:
Thus *Lightning* from the *coldeſt Region* flyes.
Whilſt the *Town-ſcumm* (thoſe *Midianites o'th Stage*)
Surprize the *Zimries* of this wifling Age;
Apparent dangers muſt to us accrue,
Since real *Princes* here may juſtly woo.
Beautie's fair *Goddeſs*, and the *Queen of Night*,
When gaudi'ſt in their tiſſu'd robes of Light,
Tread not th' Etherial *Stage* with greater ſtate;
Tho *Gods* themſelves from them attend their fate.
Whirl'd in their *Spheares* (thoſe *bright Machines*) they fly
Quite through the ſpace of their archt-roof of th' Sky.

Nor

Nor does the *ſimile* unfit appear,
Or for this *Actor*, or this *Theater*.
Formerly, when the *Prophets* zeals were fir'd,
By pow'rs which they ador'd, they were inſpir'd.
Bleſt age ! wherein the *Oracles* of Wit
Were ſacred *Dictates* from the *Altar* Writ.
When *Poets* were the *Trumpets* that convey'd
Thoſe formed ſounds that by the Gods were made.
Then from the *Deities* they gain'd reſpect ;
But now from heedleſs *Mortals* find neglect :
Immortal Verſe ſprung from immortal aids ;
Now *Miſſes* rule, then rul'd the *Theſpian Maids*.
Hence they of future things divinely writ ;
Now paſt and preſent fooleries are Wit ;
Poems, and *Poets*, one another fit.

It muſt be ſo, now thirſt of *Fame*'s away, (the *Bay*.
Quencht with large *Draughts*, and th' *Vine* out-grows
Whilſt *Farces* and ſuch *Vices* of the *Stage*,
Corrupt the *Poetry* of this looſe Age.
No *Heroe*, no *Mecænas* in theſe times,
For *Subject*, or *incouragement* of *Rhymes*.
Dryden alone, has got ſome Title now
To th' *Lawrel* wreaths, that grace his lucky *Brow*.
Tho neither *Deity* nor *Muſe* inſpires,
Her breath alone fann'd his Poetick fires.
Th' old cuſtom is to his advantage broke ;
For here he made thoſe words the Goddeſs ſpoke.
Bleſt by her Mouth, they may obtain the fate
Of Oracles, and gain as long a date.
Thus his rude *Oare* caſt in that precious *Mould*,
Loſt all its *Droſs*, and turn'd *refined Gold*.

She did create its worth, and *made* the *Play*;
And breath'd the *breath* of *Life* into *his Clay*.

The VISION. 1677.

To the Right Honourable the Lady Roos, *&c. Upon the Birth of the Heir of* Rutland.

THis *Night* injoys ſo ſweet a calm;
As th' *Air* diſſolv'd it ſelf to *Balm*.
So deep a *ſilence* all things keep,
As *Nature's* ſelf were huſh't aſleep.
Cynthia neglects her watch i'th' Skies,
And drowzy too has clos'd her eyes.
Or is with her *Endymion*, hid
Under ſome cloudy *Coverlid*.
Yet light I through her *Curtains* 'ſpy,
Scap'd from the corner of her Eye.

But ſoon the *Harbinger* of *Day*
Chas'd all thoſe *gloomy ſhades* away:
With *Roſes* ſtrew'd the *Paths* o'th' *Eaſt*,
Till *Tethys* had her *Lover* dreſt.
That way I turn'd my ready eye;
When I your *Belvoir* did eſpy.
(For all our *Vale* is fully *Weſt*,
And *Belvoir* is its Sun i'th' *Eaſt*)
I gaz'd---the other *Sun* to 'ſpy;
When thence a thing did ſwiftly'r fly
——— than *Light*
Which in one moment gilds the *Sky*.
Gently to me the *Viſion* came,
Snatching me up with arms of flame:

And me through yielding Air convey'd,
In *Belvoir* Chappel safely laid.

The sacred *Genii* of the place,
Whence it both safety takes, and grace;
Bright *Off-springs* of cœlestial race.
Their downy *Pinnions-Gold* out-vy'd,
All o're with sparkling *Diamonds* ey'd.
Flying about the sacred *Frame*,
They fann'd the ambient Air to flame;
Or from their eyes the *lightning* came.
After some *Ceremonies* past;
They sung ——
——'Our *Belvoir* now shall last:
'Our *Habitations* are secure;
'The Honour of our *Charge* is sure.
Flying about, strange *Musick* plaid;
Their sounding *Wings* a *Consort* made,
As every shining *Quill* therein,
A well-tun'd *Organ-pipe* had been.

Amaz'd (as well I might) I spoke;
And up the *Conventicle* broke.
All vanisht but my flaming *Guide*;
Who to my wond'ring thoughts reply'd.
'This night thou art a *Prophet* crown'd;
'For *Belvoir* now an *Heir* has found.
'The blushing *Portals* of its *East*
'Are with an infant *Phœbus* blest.
'With *native scarlet* he was born:
'As *Roses* cloath the *Chrysome Morn*.

" This ancient *Earldom* boaſt now may,
" Its honour finds a full-grown *Day*.
" *Great Rutland is* the *Evening bright*,
" Safe guarded from approaching *Night*;
" His own *ſeven Stars* preſerve his light.
" *Illuſtrious Roos*, that *full-ripe Sun*—
" Supplies the glorious place of *Noon*;
" All ſhining in *Meridian* beams:
" Like *Virtue* crown'd 'twixt two extreams.
" That *Infant of the Sun*, new born,
" *Rutland i' th' Cradle*, *Sol i' th' Morn*;
" Iucirc'led with a gentle blaze
" Reflected from his Mothers Face;
" 'Till her cloſ'd Eyes have made the Night,
" Amaz'd ours cannot bear her light.
" This makes us at this *Seaſon* play,
" Like *Birds* of *Night*, avoiding *Day*.
" W'are tho the *Genii* of this *Place*,
" Attendants of this noble Race.
" Thy ready *Zeal* wee'l ſo inflame,
" By offring, thou ſhalt purchaſe fame.
" Thy *Incenſe* from the *Vale* ſhall riſe,
" And crown with curled Clouds theſe Skies,
" Untill their *Jove* his *golden ſhow'rs*
" Upon thy barren *Danae* pours.
" Thought I this *Angel* may ſay true;
" Elſe he is in a *Viſion* too.

You, Madam, prove ſo rich a *Theme*,
You can make *Poets* in a *Dream*.

The

The MUSICIAN. 1677.

Upon the Death of Mr. W. D. excellent in Muſick, Servant at Belvoir.

OF thoſe *five Senſes* that our *Nature* grace,
Seeing, and *Hearing*, have the nobleſt place.
By th' *Eares*, the Soul its chiefeſt bliſs obtains;
And ſhowes by th' *Eyes* thoſe bleſſings that it gains.
Thoſe others to the *Body* more belong,
And th' *heav'nly Gueſt* oft by exceſſes wrong.
Whoſe groſſer humours we can ſerve at home,
But muſt to *Belvoir* for the purer come.
What choicer Object can indear the *Sight*?
Above the Earth as much in worth, as height.
A *ſecond Eden* ſhining all about;
Glorious within, and beautiful without!

Then for to pleaſe the *Ears* (thoſe *Doors* o' th' *Mind*)
Where could we rarer choice of treatments find?
What wonders have I from his *Muſick* known?
Paſſions to raiſe in all breaſts but his own.
His *Viol* more than *Magick Spells* could do,
Both raiſe our *Tempeſts*, and then calm 'em too,
Each *Finger* was a *Tongue*, and could impart
Perſuaſive force, above *Rhetorick* art.
The Stubborn Paſſions he might well command,
When every Heart was in his pow'ful hand.
Here a ſoft charming Air for Maſt'ry tries,
With *Venus* breath, and mov'd more than her Sighs.
There from his *Bow* darts forth a piercing ſtrain,
Wounds more than *Cupid*, and yet brings no pain.

When he his ſpeaking *Violin* laid by,
And would his *Flagelt* or *Cornet* try;
The wanton Air he'd in chaſte meaſures bind,
To gentle ſounds tuning th' unruly Wind.
Strada's fam'd *Lutæniſt* his art might fail,
And dye for ſhame before this *Nightingale*.
Whoſe peaceful Soul did for its change prepare,
And vaniſht calmly in a well-tun'd Air.
But all miſchances here are ſo ingroſt;
Not th' *Artiſt* only, but the *Art* is loſt.
Thus their ſad fate the *Græcians* did lament;
Their *Orpheus*, and his *Harp* together went.

To my reſpected Friend, Capt. Shipman. 1678.

TO you, as to my *Guardian*, I go;
To ask protection from a mighty *Foe*.
My tender *Muſe*, frighted with *Critick*'s fame,
Starts, and gives back, when ſhe but hears the name.
She's young, and dares not hope to come to good;
Yet ſtrangely dreads a blighting in the bud.
So little Birds, below the *Fowler*'s care,
Moſt apprehend the danger of the ſnare.
And whilſt he ſhoots at ſome more noble prize,
They hear the ecchoing noiſe, and trembling riſe.

It is preſumption in my worthleſs *Muſe*
To ask your help, worthy a better uſe.
Yet ſhe's ambitious, and deſires to live;
And ſays, if you'l vouchſafe your *Paſs* to give;
She's ſure no *Critick* dares againſt you ſtrive.

When

When I conſider how the mighty *Jove*
Receiv'd the Token of the poor *Bee*'s love;
Methinks I cann't but hope-- that as a *Friend*
You'l not deſpiſe (I'm ſure you cann't commend)
That wch ſcarce half an hour both thought & penn'd.

SPRING and AUTUMN. 1678.

To that hopeful Gentleman, Jo. Howe, Eſq; *In anſwer to the fore-going Verſes.*

THe fruitful *Trees*, that ſhade the Southern Climes,
Are like the *blooming* fancies in your Rhymes.
Where *Spring*, and *Autumn*, in one ſeaſon meet,
The fruit delicious, and the bloſſoms ſweet.
You need no Guardian, but *Apollo*'s care;
And that which makes you bud, will make you bear.
Fruits, with ſuch early *Sun-ſhine* grac'd, muſt grow,
And bear, and flouriſh, and no blaſtings know.
Secure from *Criticks*--their ſharp froſty Air
Serves but to nip your *Lady-Muſe* more fair.
Their *Ginns*, and *Cenſures* are but needleſs found:
Snares uſeleſs are for *Birds* that ſcorn the ground.

Your youthful *Muſe* deſerves the choiceſt note:
So *Eſſences* are from *firſt-runnings* got.
Laſt droppings make but *Taplaſh*, ſuch as mine;
Your's is the boiling blood o' th' *luſty Vine*.
You ſhine like *Planets* (thoſe rich *Lords of Light*)
Out-braving us mean *Commons* of the *Night*.
I've ſcribled out my *Helicon*---, afraid
The *Iſſue* in my *Arm* has drain'd my *Head*.

Your praiſe is, *Penſion-like*, on me beſtow'd;
Old, and decrepit now, that does no good.
By ſuch advances tho, I keep in ſight:
Thus can the *Moon* gild o're the *gloomy night*.
The *Name* I've wrongly got elſe ſoon will fail;
Tho *Hillocks* may ſeem *Mountains* in the *Vale*.

INCONSIDERATE LOVE. 1678.

Strephon's *Arguments to* Cœlia, *to forſake Youth, Wealth, and Temperance, in his Rival, and to accept their Extreams in him. To* C. B. M.

LOve, that i' th' happy Age, a *Monarch* reign'd,
Is now by wealth in golden fetters chain'd.
His *Altars* once to *Merit* ſacred were,
Till *Riches* turn'd the *World Idolater*.
Hearts now by pairs, are like to *Turtles*, ſold;
Love, *Vowes*, and *Sacrifice* all rul'd by *Gold*.
Now *Cælia*, now's the time to ſhew your worth,
And from *Love's Temple* drive the *Bankers* forth.
For whilſt you ſeek to marry pelf to pelf,
You buy a *Husband*, but you ſell your ſelf.
Fat ſoils bring *Weeds*; the cleaneſt *Corn* is found
In leaner *Fields*, if you well dreſs the ground.
Tho more of coſt, yet more content is had
To build a *Houſe*, than buy one ready made.
Philip of Spain did to no meanneſs fall,
From *Cloiſter poor* to raiſe th' *Eſcureal*.
Scorn not poor *Strephon*: you may be o'recome:
The thred-bare *Gauls* o're-ran triumphant *Rome*.
Sure honour he muſt gain in this hard Fight,
If he retreat not, whilſt a *Crown's* in ſight.

He

He need not fear *white Wiggs* nor *downy Chins*,
Who loſe their leaves, before their fruit begins.
Yielding your ſelf to ſuch, you muſt decay,
And mony lend againſt your ſelf to play.
There's no more dang'rous, no more frequent thing,
Than is a *Surfeit* of *raw* Love i' th' *Spring*.
When *Love* to his try'd *Stomach* muſt ſucceed,
And, like *digeſted meat*, new vigours breed.
Their ravenous Love, with active motions blown,
(Like *Fire*) conſumes what e're it preys upon.
His flames yet burns not; like *æthereal Fire*,
Whoſe nature is to laſt and to aſpire.
Days may in *Winter* be both cool and fair;
And *Fires* in coldeſt Seaſons brighteſt are.
Love may ſometimes ſeem ſleepy in his breaſt:
Souls thus tow'rds Night compoſe themſelves to reſt
But wake more freſh, and with new vigours bleſt.
Youths *burning-Feavers* make 'em reſtleſs lye,
Conſume their loves in vi'lent heats, and dye.
His *Aguiſh-heats* are temper'd well with cold;
Such *Loves*, like that *Diſeaſe*, will longeſt hold.

See now, fair *Cælia*, neither *Wealth* nor *Youth*
Can true content ſecure, or vouch for truth.
In rich and beauteous *Meads* ſweet *Flowers* grow;
His craggy *Rocks* have precious *Stones* below.
Unpractis'd Youth may laviſh out Love's ſtore,
Turn *Bankrupt*, and forſake you, being poor.
His *Age* will be ſo frugal not to waſte
That treaſure, but preſerve it to the laſt.
No other *Rival* now ſure dares advance,
Unleſs that thin-gut-chap-fall'n *Temperance*.

Altho

Although your *Empire* great as *Cæsar's* were;
A meager *Cassius* you may justly fear,
Abstemious Zealots ruin'd *England* more,
Than all its jolly *Heroes* did before.
O *Cælia*! ne'r to such become a Prey;
Make use of fleeting Joys whilst they will stay;
Since Life's confined to so short a day.
A right *Good-Fellow* daily whets delight,
Returning briskly as to th' *Wedding Night*.
Life's fed with *Love*; as *Men* with *Oysters* dine;
They cloy, if not digested well with *Wine*.
Heightned with mirth, and Sack, he entertains
His *Spouse*, with various sorts of pleasing Scenes.
Wit's requisite in *Love*, as in a *Play*;
To recompence the labour of the Day.

These Virtues, *Cælia*, then in *Strephon* chuse;
And in all others their *Extreams* refuse.
Though he want *Wealth*, and *Temperance*, and *Youth*,
Yet he abounds in *Merit*, *Wit*, and *Truth*.
Or if to wed without those three y'are loth;
You have your self enough of them for both.

The Perfect GENTLEMAN. 1678.

Upon the Death of the truly Honourable Gentleman, John Howe, *Esq*; *of* Langar *in* Nottinghamshire, *my most honoured Friend.*

EYes having done their parts, the *Tongue* must speak:
And tho loud *sighs* have made mine accents weak;
That brest must yield a sound, whose *heart-strings* break.
Their

Their griefs are moſt, who ſilently lament:
Such fires are hotteſt in their *Fornace* pent;
Yet fann'd by ſighs the *flame* now finds a Vent.

Thoſe ſad reverberating groans that riſe
Fro th' Caverns of my boſome, change their noiſe,
And, *Eccho*-like, diſſolve into a Voice.

No *ſhow'rs of tears* my *ſorrows ſtorms* can lay;
Nor ſighs (thoſe *guſts of grief*) blow tears away:
My life muſt be one *rainy-windy-Day.*

The Life of Man depends on breath in chief:
Chameleon-like, my ſorrows gain relief
Fro th' inward air of ſighs, that *breath of grief.*

Such ſigns of grief by *Nature* ſhould be ſent;
Since ſhe has loſt her choiceſt Ornament,
Her *Winds* in *ſighs*, *Rain* ſhould in tears be ſpent.

Both *Nature* and the *Graces* here combin'd
All beauties both of *Body* and of *Mind*;
Perfections, ſcatter'd through the World, here joyn'd.

So curious, ſo proportion'd every part,
That neither ſtrength, nor Beauty got the ſtart,
Hence *Durer* might have form'd more rules of Art.

Thoſe charming *Muſcles* that his ſmiles compos'd,
Were like the *Net*, which *Mars* and *Venus* clos'd.

Conſult but him---old ſtories did not feign;
Th' *Amazonian* Empire prov'd here plain;
Beauty, and *Valour* did together reign.

Nor

Nor joyn'd they only in his outward frame;
Their Virtues in his Soul too were the ſame:
Like *Lightning* bright, but threatning was his flame.

So working in his *Breaſt* his *Spirits* were;
Had they been ramm'd in any breaſt but there,
The weaker *Gun* had ſhiver'd into Air.

His *Body* only his great *Soul* did fit:
And there alone his Soul could only ſit:
Nature's right *Tallies*! this, with that did hit.

His brighter *Virtues* we cannot unfold;
Thoſe that leſs dazling are we may behold;
'Tis wiſe to ſave the very droſs of Gold.

What we can comprehend, we here but write;
We gueſs at *Pyramids* above our ſight,
And by their *Shadows* only take their height.

So true a *Patriot* -- It was his care
His *Prince*'s and his *Countries* love to ſhare;
No *Favourit*, and yet no *Popular*.

So kind a *Husband*, his fair *Lady* knew
No carriage, but like that when he did wooe;
All he did then pretend, he ſince made true.

So good a *Parent*, it may raiſe debate,
Which of his gifts may claim the higher rate;
Their Life, his great Example, or Eſtate.

He was the braveſt *Foe*, the trueſt *Friend*,
That ever *Love*, or *anger* did pretend;
Both which, with Juſtice, did begin and end.

To

To all in want he favours did beſtow;
His *Charity*, like *Nilus*, did o'reflow,
And made the neighb'ring barren Soyls to grow.

His *Converſation* pleaſant was, and good,
And like to *Iſraels* heav'nly *Manna* prov'd;
To all dilicious, yet ſubſtantial food.

Deſignd with Juſtice, by all-knowing Fate,
To all that Fortune gives both good and great:
Rich is the *Stone*, that without foyl is ſet.

How ſoon our hopes were bury'd in deſpair?
Thus *Fabricks* vaſt require no leſſer care,
Nor coſt to build, than keep 'em in repair.

Nature's great Gifts he nobly did requite;
The Splendors he receiv'd, he made more bright,
His *Diamonds* paid, as well as borrow'd light.

But we have loſt the comfort of his rayes;
This ſudden Cloud our Senſes did amaze:
Darkneſs ſeems moſt, after the brighteſt blaze.

Let us with ſadneſs his bleſt period view;
Sickneſs and *Pains* did ſo his Soul purſue;
As *Fate* would try what a *great heart* could do.

Too ſoon his lofty Soul did mount the Sky:
Spirits too faſt ſublim'd in vapours fly:
As richeſt men decay, that live too high.

Th' *eternal ſpark*, Heav'n kindled in his breſt,
By mortal damps could never be ſuppreſt;
But ſoar'd a *Phœnix* from its *flaming Neſt*.

So

So th' *sacred Lamp* (that was the *High-Priest*'s care)
Long hid in darkneſs, when expos'd to th' Air,
Reviv'd its ſleeping flame, and beam'd more fair.

His Soul (above the Sun's) ſcorn'd to ſet low;
Its faculties ev'n then did bigger ſhow:
As *Evening* ſhadows in dimenſions grow.

His thoughts were greater, when *Death* came in ſight,
In thoſe approaches to his lateſt Night.
H' inlarg'd his *Room*, to let in greater light.

With ſharpeſt darts the *Tyrant* did aſſail;
Againſt his *Heart of proof* none could prevail;
It was ſo guarded with its *Native Mail.*

Bold *Scæva* thus, upon his *faithful Shield*,
Receiv'd a *Grove of Darts*, yet ſcorn'd to yield;
Retiring great as *Cæſar* from the *Field.*

Prologue to Henry *the third of* France, *at the Royal Theatre. By* Hart. 1678.

YOu're not t'expect to day the modiſh Sport,
Affronting either *City*, or the *Court.*
Our P*oet*'s mannerly, and cautious too,
And neither will abuſe himſelf, or you.
Faith both are needleſs; ſince they're done each day,
By you who judge, and he who writes a Play.
The ſacred thirſt for *Bays* and *Fame* is gone;
And P*oetry* now turns *Extortion.*
Nay worſe, *Stage*-P*oetry* ſeduces more
Than *Wine*, or *Women* ever did before

Gaind

Gain'd by its charms, hither the Wits resort;
The *Stage* robs both the *Pulpit* and the *Court*.
The other *Sex* too are stark rhyming mad,
Ev'n from the *Dutchess*, to the *Chamber-Maid*.
Nor do these Charms in the *North Country* fail,
But took our *Poet* both from *Hounds* and *Ale*.

His *Scenes* (such as they are) in *France* are laid;
Where you may see the ancient *English-Trade*;
Either in beating *France* or giving aid.
Such Vertue reign'd then in our smiles or frowns,
Those did defend, as these could conquer *Crowns*.
These *Miracles* were in *Eliza*'s Reign;
Whose left-hand *France* and *Holland* did sustain;
And whose right-hand both baffled *Rome* and *Spain*.
Whilst *England* only could the *World* subdue,
Nay found a *new one* out, and reign'd there too;
Judge then what now *Great Britanny* may do;
Since now her *Helm* a greater *Pilot* guides;
Who has th' advantage of his *Sex* besides.
Tho here our Poet rather would make known
His *Country*'s Reputation than his own;
Yet he may chance by *Criticks* to be hist,
As he intrencht upon the *Casuist*.
But he no *Controversies* sets on foot;
And thinks it better if none else would do't.
Nor tells you which *Religion* he is on;
May be (like most of you) he is of none.
If this prove true, he must the *States-man* move;
Then for the *Ladies* he has Scenes of Love.
And here *Gallants* are fighting *Scenes* for you;
Nay, here is *Huffing* for you *Hectors* too.

What

What the pox, *Gentlemen*, would you have more?
Y'are cloy'd ſure with the *Atheiſt* and the *Whore*.

Epilogue (by a Woman) to the ſame Play, ſoon after the Royal Theatre was fir'd. 1678.

'TIS very hard, whilſt *Fortune* was our Foe,
You ſhould diſſert us for her being ſo.
We were your *Favourites*; and none before
Loſt that Preferment by their being poor.
Small cauſe, that you ſhould with that *Whore* conſpire
To ſend us *Famine*, 'cauſe ſhe ſent us *Fire*.
The *Scenes*, compos'd of *Oyl* and porous *Firr*,
Added to th' Ruine of the *Theatre*.
And 'twas a Judgment, in the Poet's Phraſe,
That *Plays* and *Play-houſe* periſh'd by a *Blaze*
Caus'd by thoſe gaudy *Scenes* that ſpoil *good Plays*.

But why for this ſhould we forſaken be?
It was our *Houſe*, alas! was burnt, not *we*.
And yet from hence might ſome ſuſpicion come,
Since it firſt kindled in our *loweſt Room*.
The *Fire* did ſeize on all, both *Brick* and *Wood*;
But we more lucky were in *Fleſh* and *Blood*.

If we be poor, what then? we're honeſt tho;
And that's the thing, we fear, that loſes you.
If you, *Gallants* and *Ladies*, ſometimes range
Fro'th' *other Houſe*, it will not ſeem ſo ſtrange;
You know the brisk delightfulneſs of *Change*.

Sure

Sure you, and they are cloy'd e're this: One *Houſe*
Muſt needs be dull and tireſom, as one *Spouſe*.
By long *Co-habiting*, and *Dowry* too,
They'l claim a *Title*, and a *Right* in you.
Nay worſe; with *Age* they heighten ſtill their ſenſe,
Exacting more than due *Benevolence*.
In extream need ſuch uſage to purſue,
Is damn'd *Extortion*, and ill *Manners* too.
For by this trick you may be half undone;
If now, when all the *Miſſes* are from *Town*,
Each *Suburb-ſinner* ſhould exact a *Crown*.

The HERO. 1678.

To his Grace, the Duke of Monmouth, &c.

WHen *Wars* were rumour'd, or great dangers near,
Mars then was ſought, his *Temples* crouded
From, You, great Sir, & from your *flaming blade*, (were.
Our *Eden* boaſts her glory, and her aid.
Not *Eden* only with your beams you gild;
But, like the *Sun*, ſhine upon ev'ry *Field*.
'Tis duty then our *Lawrels* we ſhould bring,
As *Off'rings* to the *Pow'r* that makes 'em ſpring.
They 'mplore, great Sir, your Influence and your Aid;
Lawrels themſelves! of *Thunder* not afraid!

What *Gen'ral* e're began with more renown,
At once to guard the *Miter* and the *Crown*?
Charls is our *Jove*, in's *Conduct* bleſt we are;
And *Monmouth* is his *Thunder-bolt* of War.

Witneſs the *French* at *Maſtricht*, who, with ſhame,
Kindled their Valours at his gen'rous Flame.
You were the ruling *Genius* of the *Field*;
Their empty *Veins* your *Spirits* only fill'd.
You taught 'em how to conquer, rais'd their Name;
'Twas you advanc'd their Trophies, lent 'em Fame.
Which on a brave deſign you did beſtow;
That is, to make them fit to be your *Foe*.

Rais'd by your Acts, at higher things they aim;
To follow *Monmouth* is the Road to *Fame*.
Europe, at their ſucceſsful *Arms* amaz'd,
Look'd pale, and all its trembling *Princes* gaz'd.
On *Britain*'s mighty *Monarch* fixt their Eyes,
Whoſe greater Puiſſance did more ſurprize.
For *Engliſh Conqueſts* ſwiftly'r might advance,
Since *England*, more than once, had conquer'd *France*.
But then remembring *Charles*, as juſt, as great,
His help, as their laſt Refuge, they intreat.

Mons is beſieg'd, and ready to be ta'n;
Monmouth being abſent, other hopes were vain.
At your Approach the *Gallic* Flame expires:
Thus does the Sun put out the weaker Fires.
Your very Name did weary'd *Mons* releaſe,
Made the *French* fly, and truckle to a Peace.
Swift as the *Lightning*, and as piercing too!
Jove thus on's *Eagle* at the *Giants* flew.
The ancient *Romans* did ſome fear betray,
To pinnion *Victory*, and force her ſtay.
She, like their conqu'ring *Eagle*, courts your hand,
And will kill ſurer, by your Valour mann'd.

What

What e're she flies at must your *Quarry* be;
Who can resist *Monmouth* and *Victory*?

The fiery *Mars* is pow'rful in his *Sphear*;
Yet loses Virtue when concern'd elsewhere:
Our *Mars* a general influence can afford;
There is his *Sphear* where e're he draws his *Sword*.
In such Exploits *Cæsar* was never skill'd,
First to make *France* to conquer, then to yield.
Thus *Æolus* with his impetuous *Bands*,
Charging the *Lybian Deserts*, drives the *Sands*
Into a Mountain, which his *Trophy* stands.
Till changing sides, he rallies in the Air
His *Troops*, and then commands to sound to War:
The lofty *Pageant* tumbles to the Ground,
And's *Trophy* now is in its Ruines found.

The MIRROR. 1679.

Presented to the Honourable Mrs. Byron.

GOod *Fortune!* now at last be fond;
And give me that bright *Diamond*
O'th' great *Mogul:* when it appears,
Sun-like, it routs his lesser *Stars*.
Here *Phœbus* fixing all his Rays,
Made it but one compacted Blaze.
It is so weighty, that it's said
To be by *Ounce*, not *Carats* weigh'd.
As tho to lessen Pride, 'twas meant
For Burden, not for Ornament.

Had I this *Gemm* (your Merits due)
It I would ſacrifice to you.
Pure Incenſe! where no Smoke aſpires,
Kindling it ſelf with native fires.
But now, alas! I have not time
To poſt to ſo remote a Clime!
Nay, when at *Agra*, or *Lahore*,
May be, the *ſullen Emperour*
Would keep his *Diamond*, I'le not try;
And yet ſpeed better, tho more nigh.

Preſents ſhould hold proportion due
To th' Perſons they are offer'd to.
And mine's a *Mirrour* darting rayes,
That *Diamonds*, and *Sun* out-blaze.
The *Chryſtal* I this *Winter* choſe
From drops of *Helicon* new froze.
The *Glaſs*, I, with ſome Art deſign'd;
With *Truth* inſtead of *Silver* lin'd.
A *Lining*! that rich *Tiſſue* ſhames;
Brighter than are *Meridian* beams.
So heav'nly rich! to make 'em ſhine
It does the *Veſts* of *Cherubs* line.

Being thus prepar'd, It ſhows to you
An Object worthy of your view:
Wit, *Greatneſs*, *Virtue*, *Beauty*, *Worth*,
At once in glorious *Crouds* break forth:
And from two ſhining *Caſements* fly:
Like *Angels* ſhooting through the *Skie*.
Whoſe Roſie-blood, *Dame Nature* ſtrains
Through *Lilly-cheeks*, amd *Violet-veins*.

Whoſe

Whose *Scarlet*, *Lancaster* once wore,
His *Rose* dipt in that precious store,
Turn'd *Red*, a *Damask-rose* before.
Her whom I faintly here express,
Your modesty denies to guess.
Untill my *Glass*, being heav'nly true,
Reflects your self, and speaks it you.

The HIEROGLIPHIC. 1679.

To the Honourable Mrs. Byron, *having pleas'd to send me curious and significant Draughts of her Ladiships own hand, in way of* Hieroglifics.

COuld I, like you, my *Pencil* use;
Or had command of such a *Muse*;
All other *Artists* I'd out-do,
By coming somthing near to you.
But as poor *Dreamers* oft conceit,
Were they in fortune rich and great,
They'd live, and spend at such a rate.
So had I your *Estate* in *Wit*,
Like you, methinks, I'd manage it.
Pallas (that charming *Goddess*) she
Should serve instead of *Muse*, to me.
Inthron'd she should *Queen Regent* sit,
And better rule my frothy wit.
As pow'rful *Cynthia* both guides
Th' unruly *Sea*, and all her *Tides*.

Your drops of *Ink*, like those i'th' Spring
Both *Violets*, *Roses*, *Lillies*, bring.

Your *Fruit-trees* equal Wonders ſhew;
Both bear at once and bloſſom too;
The *Spring* and *Autumn*'s both in you.
Your planted *Vines*, i'th' infant Stems,
Seem to bud forth their bluſhing *Gems*.
Apelle's ſelf would be miſta'en;
Both *Birds* and *He* could not refrain.
When you, with *Graſs*, cloath fancy'd *fields*,
They feed thoſe *Flocks* your *Pencil* yields.
And what does greater Wonders ſhow,
Your *Ink*'s the *Milk* that makes 'em grow.
When you draw *Birds* we wond'ring ſtand,
And ſwear they fly from out your hand.
Here *Tyanæus* Art is gain'd;
And we their Voices underſtand.
When you a pleaſant *River* limm,
Your *Ink*'s the *Stream* where *Fiſhes* ſwim.
Nature's Defects you here recruit,
And *Proverbs* croſs, they are not mute.
Your imitating *Pencil* can
Firſt form, and then put Life in *Man*.
Each *Shadow*, *Rib-like*, can relieve
Your new-made *Adam* with an *Eve*.
Your Art, more ſtrong than that of Fate,
Can liveleſs things ev'n animate.
Your *Trees Dodona*'s influence ſhare,
And are, like them, *Oracular*.
Your very *Shadows* ſet out *Light*;
What is your *Day*, if ſuch your *Night*?
Your *Pinduſt* is not vainly hurl'd;
Its very *Attomes* make a World.

You

You th' *Hieroglyphic*-Art revive;
In *Egypt* dead, in you alive.
Thence *Learning* took it's happy flight:
So from the *Eaſt* firſt ſhot the *Light*.
What Admiration's then your due?
How much is *Art* it ſelf oblig'd to you? (too.)
Since *Madam* you can make a *World* and it inlighten

MERIT Rewarded. 1679.

To the Right Honourable William *Lord* Byron, *upon the Death of* Rich. *Lord* B. *his Father.*

ANcient has been the uſe to mourn in *Verſe*;
And *Poets*, more than *Heralds*, grac'd the *Herſe*.
The ſacred heat that did their Breaſts inflame,
By *Muſes* fann'd, kindled the breath of *Fame*.
Hence to diviner heights did Worth aſpire,
And brighter ſhin'd than in the *Fun'ral Fire*.
To *Heroes* only did their *Verſe* belong;
Immortal Acts found an *immortal Song*.
'Twas *Merit* then did only purchaſe *Praiſe*;
Nor could a *Crown* of *Gold* bribe one of *Bays*.
Your noble *Father* their choice Skill had try'd;
Had he in thoſe days either liv'd or dy'd.
And though I am unfit to ſing his *Name*,
This *Epitaph* I ſacrifice to *Fame*.

The Epitaph.

ILluſtrious *Byron* Juſtice found;
Being four times crown'd.

1. From noble *Anceſtors* did get
   A *Coronet.*
2. Then loyal *Valour* did bequeath
   A *Lawrel wreath.*
3. His Suff'rings *Martyr's* glory found
   With *Roſes* crown'd.
4. Nothing can add to his great *Story,*
   But that of *Glory.*

My Lord,

I ſhall not vainly mourn his doom,
Since he dropt fully ripe into his *Tomb*:
Yet loaded more with *Glory* than with *Days,*
Hence with my *Cypreſs* then, and reach me *Bayes.*
My Muſe, like to its Subject, ſhould be bright,
And, like to *Roman Mourners,* clad in *White.*
When firſt his Death was told, her Tears ſhe ſhed;
And, like moiſt *Lillies,* droopt her dewy head.
Pearls thus at *midnight* fall from *Luna's* eyes,
But are again dry'd up at *Sol's* upriſe.

Hail then Reſtorer of our Joys! ſhine bright,
And with thy *Cynthia* joyn in *ſheets* of Light.
Increaſe your noble *Stock:* Thus *Perſians* ſay
The *Queen of Night* joyns with the *King of Day*;
And, curtain'd in *Eclipſes,* there they get
That *ſhining Brood* that in the *Skies* are ſet.

AR-

ARREARS. 1679.

To the Honourable Mrs. Chaworth.

TO you I have ſuch *Rents* to pay;
In Policy I ſhould not ſtay;
If from my ſelf I knew to run away.

Your *Cottage* tho is in repair;
The inward *Rooms* well furniſht are;
The *Windows* glaz'd, and *Roof* new thatcht with *Hair*.

Your *Tenant* clad in *Scarlet* Veſt,
Carouzing *Clarret* of the beſt
Within the *Lodging-Chamber* of my Breaſt.

High fares he with no ill intent;
For if he ſtarve,---You loſe your *Rent*;
Since none, but he, can farm the *Tenement*.

My hopes of thriving are decay'd;
Wire-drawing Wit in Rhyme's my *Trade*;
And I no ſtore of *Bullion* have for aid.

Small ſtocks in *Country* trades may do;
Ev'n *Pedlers* there deſerve a view:
As little *Gold* beat thin will make a ſhew.

A *ſmutty Fancy*, or *bald Jeſt*,
Profaneneſs in *Hobb*'s Livery dreſt,
Serve for a *Seſſion*'s *charge*, or *Churching-Feaſt*.

This will not do in *London-Town*;
Not truſting without Money down:
Hence are their very *Lawreats* Bankrupts grown.

Nor

Nor ſtrange; Times ſo expenſive are:
The *Tripos* once requir'd leſs care
To manage well, than now a *Barbar's Chair.*

To woo a *Lady* 'till ſhe's fit,
Needs now more coſt of Plot and Wit,
Than formerly to *wed*, and *Children* get.

Sack's influence once inſpir'd the brain:
'Tis well if now it can maintain
Fit *Repartie's* for th' *Drawers* witty Vein.

The *Coffe-houſes* now admit
More *Criticks*, than the very *Pit*;
As prodigal of *Treaſon*, as of *Wit.*

Beſides all theſe expenſive ways;
I laviſht out, and writ two *Playes*;
Catching at *Hope*, I nothing got but *Bayes.*

Into the *Country* quite undone,
My *Muſe* and I, both *Bankrupts*, run:
Like wandring *Luther*, with his bare-foot *Nun.*

The RENT due. *Jan.* 1. 1679.

To the ſame.

LAſt years expence has made me frugal grown:
Your *Rent* I ſav'd, altho ſo long in *Town.*
Wit is not current now; the humou'rs hot
I' th' *Town*, to talk of nothing but the *Plot.*
No *Age* a greater wonder hath reveal'd;
The more diſcover'd 'tis, 'tis more conceal'd.

Thus

Thus ſome late *Poets* of their *Phœbus* write;
His *Highneſs* hidden is by too much light.
But leſt my diff'rent fate (an obſcure name)
Should prejudice the title of your *Claim*;
I have ſurvey'd th' *Eſtate*, and *Cottage* too,
In this ſhort *Draught* I here preſent to you.

Three *Storyes* high, upon an *Arch* 'tis plac'd;
Two *Windows* in the *Front* with *Chryſtal* glaz'd;
A double *Door*; the Leaves of *Coral* made,
Which to the Houſe, 'twixt *Rayls* of *Pearls* convey'd
A ſupple *Porter* in his *Lodge* does wait
To welcome every *Gueſt* that paſs'd the *Gate*.
On either ſide the *Door*, two *Spots* of *Snow*;
Diſcolour'd now, where *Roſes* once did grow.
Two *Tunnels* to convey the thicken'd Wind,
Rais'd by the heat, not yet to flame refin'd.
Of *Bones*, the *Roof* did like a *Cupo* ſhow;
Thatcht o're with *Straw* that on the *Soyl* did grow.
Worn thin with time; to keep out Wind and Rain,
The *Cupo* warmly coated is again.
The *bony frame* dawb'd with a *mud-wall* caſe,
Refin'd by th' *Fornace* of its native place.
The lower *Rooms* mean *Offices* contain,
And cleanly kept, through which the *Kennels* drayn.

I' th' ſecond Story, Places choicely dreſt;--
And firſt, the *Preſence-Chamber*, where does reſt,
In fitting ſtate, the *Monarch* of the breaſt.
The *Dining-Room*, where *Ventiducts* are ſet
To bring refreſhments for exceſſive heat.
And *Stoves* (which wiſeſt *Nature* there did frame,
Like *Veſtal-hearths*) to ſave the *dying flame*.

A ſacred

A ſacred *Fount* does in the *Center* riſe,
Rich as the Spring that water'd *Paradiſe*.
Th' *Egyptian Queen* who quaft a *Kingdom* up,
Infuſing *Pearls* into her wanton *Cup*;
The *Draughts* compar'd, ours have by far the odds;
This was the *Nectar* of the *Demy Gods*.
And looks as tho that bluſhing *Queen* of *Gemms*
(The *Ruby*) were diſſolv'd into theſe Streams.
Hence *Princes* are in this rich *Colour* dreſt;
Since *Life* it ſelf ſhines in a *Scarlet-Veſt*.

And now am I to the *third Story* come;
The higheſt, and, alas, the weakeſt Room!
That once Experience would but croſs the Jeſt,
And prove the higheſt *Chamber* furniſht beſt.
For *Knowledge* (*Nature*'s *guide*) ſhould quarter there,
And *Judgment*, her moſt truſty *Councellour*.
Invention, *Memory*, and *Wit*, ſhould ſtay;
And all their Treaſures in this *Turrit* lay.
But for ſuch *Gueſts* I have no fitting Room;
Or if I had, I've no ſuch *Gueſts* to come.
If you vouchſafe it, You muſt from your ſtore
(Like *Princes*) ſend your *Furniture* before.

I've here deſign'd a *Draught* with little coſt,
To ſtand a *Land-mark*, leſt your *Claim* be loſt.
And mighty *Purchaſers*, for want of heed,
Oft' leave out petty *Parcels* in the *Deed*.
When *Alexander* did the *Eaſt* ſubdue,
(And he no *Conq'rour* was, compar'd to you)
Amidſt his many *Trophies* of renown,
Summing the *Audit*, he had loſt a *Crown*.

The

The PROROGATION. 1679.

To the Honoured Sir Scroop Howe, *Knight of the Shire for* Nottingham-ſhire.

SOme good from *Prorogations* come;
Since, worthy Sir, they ſend you home.
We *Country*-men did want you more,
Than did the *Courtiers* heretofore.
Your preſence will advance our fates,
As much as it has their *Eſtates*.
Be kind to us, and no more give;
They'l ſuffer you at home to live.

Love is not only here more *true*;
But it is alſo *ſafer* too.
I' th' bargain they are much miſta'ne,
Who pay for pleaſure and buy pain.
No *Popiſh Plots* diſturb our Nights;
We ſleep, or wake to ſafe delights.
They ſurely find a dreadful ſtate,
Who *burning* fear from *Love* or *Hate*.
No ſawcy *Politicks* we read;
Nor ſhoot our bolts who ſhall ſucceed.

To *Law*, and *Goſpel* we refer it;
Let them decide who muſt inherit.
Who, without theſe, thinks of the *Crown*;
We need not fight, nor pray him down.

We here hate nothing but the *French*,
Their *Wine*, their *Worſhip*, and their *Wench*.

Welcom,

Welcome, dear Sir, to your true Friends;
Who love you only for your ends.
For your own worth you are desir'd;
By all, but by your self admir'd.
Nay, you are lov'd by more men here,
Than you, or I, lov'd *Women* there.

The WELCOME.

To the right Honourable the Lady Anne Howe.

THe archeſt *Cheats* to *London* get,
Yet *London* is the archeſt *Cheat*.
Moſt there i' th' *gentle-craft* combine;
Both *Courtier*, *Lawyer*, and *Divine*.
Methinks, their arrogance is odd,
To rob both *King*, the *Law*, and *God*.
London! repent for what is paſt;
Thou mak'ſt us fair amends at laſt.
You, Madam, and your health repay
All Treaſures, it e're took away.
For all the *millions* we have laſt,
Wee here get *Damages* and *Coſt*.
Your preſence will decay its ſtore;
And we ſhall now complain no more.
Then fit *Returns* muſt needs be ſought,
For all theſe bleſſings you have brought.
Our ſervices, our pray'rs, and we,
Long ſince were your propriety.
And tho all theſe belong to you;
Here we preſent 'em to your view,
Their claim of int'reſt to renew.

Then

Then, Madam, you can never fail
Of hearty *welcoms* from the *Vale*;
The *noble houſe* from whence you came,
Vouchſafing *Honour*, and its *Name*.
Our *Joy* (that *health o'th' Soul*) we give
For th' *health* of *Body*, you receive.
But we have better things than theſe,
More worthy you, and fit to pleaſe.
To make this bold aſſertion good;
Behold th' *Elixirs* of your blood.
Fair tranſcripts of your noble mind;
Rich proofs *Sir Scroop* and *you* are kind.
Sure-vouchers of a future bliſs;
Hopes of the next Age, Joyes of this.
May *Sons* and *Daughters* live t'inherit
Both *Father*'s and the *Mother*'s Spirit.
Love then may juſtly *Trophies* build;
For they will ſurely win the *Field*,
When all, both *Men* and *Women* yield.

BEAUTIES MONARCHY. 1679.

To the Honourable Mr. Briget Noel,
vouchſafing a Favour.

VErſe, without truth, is a dark *Day*;
Where peeping glimpſes play,
Without the favour of one ſhining ray.

When *Poets* leave fictitious Dreams;
Apollo gilds their *Themes*,
Smiling upon 'em with auſpicious beams.

Accoutred

Accoutred thus, He courts your ſight;
And you reflect his light:
Like poliſht *Chryſtals* making it more bright.

The treaſures of his blazing *Mine*
All objects elſe refine;
Your *Eyes* alone gild o're his Silver ſhine.

'Tis you out-influence the *Sun*;
His *Charter* is out-done;
You make me *Poet*, who before were none.

The *Statue* thus that *Memnon* made,
Was ſilent in the *ſhade*:
Struck with the *Sun-beams vocal Muſick* play'd.

No greater Treaſon can their be,
Than your own *modeſty*;
Refuſing *Univerſal Monarchy*.

Apollo with his *Troops* tho ſtands,
Like the *Prætorian Bands*,
Forcing the *Empire* on unwilling hands.

Inthron'd you ſit on *glorious blaze*;
Diſdaining *Lawrels*, *Bayes*,
Glories incirc'ling you of your own *Rayes*.

Dazled to death by your fierce Beams,
We but refine our Fames:
Like *Martyrs* glorying in the purging Flames.

But if your pitty cool your Eye,
And will not let us dye;
Like *Confeſſors*, our Faith wee'l not deny.

With

With *Roſes* then I ſhall be crown'd,
Tho *Bayes* cannot be found;
Living, or *Dying*, your *Rewards* abound.

I muſt be juſt, tho I am vain:
My *Conſcience* bears no ſtain
Though zeal, for you, makes me a *Puritan.*

With all Devotion I confeſs
Beauty, than *Goodneſs* Leſs;
Yet yours ſo great, it would an *Angel* bleſs.

Your goodneſs tho muſt greater be;
Too large for *Quantity*;
Since, oh, it did vouchſafe to think of me!

Gifts then are duly entertain'd,
And in a right light ſtand;
When we regard the *Perſons* whence th' are gaind.

In our *Inferiours*, *Bribes* they are;
To gain a better ſhare:
As ſome for *Riches*, barter breath in *Prayr.*

When from our *Equals* they are ſent;
They are but favours lent
By *Tenants* to be ſtopt in the next *Rent.*

Superiours, in the meaneſt thing,
Not *gifts*, but *honours* bring:
As when a *Knighthood* is vouchſaf'd by th' *King.*

Yours, Madam, goes a higher rate;
And brings a richer fate;
Since you confer'd both *honour* and *Eſtate.*

Greater acknowledgments are due;
I owe my self to you;
For you both grac'd, inrich'd, and bleſt me too.
Bleſt I muſt be; for whilſt I rate
The virtues of your ſtate,
The *World* may fall in love, and imitate.
Inſpir'd thus with a ſacred rage,
To be your *Poet* I ingage:
Then whilſt I ſing your praiſes right,
The *World* will be converted by't,
And I the *Apoſtle* of this Heath'niſh Age.

TRUE NOBILITY. 1679.

Upon the Death of the Right Honourable John *Earl of* Rutland, *&c.*

THat *little God* within, the *ſpark divine*, (ſhine;
Which does, i'th' *Body*, through the *Windows*
Whoſe influence here dreſſes us up a *Name*;
And, after *Death*, revives us in our fame:
Whoſe ſprightly *ſalt* preſerves the *Body* whole
In all its *Parts*, 'twould elſe ſtink out the *Soul*:
Which, whilſt incarnate, is exactly dreſt;
For *Scarlet* both keeps warm, and lines the *Veſt*.
It is the *Sun* that makes theſe *Diamonds* bright;
Dark drops! till he has lin'd 'em through with light.
How vainly we employ our ſenſual Eyes,
When we the beauties of the *Body* prize?
Uſeleſs the *Lanthorn* is, and dark as Night,
When *Death*'s cold blaſt puffs out the trem'lous Light.

Whilſt

Whilſt tenanted, the *Houſe* is in repair,
Built with *Mud-walls* of *Fleſh*, and thatcht with *Hair*.
But when the *Tenant*'s gone, 'tis ruin'd quite:
And who can ſtay *Death*'s cold and darkſome *Night*,
When *Fire*'s extinguiſht, and put out the *Light*?

Yet ruin'd *Temples* ſtill command our care,
And *Stones*, that made the *Altar*, ſacred are.
For common uſe they ſhould not be profan'd,
But in ſome choice *Repoſitary* ſtand;
Till by ſome pious reſolution bleſt,
Once more they're fitted for the former *Gueſt*.

Great Rutland's *Relicks* may more rev'rence claim,
Than ever yet from *Superſtition* came.
And 'tis but juſt--that we to *Altars* run,
Whence *Bleſſings* came, and *Miracles* were done.
What could from *Mannors* leſs expected be;
Sprung from Fourth *Edward*'s *Royal Progenie*?
Great York to plant his *Roſes* here thought good,
Painting their *Snow* with drops of *Mannor*'s *blood*.
But leaſt th'advantages of ſo much coſt,
Should in thoſe azure Labyrinths be loſt;
A glorious *Mark* eighth *Henry* did beſtow;
That future Ages might the honour know.
No greater favour could the fame advance;
Grac'd with the *Arms* of *England*, and of *France*.

But I diſturb his *Duſt* with theſe *bald Rhymes*!
Duſt when interr'd, *Bells* ceaſe their jangling Chimes.
Yet *Love*, *Reſpect*, and *Truth*, ſo fan my fire;
And from their flowing ſtores my breaſt inſpire;

That like the *Prophet*, they ſupply my *Muſe*
(That needy *Widdow*) with a ſpringing *Cruſe*.
My *Standiſh* dreyn'd, the *Fountain* bubbles ſtill;
The fruitful Subject thrives upon my *Quill*.
When other ſtrengths, before their time, are ſpent:
As *Roſes*, by long handling, loſe their ſcent.

True heats of *Zeal* did in his *Actions* glow;
A warmth, that frozen *Age* does ſeldom know:
And yet his Spring was hot, for all his *Snow*.
Thus *Fires* o'th' *Altar*, that from *Heav'n* firſt came,
For many ages did preſerve the flame.
His chearful looks did repreſent his mind;
Through *chryſtal* of his *Eyes* his *candour* ſhin'd.
Tranſparent were his thoughts, his virtues known:
Through *Tagus* ſtreams, the golden *Sands* were ſhown.

His *Charity* fell like the *Morning Dew*,
As beneficial, and as conſtant too.
His pray'rs to Heav'n, from Heav'n did bleſſings gain:
As *Vapours*, ſent from *Earth*, deſcend in rain.

This was the bleſſed *Circle* he did frame;
So went his Soul to *Heav'n*, from whence it came.
The tow'ring *Falkon* thus her ſelf does skrew
In *airy Rings*, till almoſt loſt to view;
Then perches on that *Hand* whence firſt ſhe flew.
Whilſt daily crouds his lib'ral *Alms* did gain,
How glorious he appear'd with ſuch a *Train*?
Far more than thoſe oſtentuous *Pomps* now ſhown;
Begg'ring the *Countrey*, to inrich the *Town*.

Whoſe

Whose Goodness, like their Greatness, is mere show;
Like *Winds*, whose Being's only while they blow.
Their *Names* are lost in the deep calm of *death*;
And, *Vapour-like*, their fame fades with their breath.

Had I a *Wreath* of *Bayes*, I'd lay it down;
And *Cypress* should my *Muses* temples crown.
She, and her Sisters leave to boast their pride
In their extraction, by the *Fathers*-side;
Lay by their *Vests*, spun of the *Morning* Rayes,
And trimm'd with *Mid-day-beams*, like *golden lace*;
Courting their *Aunt*, (the *Queen of Night*) to gain
Mourning, of that same stuff did make her *Train*.
Accouter'd thus in fitting state sh'appears;
Pensive as *Midnight*, all bedew'd with tears.

NEW LIBANUS. 1679.

To the Right Honourable Catharine *Countess of* Rutland; *Upon the Blessings brought to that (well-near-extinguisht Family) by Her self and Honourable Issue.*

Honour'd Madam,

IF I'm o're-bold, *Zeal* makes the errour less;
For *Zeal* is but *Devotion* in excess.
If it more forward prest than you requir'd,
'Tis my *Soul*'s warmth by agitation fir'd,
Such *Zeal*, and true *Devotion*, are the same;
Or only differ, as do Heat, and Flame;
That cherishes it self; but *Zeal* incites
The World, to imitate its blazing lights.

Praiſes to ſing, and *Powers* to admire,
Are the chief *Deſcants* of the *heav'nly Quire.*

'Tis fame enough, that I have led the way,
And tun'd the *Strings* for skilful hands to play.
They may advance th' inventions of my *Muſe*;
As *Sciences* improve with time, and uſe.
In primitive *Profeſſors*, all confeſs
Their *Zeal* devouter, tho their *Knowledge* leſs.
By no *Divinity* inſpir'd, but you;
I am your *Poet*, and your *Prophet* too.
Rare Subject! where all *Poetry* may ſtrain;
And never be aſperſt, that it does feign.
Where *Fancy* moſt exalted, ſeems to be
Plain *Demonſtration*, and true *Hiſtory.*
It eaſie is for *Prophets* to divine;
When bleſſings clearly through your Actions ſhine.
Bright *Iſſue*, from ſuch *Springs* as ſurely ſtreams,
As *Sol* and *Luna* propagate their beams.

Belvoir's an *Orb* ſo great, Both there unite;
And thence your *Infant-Stars* derive their Light.
As glorious, and as laſting, may they prove;
Thoſe hopeful *Products* of your mutual love.
Great-Rutland, with theſe *Proſpects* clos'd his Eyes;
And joyfull, like prophetick *Jacob*, dyes.

How ſhould we celebrate your precious *Wombe*;
That this Age bleſſes, and the next to come?
Paſt Ages fitting recompences found;
Bellies of fruitful *Princeſſes* were crown'd.

O! that

O ! that your *Royal Name-ſake* could but ſet
A *Crown* as ſure, as you a *Coronet* !
Your pregnant *Soil*, rich as are *Indian Beds* ;
Where one *Roſe* blows, ſoon as another ſheds.
Fruitful as flowing *Nilus*, that ne'r ſwells,
But future bleſſings to its *Country* tells.
Like *Gideon's Fleece*, drencht with *Cæleſtial dew* ;
Whilſt tears are all the *Moiſture* others knew.
By friendly *Fate*, your happy *Lord's* allow'd
To meet a *Juno* in a fruitful *Cloud*.
Fruitful as thoſe i' th' Spring when bleſſings pours,
Upon the Earth, and *Silver* melts in ſhow'rs.

Nor are your poor, by theſe expences grown ;
No more, than *mid-day-beams* exhauſt the *Sun*.
What iſſues from your *Orb* adds to your ſhine :
As fragrant *Bloſſoms* crown the *Geſſamine*.
You, by thoſe dear reflections, are more bright :
So Stars (thoſe *ſeeds o' th' Sun*) rob not his light.
Nay you are fairer, as more happy found :
Some *Seeds* there are improve the *Mother-Ground*.

You, than the *Foundreſs*, I ſhould more have prais'd,
Since you uphold the *Fabrick* that ſhe rais'd.
She, like *Pigmalion* did the *Image* give ;
But you the *Goddeſs* are that makes it live.

BELVOIR. 1679.

A Pindarick Poem; being a faint draught of that most noble Edifice, with some Characters of the late Noble Founder, Owners, and their Matches.

The DEDICATION.

To the Right Honourable Jo. *Earl of* Rutland. *&c.*

THE greatest Orator, and Statesman said *M. T. Cic.*
(May be the greatest ever Nature made,
Where grace design'd no aid)
That if a heavenly *Guest* confin'd below,
Might none o' th' shining wonders show;
The fretting secret would corrode his mind,
And, *Viper-like*, a passage find:
So some o' th' *Wonders* that in *Belvoir* are,
And *Belvoir* self I must declare!
Tho my *Description* has not equal grace,
Unworthy of the *Place*;
It may perform its trust,
And serve to keep away *Time*'s dust,
By closing it within this *Paper-case*.

Such draughts of *Poetry* let none reject;
Fancy is no vain *Architect*;
Building cannot make it poor;
Of shining *Quarrys* it has store.
Apollo makes, and then refines
Its unexhausted golden *Mines*,
Untill the *Treasury* runs o're.

Kings

Kings in mighty actions skill'd;
And their Exchequers fill'd,
Then fit they are
Vaſt ſtately Pyles to rear!
Yet *Poets* can more laſting *Structures* build.

Armida's Caſtle will make good the boaſt,
Founded on poor *Taſſo's* coſt.
Our rambling *Braves* advance
The empty gayeties of *France*:
And yet the *Louvre* is not equal ſeen,
To th' *Pallace* of our *Fairy Queen*
Spain's vaſt Eſcurial is o're-whelm'd with ſhame,
When we *Sol's* glorious *Pallace* name,
Whoſe beauties yet are in their prime,
Tho built by *Ovid* in *Auguſtus* time!
A *Paper-building*! but his *Ink* well temper'd all the *Lime*.

My Lord, I'm none of thoſe,
Who are ſo vain to think
That *Verſe*, with all its *Rhyming clink*
Hides folly more than *Proſe*.
Embroider'd Coats may make one brave;
But neither hide a Fool or Knave,
For gawdy trappings did expoſe
Eſop's proud *Aſs* both to contempt and blows.
And yet we muſt confeſs
Dull proſe or *Ruſtick dreſs*
Conceals not ignorance nor makes it leſs.
Witneſs our worſer times;
Paul's oratory ſuffer'd loſs,
By many an idle *Gloſs*:
As *David's Poetry* by *Hopkin's* Rhymes.

It matters not how we our thoughts reherſe,
Whether in *Proſe* or *Verſe*.
So we tranſcribe but right and fair,
What *Copies* of our Minds declare.
Honeſt Intents
Make Love and Truth their choiceſt Ornaments.

In theſe laſt days
The *Soul of Wit* decays!
Weaker its Efforts are ſeen;
As is obſerved of the *Poets Bayes*;
They are leſs fruitful and leſs green.
'Tis the World's Dotage; and we grow
Leſs good, leſs healthy, and leſs witty too.
If Fate could any thing contrive
To croſs this *Rule* that is too true;
This *Theme* would *Poetry* revive,
And make my *Fancy* brisk, and ſtrong, and new.
Such as great *Virgil*, *Lucan*, *Horace* writ,
(Thoſe *Triumvirs* of Wit!)
That triumph'd over Ignorance;
And by their Choice, not Chance,
An Empire rais'd; to which all *Poets* bow,
From their days, ev'n till now.
And never *Rebel* did againſt their Laws advance.

Their ſtrengths of Thought were great;
Aided by cœleſtial heat.
Their Brains were warm'd with praiſe,
Mecœna's Favours, and freſh Wreaths of Bayes.
Their *Heads* were *heated Stills*;
And Spirits dropt from *Noſes* of their *Quills*.

But

But in these cooler days,
(And *Winter Evenings*, ah! are cold!)
The frosty humour of the Age benums
Our Brains, hence nothing flows but *Rhewms*;
Thin sickly *Products* of neglected Wit.
For now rewards of Gold
Are hard to get,
As that rare Stone that *Chymists* say produces it.
Who can avoid Despair and Rage,
To see
Cæsar, *Mecænas*, *Poetry*,
Confined to one Age?
The two choice Blessings from above,
Are *Wit* and *Love*.
Love gains all Empire, makes the World submit;
Wit is *chief minister* to govern it.
Yet both these mighty things decay,
And, if neglected, will not stay:
They bring all Blessings from above.
This, this, methinks, should great and rich men move.
Without *Reward*, farewel both Wit and Love.

But stay!
Before mine go away,
I'll give one struggle more.
If I expire,
My *Theme* can, like strong *Cordials*, restore
My wasting Wit,
And cherish it;
As Spirits numb'd recruit with fire.
Thus *Priests* when they did *Oracles* record;
Those Pow'rs inspir'd, which they themselves ador'd.

To the Reader of the following Poem.

Favour I ſhall not hawk to gain;
The *Quarry* is already ta'n.
For all that can be done or ſaid,
I largely am before-hand paid.
The *Fœtus* thus is paid i'th' *Womb*
For all its Services to come.
My Duty then thou ſhould'ſt not blame,
Nor that this Smoak atteſts my Flame.
Enthuſiaſts cannot Pleaſures own,
Untill they make their Viſions known.
St. *Paul* himſelf was not content
Till he had publiſh'd where he went.
Heav'ns glory to the World appears,
Printed in golden Characters.
This *Subject* ought to have been writ
From ſuch a ſhining *Alphabet*
The *Pen* made of a pointed Ray,
Shook from the *golden Wing* of *Day*.
Yet ſhining Works upon dark ground
Will more apparently be found:
Eclipſes ſo make Gazers run
To look upon the darkned Sun;
And yet behind the Cloud he's bright,
Ne're leſſen'd in his proper Light.
However I the *Story* tell,
Since pleas'd I have, I have done well.
An *Architect* ſhould chiefly try
To pleaſe the *Owner*'s Mind and Eye,
But others only by the Bye.

Yet

Yet, *Reader*, if thou favour grant,
I'll cheriſh what I do not want.
It 'mongſt my precious Stores I'll lay
For Refuge in a *ſtormy* day.
A *Cloak* in Summer is not vain,
Since *Sun-ſhine* days may end in Rain.

BELVOIR.

A Pindaric Poem, *or a faint Draught of that ſtately Fabrick; with ſome ſhort Characters of the Noble Founders, Owners, with their Alliances.* 1679.

I Muſt not be
A *Schiſmatick* in *Poetry*;
Conform I will, and follow th' mode;
My *Pegaſus* ſhall amble in the beaten Road.
Thou, noble Lord, ſhalt be
Mecænas and *Apollo* too to me.
O that I could a *Virgil* be to thee!
Vouchſafe that I may chuſe
Thy fair and vertuous *Lady* to my *Muſe*.
And if at want of number ſome repine;
Rapt with Poetick Fury, I divine
Your Fervours ſhall not reſt,
Till bleſt
With *infant Muſes* to make up the *Nine*.
Let *Belvoir* be
Parnaſſus then to me.
At the foot of this bright *Mountain*,
Springs a ſacred Fountain; *The Cellar.*

Whoſe

Whoſe ſpacious Veins continually run
With precious liquor, paſſing *Helicon*;
By which *Jove's Nectar* is out-done.
Each *Butt's* a pregnant *Womb* of Wit,
Where *Poetry* lies in the *Embrio* yet:
Oh, for the *Butler* now to *midwife* it!

Imperial Mount! we muſt allow
Another *Crown*, beſides the *Caſtle*, to thy brow.
Thy beauty, ſtrength, and ſtate,
Are ſo incomparably great,
That *Truth* it ſelf muſt tell,
'Tis pity, as it is impoſſible,
That thou ſhouldſt yield to Fate.
It cannot then a *Superſtition* be,
To ſay to thee,
Illuſtrious Belvoir, hail!
Thou Honour giv'ſt, and Title to a *Vale*
More pleaſant, more rich, than that of *Theſſaly*.

Thoſe *Stairs*, by which we to the *Caſtle* mount,
We juſtly may account
Conductive to more Glory,
Than ever yet was read in Story;
Unleſs the *Patriarch's Ladder* ſtep between;
And yet that only in a Dream was ſeen.
Look! how the *neighb'ring Hill* there ſwells with pride,
Becauſe it found the Grace,
To have its place
Next to the *Monarch-mountain's* ſide.
With ſev'ral Shades of *Greens* 'tis quilted o're,
And checker'd with delightful ſtore

Of

Of various Flowers,
The Off-ſprings of freſh *April* Showers.

Too much Irreverence would be ſeen,
To obſerve the *Handmaid*, & neglect the *Queen*.
The *Atlas* of our hope! whoſe *Shoulders* bear
A *World* of Beauties and of Glories too;
Or it more likely may appear
Olympus to our view.
Where *Jove* and *Juno* ſit inthron'd;
With leſſer *Deities* incompaſt round.
No *Mountain* ever nobler crown'd!
This *Caſtle* has more Bleſſings gain'd,
Than to be founded on a *Hill* of *Sand*;
On barren *Rocks*, whoſe Precipices fright
The Gazer from his wiſh'd delight.
Other mean *Hills* ſome deſpicable *Turrets* ſhow,
Like *Warts* upon a Brow.
Some like *Uſurers* are ſeen,
Tho homely cloath'd, yet richly clad within.
With *Sand* (plain *Ruſſet*) clad,
Or, what's as bad,
A graſs-green *Veſt*, but ſo thred-bare,
That *Earth* (the *naked skin* o'th' *Mountain*) does appear.
Within 'tis true they may be rich and bright;
But, like the Sun at night,
Below our *Hemiſphere*, their Beams are out of ſight.

The Hill on which the Caſtle ſtands.

Our *Atlas* looks not ſhabbily and bare;
His *Arms*, *Thighs*, *Legs*, all cover'd are
With a *rich mantle* of eternal Green,
As in the other *Paradiſe* was ſeen.

Our

Our *Mountain*'s vaſt and brave;
With *Nature*'s *Architræve.*
Cornice, and *Freeze*,
Of ever green and fruitful *Trees*;
Whoſe fruits intice
To hope, not loſe a *Paradiſe.*
When *Flora* is i' th' midſt of all her pride;
And all the *Trees* cloath'd on the *Mountain* ſide;
How pleaſant 'tis to ſee them grow,
Each ſort in an alternate row?
To ſee them imitate
The World's unequal fate?
Some Heads, than others feet, more low;
And yet they grow;
And ſometimes are as uſeful and as fruitful too.
The *Bayes* and *Lawrels* on the *Mountain*'s brow,
Make a moſt noble ſhow.
With *Conquerours*, and *Heroe*'s *Wreaths* 'tis crown'd
As fits a *Mountain* above all renown'd.
Then on the top are ſeen
The lovely *Walks*, and ſtately *Bowling green*;
Even on the tops of Trees,
Like to the *Gardens* of *Semiramis*,
In her great *Babylon*,
No greater wonders could be ſhown.
Our *Turrits* too we can diſplay;
As bright, and glorious as an Eaſtern day.
Glories! that never ſhadows know;
And look, with ſcorn, on Clouds below!
Our *Mountain* outwardly is fine;
Its Treaſures through the top does ſhine.

It is an everlasting *East*,
Where a bright Sun has built her nest.
Rich Vale! thy fruitfulness exceeds all sense;
Blest with a double influence.
Thou must with plenty flow;
Inricht by one bright Sun above, and this below.

Who ever views in starry Night,
The heav'nly *Champaign* fair and wide;
With cloudy furrows plow'd on every side,
And sown with glitt'ring seeds of light.
If he survey the fruitful field,
And *shining Crop* around,
To tell how many *Bushels* it may yield;
Numberless they will be found,
Hee'll find th' attempt more vain
Than to tell *Sands*, or drops o'th' *Ocean*.
For whilst, through searching *Tube* he pries,
To count the many *golden Eyes*,
That grace great *Juno*'s azure Trayn;
(For Poets of her *Bird* did stories feign, *Skies*)
Those thousand Eyes were *Stars*, her *Ground* the
The more he looks, the more the number multiplies.
So *Belvoir*'s wonders to display,
Is to count Attomes on a Sun-shine day;
Less numerous than they.
The glorious Sun at Noon,
When in his flaming Throne he stands;
You may as soon
Scrape up his shining Treasures, that are hurld
About the World,
And hold 'em in your hand.